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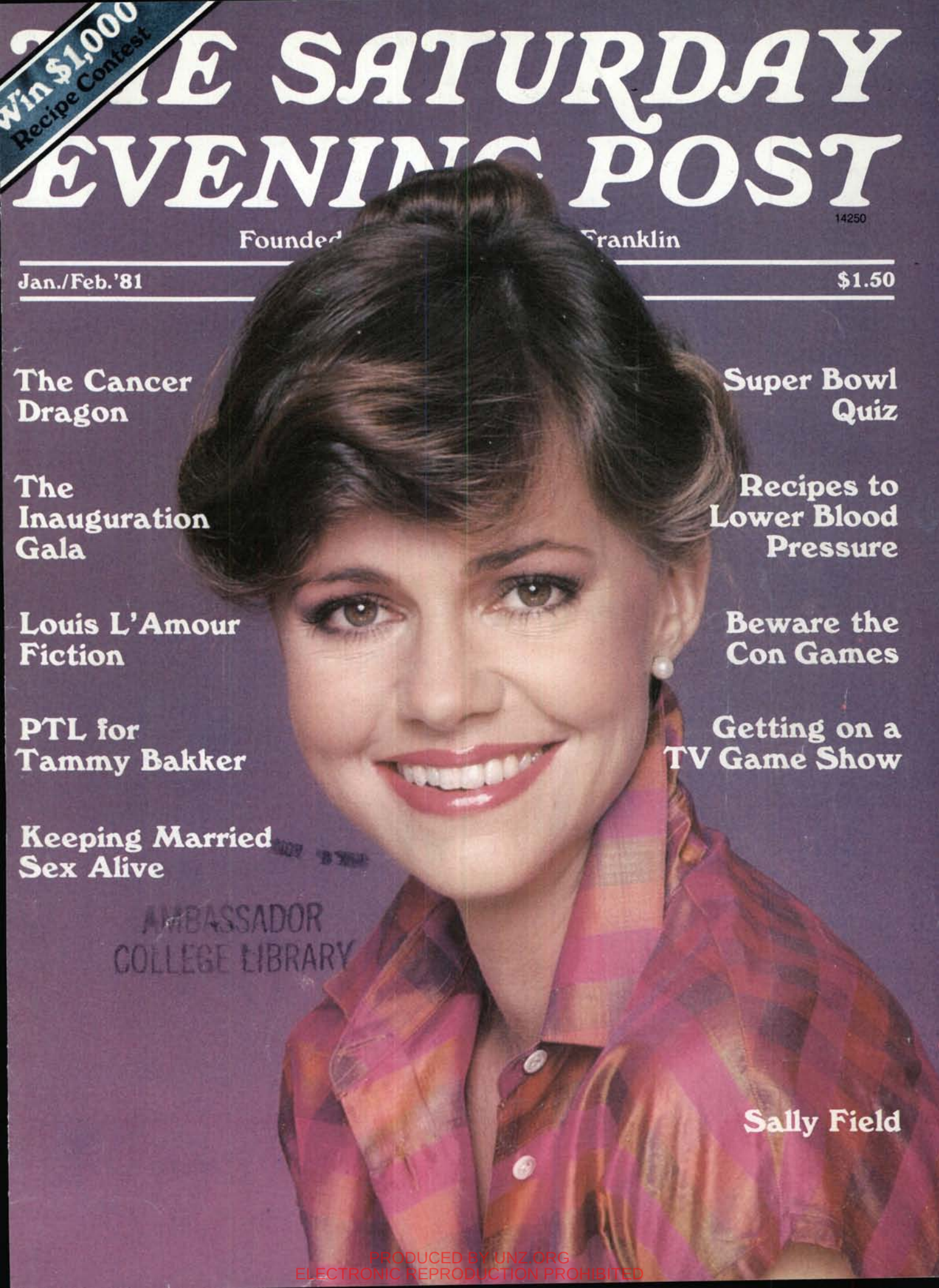

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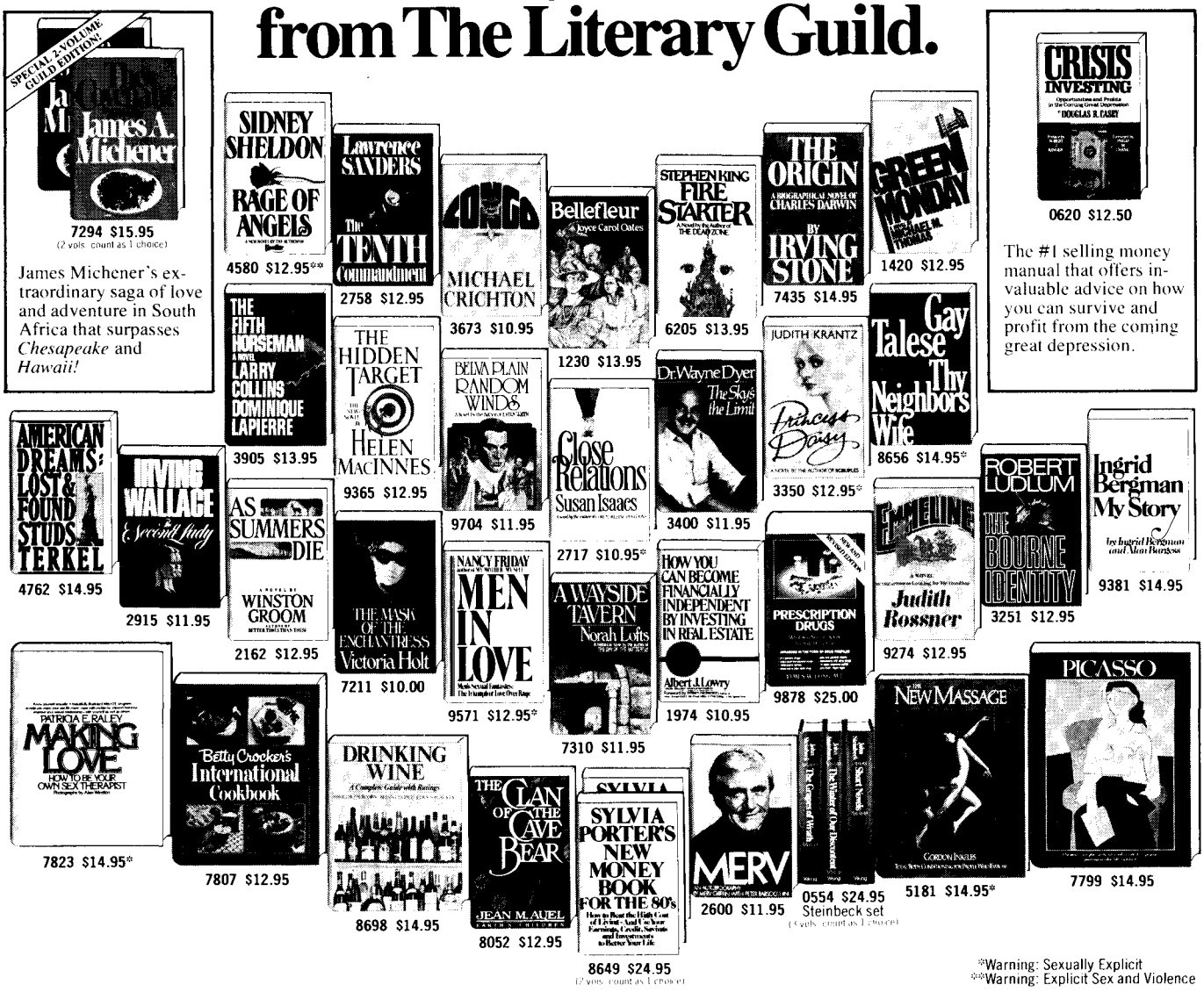

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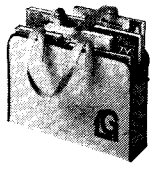

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST®
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Sally Field: Still Growing

If Broadway is ready for a "short girl with puffy cheeks," Sally Field is ready to pack her Oscar and accept the challenge.

66

Keeping Sex In Marriage

Years of marriage to one mate has been called monotony—but couples who have overcome their "inhibited sexual desires" call it exciting at any age.

70

The Inaugural Ball Game

Inauguration Day is for the people, the Address is for history, but the Inaugural Ball is for "anyone who is anyone."

58

How to Get on a TV Game Show

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$1,000 for Your Best Bean Recipe

126

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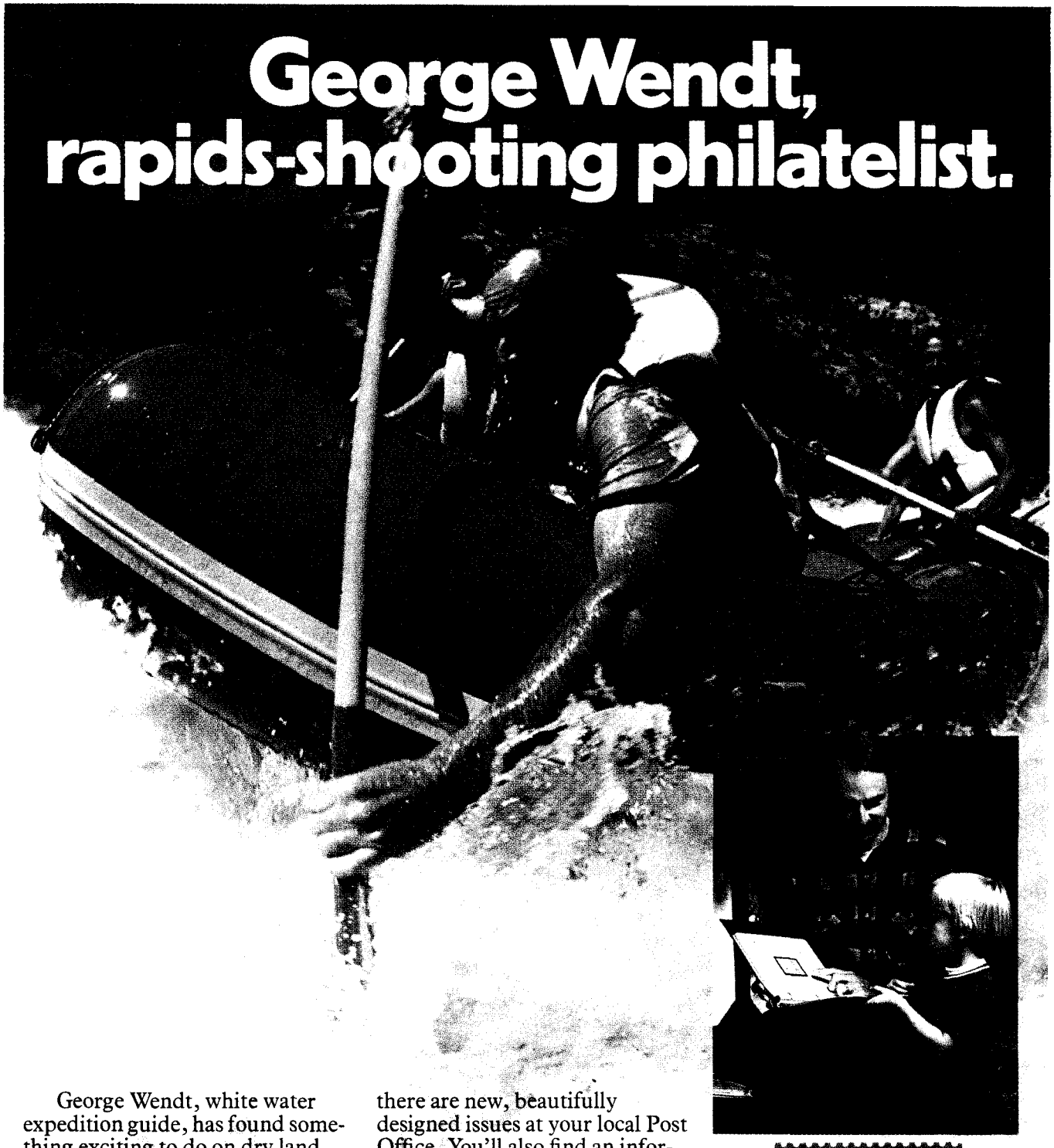
George Wendt, rapids-shooting philatelist.



George Wendt, white water expedition guide, has found something exciting to do on dry land. He collects stamps.

George finds that collecting U.S. Commemoratives lets him explore the thrilling panorama of America. He discovers new places and things, meets fascinating people and relives exciting events in our history.

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"Collecting U.S. Commemoratives is a special kind of thrill," says George. "And it's one adventure I can share with my family."

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Letters to the Editor

Fall from Grace

Over a great many years, I have been refreshed and entertained and informed by the contents of *The Saturday Evening Post.* For the first time ever, I am obliged, however, to write a letter expressing dismay and criticism, particularly in view of the more recent and overall Christian context of the magazine.

The item by Will Stanton in the November 1980 issue is such a complete distortion of Adam and Eve's role as to make it impossible for any child or young adult of today to grasp the significance of what the fall from grace meant and means. What Stanton's fiction also suggests is that Adam was seeking the company of other women, who would have to be either his daughters or his granddaughters. In today's world of multiple mates and/or liaisons, what are the young or older readers of Mr. Stanton's fiction to believe? Today's people aren't even thinking of grace, or of sin and guilt. They are existential, transient, lacking commitment. The horror of estrangement from God is totally lost in Mr. Stanton's effort.

Rev. Earle A. Newman, S.S.J.
Editor, *The Josephite Harvest*
Baltimore, Maryland

Sorry to have fallen from grace. One of our editors saw the Will Stanton piece in a 1967 Post *while looking for humor. We agree with your thoughtful letter. The Dutch have a word for poking fun at anything in the Bible—it is "spotten," meaning "to mock or ridicule," and it wasn't permitted in our home. Thank you for calling this to our attention. We shall be more vigilant in the future.*

Leaders on Lead

In your October issue, you published an article on lead poisoning entitled "Suffer Little Children," by Claude A. Frazier, M.D.

I am an employee of the Linn County Health Department Childhood Lead Poisoning Prevention Program located in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. I was very pleased to see such an article published in your magazine. Hopefully, the public will become aware of lead poisoning and its seriousness.

A. E. Simms
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

What's that Line?

Something happened to Scipio Mather between pages 57 and 128 of the November issue, but *what*? *Please* let me know. It was good to read how Scipio began his life in Illium—somehow I missed that in my childhood, but have always loved the stories about him.

Mrs. Kenneth A. Highman
Aptos, California

In getting the pages to the printer on time, one line was omitted from the continuation of "Transmigra-

Continued on following page

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Indianapolis, Indiana 46202
(317) 634-1100, Telex 27-440
ADVERTISING OFFICES AND REPRESENTATIVES
Donald Sutton, Marketing Director
Jan Egan, Promotional Coordinator
Alana Hall, Advertising Administrator
Bill Hendrickson
Special Sections Art Director
1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202
(317) 634-1100, Telex 27-440
NEW YORK
Roger A. Barnett, Associate Publisher
John Logsdon, Advertising Director
Suite 1865, Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Avenue
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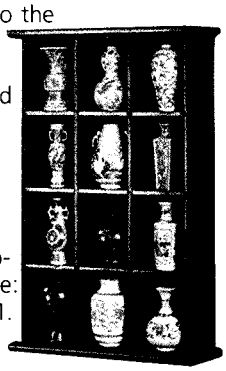

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tion" from page 57 to 128. That line, for Scipio fans, reads: "The days passed rapidly, and Scipio was more or less regretful when the task was completed. He swapped *cider yet to be pressed. . . ."*

In Exact Words: It's Backwards

Your feature called "Where in the World"
Was a test through which we gladly whirled.
We've seen those places, and this may sound terse:
You printed Taipei's Grand Hotel in reverse!

Nancy Hill
Sarasota, Florida

Legal Lamentation

Enjoyed "Can You Trust Your Lawyer?" (October 1980) very much, but I'll bet you'll have to hire extra mailroom personnel just to handle the complaints you'll receive from members of that profession.

Edwardo Gomez
Corpus Christi, Texas

So far the only brickbats have been from ourselves for neglecting to properly credit the piece, which was reprinted with permission from the May issue of The American Lawyer, *a journal for the legal profession. While we're chastising ourselves, we also wish we had given a larger credit line to Liora Auerbach, the New York photographer who took the clever photo illustrating the piece.*

An Ultra-Sound Idea

Relative to your article on "Chasing Cancer with Sonar" in the September 1980 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* and the editorial which appeared in October 1980, I would like to inform you that we have recently opened such a clinic which, I believe, is the first of its type in the country.

In our clinic, which is handled on a very feminine basis, the patient is greeted by a specially trained RN who takes a breast history, then proceeds to another room, where a physical examination is performed by the nurse. After that, the patient is instructed in self-examination and a "Betsy Breast" model is utilized, which the patient can palpate to determine what a lesion actually feels like.

The patient then goes to another room, where an ultrasonographic examination is performed by the same nurse utilizing the equipment manufactured by Johnson & Johnson pictured in your article. The patient then receives a one-view xeromammogram of each breast.

The whole picture is thus interpreted and reported to the patient's physician. The patient's only contact is with the nurse, and this is handled on a female-to-female basis.

We have found in just four weeks of operation that acceptance is outstanding. We feel we will undoubtedly find many unknown and early tumors.

Irwin Schiller, D.O.
Seattle, Washington

The Golden Past

You may be interested in printing this photograph, which I came across recently. My brother was a *Post* delivery boy in Golden, Colorado, between 1905 and 1910.

Leslie K. Sunderlin
Berryville, Virginia

Trilateral Trickery?

I was taken with the words of the author on "The Trilateral Commission Explained" (October 1980), which is like asking a chicken thief to qualify his occupation.

Mr. David Rockefeller uses the ploy that he cannot be a communist and a fascist simultaneously—but he can be an international socialist! Socialism has muddied the water of nationalism for years, but one cannot cast aspersions against the League of Nations, the Council on Foreign Relations or the Trilateral Commission, despite Kissinger's SALT I, II and III sellouts, Zbigniew Brzezinski's interpretation that U.S. sovereignty is passé; or the fact that the chairman of the Trilateral Commission is also the chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank (which has a branch office in Moscow; is one of the scions of the Standard Oil holdings; and influences Middle East decisions, contrives energy shortages and influences insurance groups and the media—both published and broadcast).

Mr. Rockefeller is truly unpretentious and soft-spoken, but he claims to know what's best for the United States. Therefore he sidesteps our elected government and, as does the Rockefeller Foundation, dictates our international mores. This, in such an unpretentious man, represents raw power, which has nothing at all to do with democracy.

Charles J. Hallett
Babylon, New York

Lauding Landry

I was greatly inspired by your article, "Punt, Pass and Prayer" (October 1980) regarding Tom Landry. Have always had respect for him, though I don't, of course, cheer for him when Dallas plays our beloved Green Bay Packers.

We know the value of the influence an inspiring man like Landry can have on people. We know because we have had that kind of man in our midst for 20-some years. His name, of course, is Bart Starr.

M.T. Boyer
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Amtrak Railings

Bravo, Susan Eisenhower's "Deriding Amtrak." I always have felt Julie was tops. Still do, but here comes competition.

A.T. Ellison
Hamilton, Massachusetts

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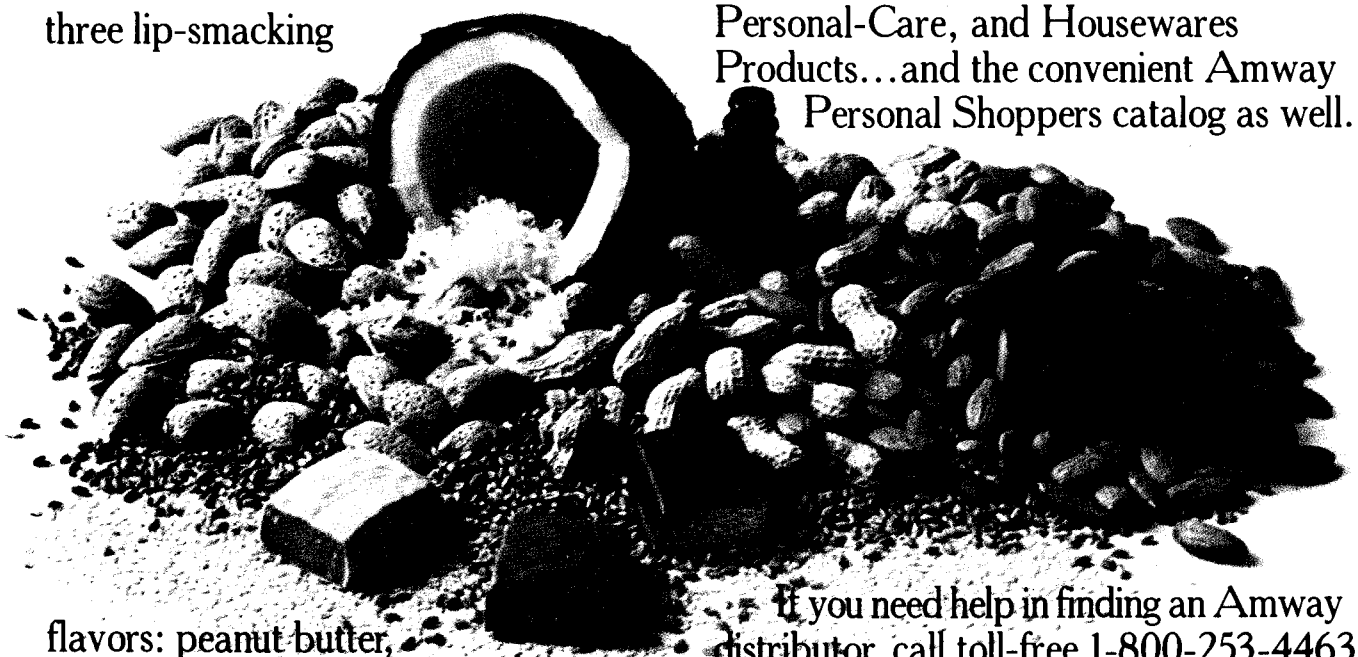

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Post left no stone unturned ue one of the most memora- e built it around some of k and the memories of those But perhaps the high point is of *The Four Freedoms*, the d and electrified the world. e to print these exquisite in- e on heavy stock so that you out of the magazine pages. ou can frame them when you lso included are the moving, nally written to accompany masterpieces by Booth Tarkington, Will Durant, Carlos Bulosan and Stephen Vincent Benet.

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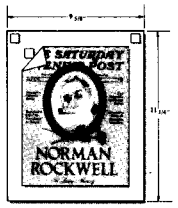


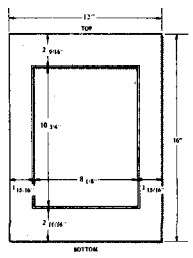
a. *Anything less* than regular mat-board weight will not provide shadowing or depth desirable in order to separate framed image from its mat.

b. *Mat-board* colors are of course selected to your taste but most generally a white or an off-white will suit most anything selected

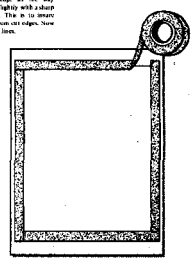
c. *Trim cover or full page* selected out of magazine very carefully with sharp blade using a metal edged rule to insure straight cut. (Better yet, remove copies carefully from magazine so that any page selected will afford the optimum image possible.

d. *Place trimmed page* on a larger piece of paper (about 3/4" all the way around) with four very small pieces of double stick cellophane tape under each corner. Take care when doing this to avoid warping so make sure this step is done on completely flat surface. . . This step is done in order to give an edge larger than the mat window so that you can maneuver properly and have enough room to tape down to backside of mat.

e. *Put ten small pieces* of double-stick tape at top portion of maneuvering paper, place face up on flat surface. Now take previously cut finished mat and maneuver carefully over print. Center optically as close as possible without touching tape. Then press down. Make sure you don't have any of the pages edges showing in the windowed area. Now turn mat and slightly taped on print over in backside. Tape tightly (but again taking care not to warp) all four edges with masking tape.



f. *A thin hairline* or double hairline can be used as an accent. Draw 1/8" from window edge all the way around and very lightly with a sharp soft pencil line. This is to insure equal distance from cut edges. Now draw in finished lines.



g. *Clean glass in frame* thoroughly before placing finished print/mat in frame. Frame's backing should be inserted per instructions provided with your stock frame.

Matting guide included.

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Portrait

by Nancy L. Wilson

She talks on the telephone,
filing her nails,
In clothes of the latest design. . .
A jumbled assortment of make-up
and moods
Rolls around in her purse and her
mind. . .

What new shade of lip gloss—
what new love affair
Will she spring as her daily
surprise?
Subtle clues can be found by
comparing the shine
On her lips to the glow in her
eyes.

In the bathroom she powders and
brushes and preens. . .
Not long ago it was the place
Where she'd leave muddy shoes
and her sweatshirt and jeans
But would not wash her hands or
her face.

She's abandoned her treehouse;
her bike has a flat.
She has lost both her bat and her
glove. . .
She has lost her composure and
an inch in the waist,
But she's not lost my trust or
my love.

She climbs into bed with a dream
in her heart
And the "top ten" caressing her
ear.
Which one is more real in her
blossoming life
Is oftentimes not very clear.

I smile my "good night" and
smooth back her hair,
And sometimes I softly confide
That I love both the glamorous
chick that I see
And the pigtailed child that's
inside.

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Your Bank _____ Account Number _____

City & State _____

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Save the Children 19 $16.00

Sixteen and 00/100 _____ DOLLARS

_____ (Signature)

MEMO: *U.S. Income Tax Deductible*
Monthly Sponsorship

_____ (Your Address)

_____ City & State _____ Zip

Fill out this check (or use your own) and save the children

For only 52¢ a day (just $16 a month) you can befriend a needy child through Save the Children. Your money, combined with that of other sponsors, can breathe new life into an impoverished village...help hardworking people in their fight for dignity...turn despair into hope for a child who has known only disaster. 52¢ may not buy much where you live. But for the poorest of the poor, where the need is so desperate, it can work miracles.

For your first monthly sponsorship contribution, just fill out and sign the check at the top of this page (yes, as long as you indicate your bank name and account number, it is negotiable). Mail the entire page to Save the Children. Of course, you may use your personal check if you prefer.

TELL US HOW YOU WANT TO HELP BY ANSWERING THESE QUESTIONS.

Your name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

1 What kind of child would you like to help?
☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either

2 What geographical area are you interested in?
Urgent need exists in all the areas listed below. Select an area, or let us assign a child where the need is greatest.

☐ **Where the need is greatest**
☐ Africa
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.)
☐ Colombia
☐ Dominican Republic
☐ Honduras
☐ Indian (U.S.)
☐ Indonesia
☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Korea
☐ Lebanon
☐ Mediterranean
☐ Mexico
☐ Southern States (U.S.)
☐ Sri Lanka (Ceylon)

3 Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?
Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire.
☐ Yes ☐ No

4 Would you like to correspond with your sponsored child?
If desired, correspondence can help build a meaningful one-to-one relationship. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children.
☐ Yes ☐ No

5 Would you like information about the child's community?
Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on community activities to benefit your sponsored child. These community reports show how your money is being used most effectively for permanent improvements to the child's environment—for health care, education, food production, nutrition, and community training. Would you like to receive such information?
☐ Yes ☐ No

6 Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?
Save the Children is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. Based on last year's audit, an exceptionally large percentage (80.3%) of each dollar spent was used for program services and direct aid to children and their communities. Due to volunteered labor and materials, your donation provides your sponsored child with benefits worth many times your total gift. Would you like to receive an informative Annual Report (including a summary financial statement)?
☐ Yes ☐ No
(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)

7 Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor at this time?
☐ Yes, enclosed is my contribution of $_____.
☐ Check here for general information about our unique programs for aiding impoverished children.

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SEP 1/1

Mail to:

Save the Children®
50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880
Attn: David L. Guyer, President

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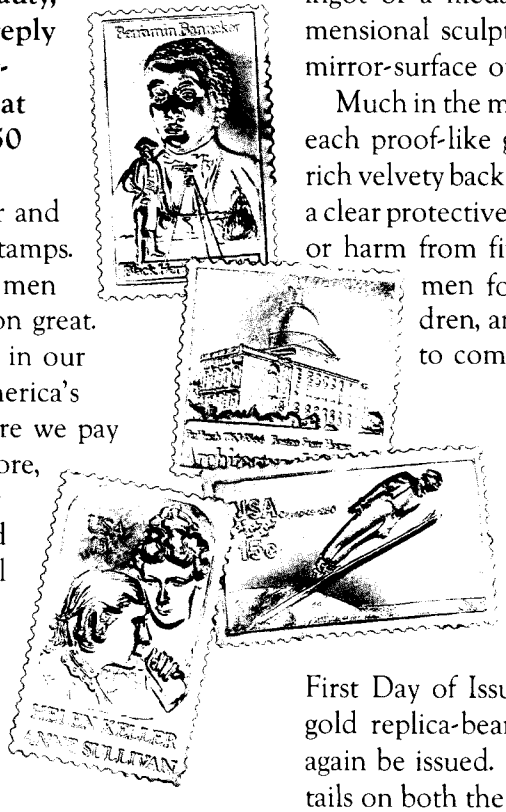

Nothing captures the grandeur and glory of this land like America's stamps. For here is where we honor the men and women who made this nation great. Where we relive the high points in our history. Where we rejoice in America's magnificent natural beauty. Where we pay tribute to our customs and folklore, institutions and ideals. Each new stamp is a patriotic treasure. And each is also an important original work of art—created by one of America's finest living artists.

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For each new commemorative stamp that is issued, the U.S. Postal Service makes available a photograph of the original design. From this photograph, the stamp is then recreated on sheets of paper-backed 22kt gold precisely to the original's size, shape, and official design.

First, the skilled craftsman hand-inscribes every line and stroke of the original in raised relief upon a master model from which a die is created. The die is then used to strike the 22kt gold surface in a flawless proof-like finish—just as if one were producing a magnificent medal or coin. The result is not an ingot or a medallion—but a dramatic, three-dimensional sculpture, standing in high relief on a mirror-surface of gleaming gold!

Much in the manner of a precious medal or coin, each proof-like gold replica is displayed against a rich velvety background—and preserved forever in a clear protective capsule to guard against dust, loss, or harm from fingerprints. A perfect mint specimen for your children, your grandchildren, and their children to enjoy in years to come.

The actual First Day of Issue Stamp attests to the faithfulness of the replica!

Perfectly complementing the gold stamp replica is the actual stamp—bearing the Official First Day of Issue Postmark to certify that these gold replica-bearing First Day Covers can never again be issued. As you examine the intricate details on both the stamp and its replica, you will see how perfectly the two correspond!

A custom-crafted collector's album will showcase your collection to best advantage.

Your name will be stamped in gold on the front

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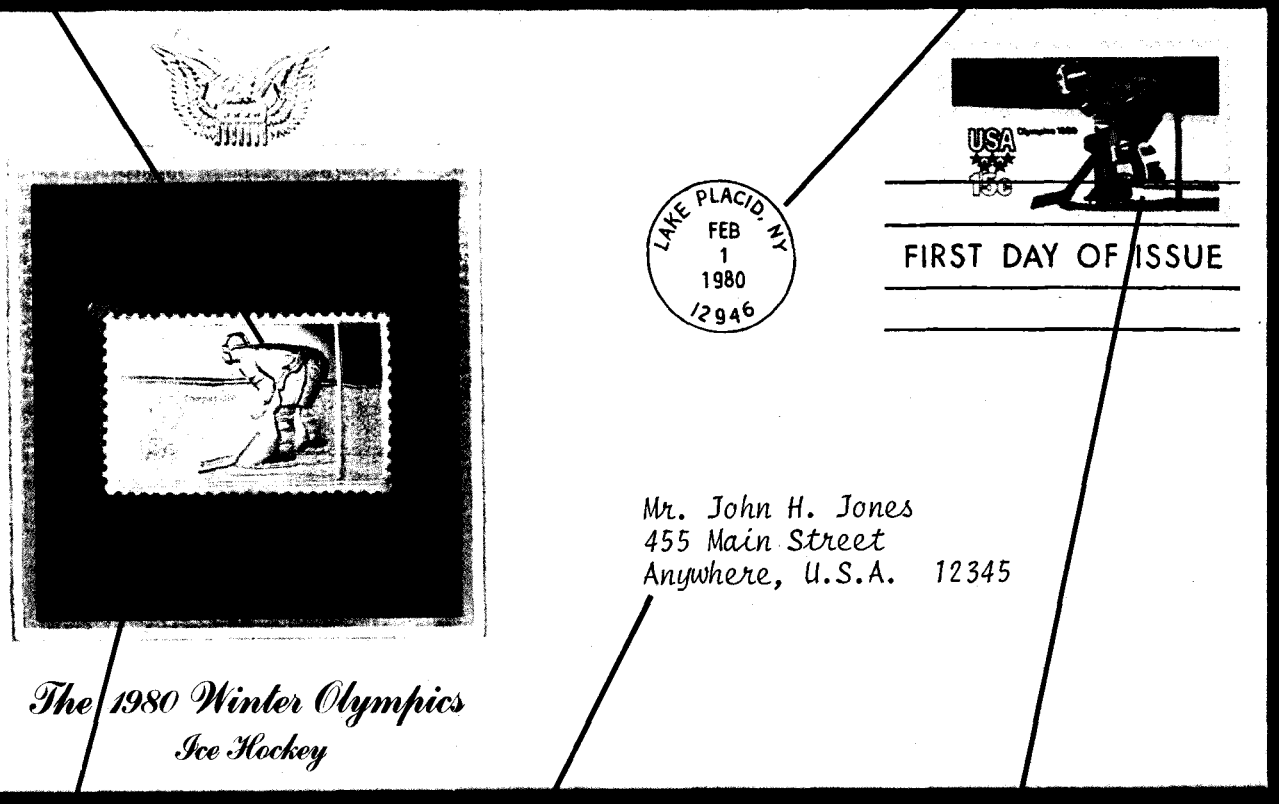
medallion but an exact replica of a U.S. Commemorative Postage Stamp, struck on a gleaming surface of 22kt gold.

OFFICIAL FIRST DAY OF ISSUE POSTMARK, certifying each cover as an Official First Day Cover, which can never again be issued.



PROTECTIVELY ENCAPSULATED to guard against dust, scratches, and fingerprints. Each gold stamp replica is permanently sealed in the cover and set against a rich velvety background.

PERSONALIZED with your name and address, if desired.

THE OFFICIAL U.S. COMMEMORATIVE POSTAGE STAMP—which is the basis for each 22kt gold replica.

A skilled engraver puts the final touches on the master model from which 22kt gold stamp replicas will be produced.

A final striking is inspected to insure that it meets the high quality standards established for 22kt Gold Replicas of United States Stamps.

(continued on next page)

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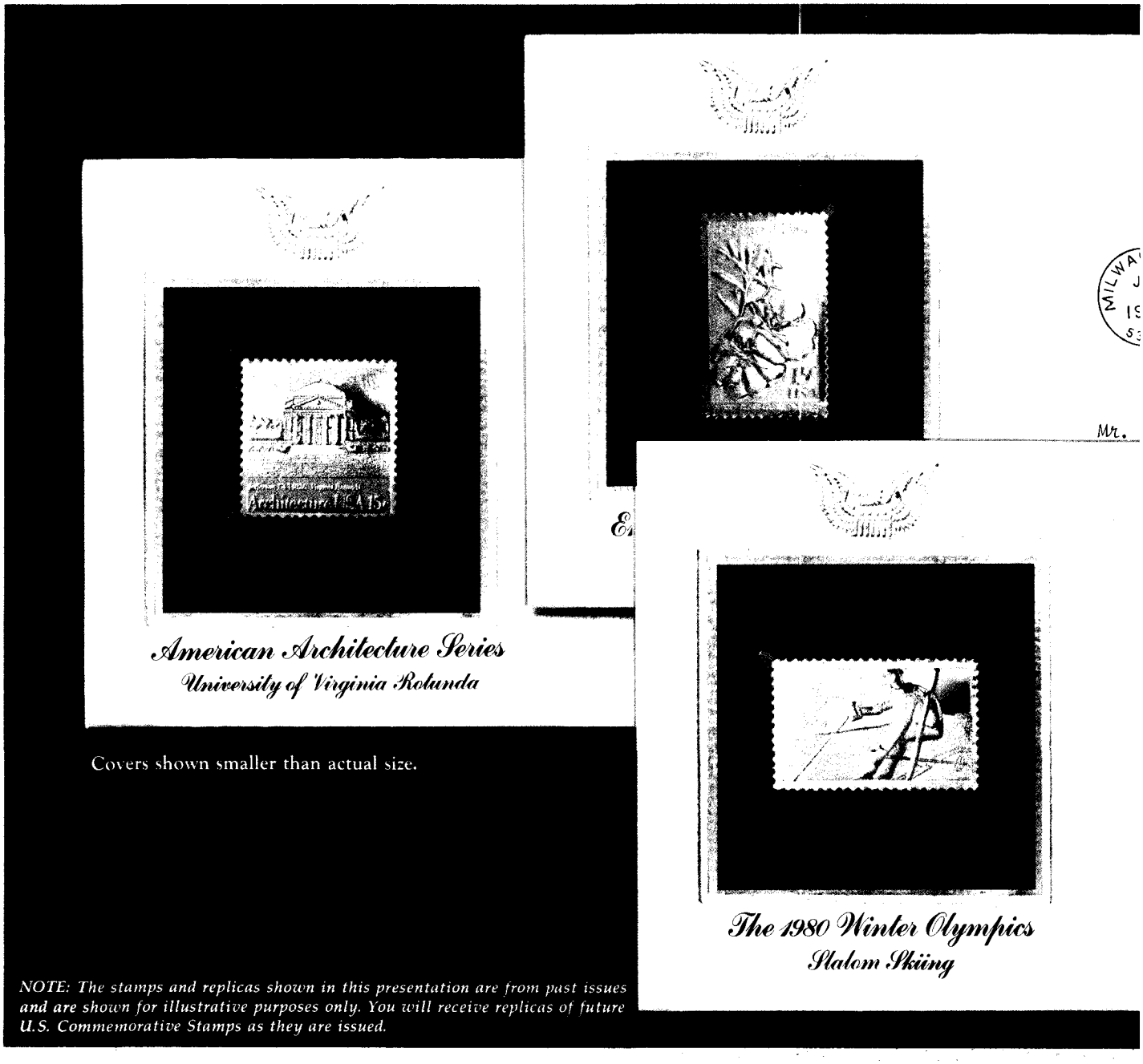

Covers shown smaller than actual size.

NOTE: The stamps and replicas shown in this presentation are from past issues and are shown for illustrative purposes only. You will receive replicas of future U.S. Commemorative Stamps as they are issued.

(continued from previous page)

cover. Inside, transparent vinyl pockets will display each cover. You may slide each cover from its pocket for closer inspection and still not worry about the gold stamp replica itself—sealed within its own protective capsule.

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No payment needed now.

You need send no money now. Simply return the application on the right before March 31, 1981. As a subscriber, you can expect to receive your covers approximately 8 to 10 times each year, depending on the Postal Service's schedule of new commemorative releases, with 3 covers per shipment. You will be billed with each shipment.

Join us for this magnificent philatelic tribute to the greatness of America—a collection that surpasses anything previously seen. A collection that you and your family will treasure for untold generations to come!

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Subscription Application 402

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☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA

Credit Card Number _____ Expiration Date _____

I would like my covers:
☐unaddressed, or ☐personalized exactly as shown at right.

Mr./Mrs./Miss _____

Address _____

City, State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

Allow 10 to 12 weeks for shipment of initial set.

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THE TV GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

To tell the truth, it's no secret how people get on the shows where the price is right. The passwords are "hype," "enthusiasm" and "personality."

by Cork Millner

Three-hundred-thousand dollars a week is given away on TV game shows. *Three-hundred-thousand bucks!* . . .and you could have a chunk of it.

Or could you?

Well, you might, but it won't be easy. To be a TV game-show contestant takes the ego of Howard Cosell, the exuberance of Robin Williams, the exhibitionism of Dolly Parton, the competitiveness of Muhammad Ali and the stamina of Seattle Slew.

"It takes a type," says Mark Goodson, TV's godfather of game shows. "We want hype; and we want enthusiasm, personality and a little reasoning ability. And you can't fake it. It has to be there."

Mark Goodson should know. Along with partner Bill Todman, Goodson produces the most successful syndicated TV program of our time—"Family Feud." But then, Goodson-Todman Productions has been devising game-show winners since 1950, when "What's My Line?" hit the black-and-white screen. Other successes followed in color: "I've Got a Secret," "To Tell the Truth," "The Price Is Right," "Match Game" and the new "Password Plus."

In three decades of masterminding the quiz biz, Mark Goodson knows contestants. "I can recognize a good contestant when he walks into the room. He's gotta have lively eyes. . . .Actually, Midwesterners make great contestants. Southerners, too. But Easterners get tougher, and New Englanders are very rough because they hold back. We want real people, ones that the audience wants to watch, ones with real emotion."

To get these "real people," Goodson's staff interviews 300 families every week for "Family Feud." And only eight families out of those 300 are selected to be on the show. Only eight! Not very good odds, but then, that's the normal selection percentage for a show of this type. Few folks fit the game-show mold.

So—still thinking about a bite of that $300,000? Think you are one of those vibrant few with that "unbridled exuberance" and those "lively eyes?" Perhaps you are. Want to find out? Then come with me into the inner sanctum of game shows and see how it really is.

You see, I know. I was a game-show contestant—twice.

Outside, the sun burned through the yellow haze and onto Hollywood's metropolitan grill. Inside, the sign on the door said "Heater-Quigley Productions." I took a deep breath and walked in.

The fuzzy-haired secretary behind the desk said, "Hi. Here for 'High Rollers'?" I grinned inanely, and she passed me an application form and pulled out a Polaroid camera. "Smile and say 'greed,'" she said.

I put on my best homemade-jam face and the flash went off.

"Take this test," she said, passing me a ten-question quiz with such stingers as "Who wrote *Hamlet*?" and "What football team does Terry Bradshaw play for?" (Shakespeare and the Steelers, respectively.)

I must have passed, because she taped a three-by-five card with my name scrawled across the top to my chest and ushered me into a cramped production office. There

A lion-hearted kiss from popular host Richard Dawson is an added prize for ladies of the eight families chosen out of 300 interviewed each week for "Family Feud," one of TV's most successful syndicated game shows.

Continued on following page

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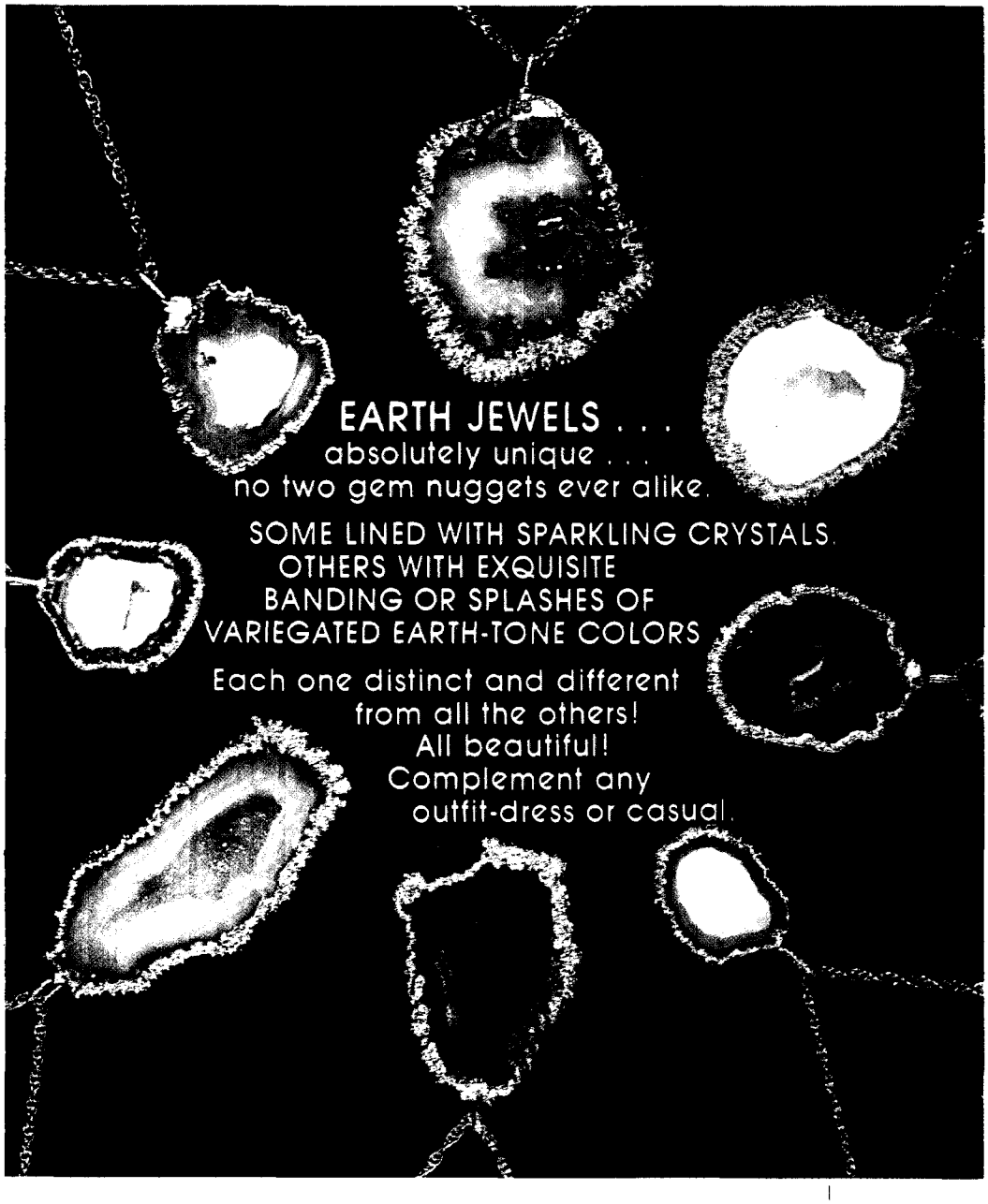

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were another 50 people crammed into the tiny room, each with three-by-five name tags, each clutching Polaroid photos. I sat down.

"Goofy test," a cute contestant in a black velvet pantsuit, whose name tag read, "Patti Bryant," said. "My ex-husband and I had to answer the same dumb questions to get on the old 'Gambit' show."

"This your second quiz show?" I asked, interested.

"No, third. Well, actually, I decided not to go on one called 'Hot Seat.' Couldn't afford to burn up my eligibility on a poor-paying show."

"Eligibility?"

"You new at game shows?"

"Embryonic."

"Cute," Patti said. "Well, you see, network rules state that a contestant can only be on one game show a year and a maximum of three in a lifetime. So if you're good at it, you only want to go for the big cash shows."

"Such as?" I asked.

"This one, 'High Rollers,' is great! Some guy won a bundle of cash and prizes, including two new cars."

"Maybe he should start a car lot," I replied.

"Cute," Patti said. " 'Course, 'Match Game' is a great show—all cash. So is 'Card Sharks.' '$20,000 Pyramid' is also fabulous, but it's taped in New York. All the others are made here in Los Angeles."

"How much can a contestant win?"

"Tons nowadays. They used to stop you at $20,000. But this show lets you stay on up to seven times. That guy with the two cars won $57,000! Some Air Force captain won more than $100,000 on 'Joker's Wild.' That was really crazy."

"How much did you win on 'Gambit'?"

"We only won a measly $3,300; $1,500 was in cash. That was three years ago. We had to sell a $500 stove to my mother for $200. You have to pay taxes on all the stuff."

I leaned over to Patti and whispered, "What do you think our chances are of getting on the show?"

Patti glanced around the room, "See that cute little old lady in the flower-print dress?"

"Yeah, what chances does she have?"

"She's a shoo-in. . .been on other shows. . .writes X-rated movie reviews for a men's magazine."

"You're kidding."

"Uh uh. You gotta have a gimmick. Me? I once shed 92 pounds and three husbands."

"Really?"

A production coordinator in jeans and sloppy sweatshirt interrupted, "Okay, Cork and Patti, you're in for round two. Follow me." She led us to a screening room where we were asked to compete against each other answering questions as fast as we could.

"First question. . .are there four, six or eight pockets on a regulation pool table?"

Continued on page 99

How to Get an Interview

Many game shows, such as "Family Feud," advertise in the classified section of the city newspaper. Just call the number and they will set you up for an interview. If you're in Los Angeles, you can get free tickets at the studio ticket office for live performances and fill out a contestant card there. If you're from out of town, write ahead saying when you will be in the city and they will set up an interview. They *love* out-of-towners.

Contestants who presently apply for "Match Game" are advised that they will be contacted in 14 months for an interview. "Hollywood Squares," the first of the game shows with celebrity stars, will provide tickets for the show, then select future contestants from the audience.

In an audience-participation show such as "The Price Is Right," all you have to do is write CBS-TV for tickets and show up the day of the show. Of the 300 people in the audience, nine contestants are picked during the hour-long show. You might be the next person to whom Johnny Olsen shouts, "...Come on down," then find yourself standing in front of the show's genial host, Bob Barker.

Here is a list of the game shows and how to contact them:

Goodson-Todman Productions
6430 West Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90028
(213) 464-4300
"Family Feud"
"Match Game"
"Password Plus"
"The Price is Right"
"Card Sharks"

Heater-Quigley Productions
9255 Sunset Boulevard
Suite 103
Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 278-4151
"High Rollers"
"Hollywood Squares"

"Wheel of Fortune"
1541 North Vine Street
Hollywood, CA 90028

Barry-Enright Productions
188 Century Park East
Suite 204
Los Angeles, CA 90067
(213) 277-6000
"Tic Tac Dough"
"Joker's Wild"

Ralph Edwards Productions
1717 North Highland Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90028
(213) 462-2212
"Crosswits"
"Name That Tune"

All networks have an eligibility rule which states that you may not have been a contestant on a game show within the last 12 months.
NBC: You may appear on only two game shows in a lifetime on any network, including the show you are applying for.
CBS: You may appear on only three game shows in a lifetime on any network, including the show you are applying for.
ABC: Does not limit the number of shows in which you may appear (one year apart), but you may appear on only two shows in any five-year period.

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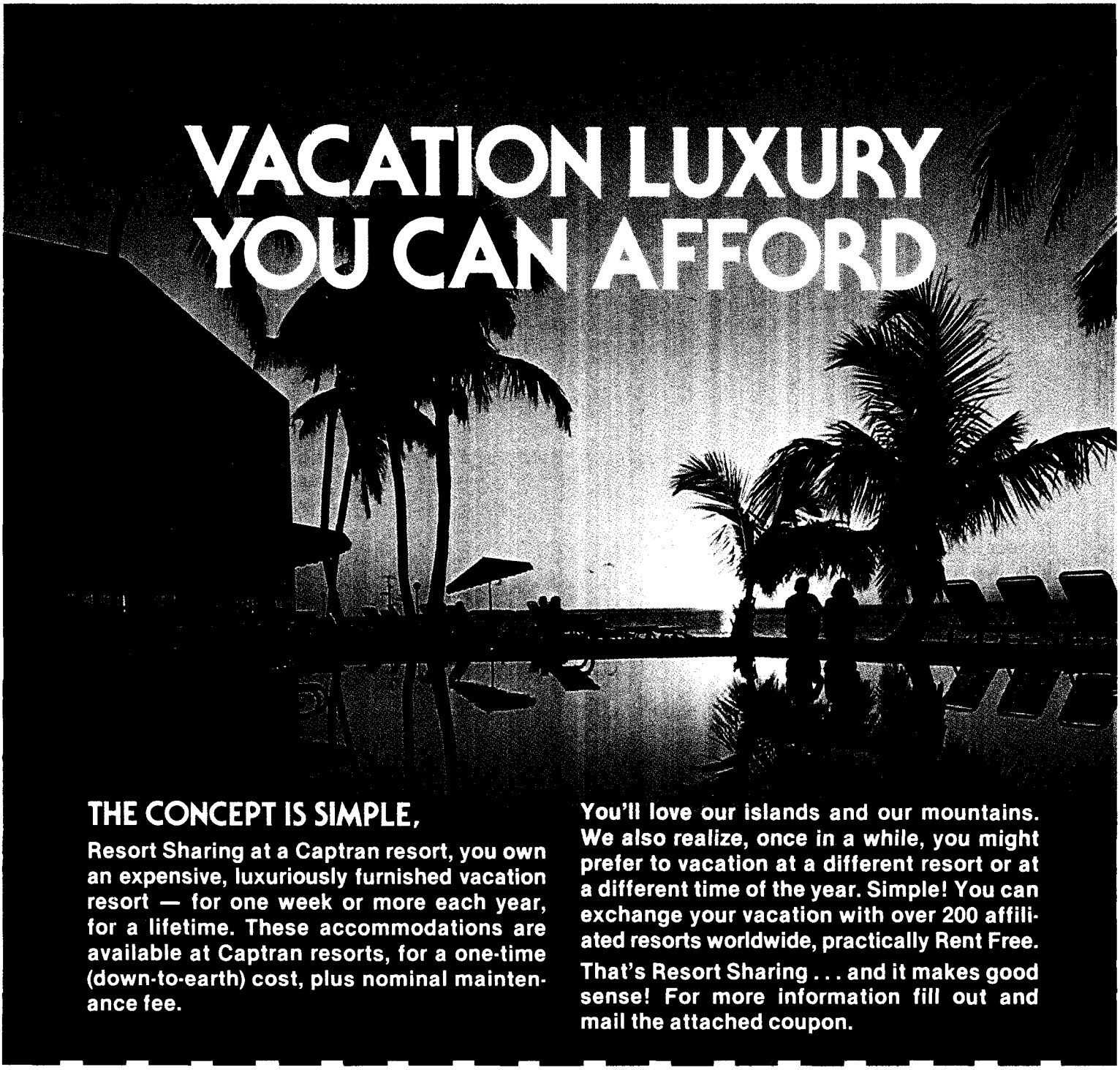

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_____ Franchise details

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone ( ) _____

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WILL THE REAL TAMMY BAKKER PLEASE STAND UP?

This irrepressible TV star mixes diamond rings with bargain-basement dresses and is equally comfortable at a White House soiree or a neighbor's Tupperware party.

by Holly Miller

When TV's Jim Bakker leaves town on business, he generally takes along a photograph of his wife. . .just to remind him what she looks like. Even after 19 years of marriage he has a hard time picturing her. And he's never sure *which* wife will greet him when he comes home to Charlotte, North Carolina.

"I might walk in with a dark black wig and look all Spanish," says Tammy Bakker, her awning-like false eyelashes fanning up and down. "Or I might wear a bright red wig and be Lucy. Or I might have my real hair—it's brown—cut short and just be me. I think a woman should keep herself interesting and never fall into a pattern with her husband. Jim says he's lived with me for 19 years and doesn't know me. I say I'm going to keep it that way."

Tammy Bakker not only sings her testimony and praise to the listening thousands, she writes books that make the "best seller" shelves in Christian bookstores.

Fans of the Bakkers' daily Christian talk show, "The PTL Club," applaud Tammy's unpredictable and irrepressible nature. Critics have been known to see red—even when she's not being Lucy.

"I don't let them bother me much," she replies. "I think for too long Christians have played themselves down; women have looked dowdy and the world didn't want what they had."

While most American females aspire to a Bo Derek-ish "10" rating, Tammy is happy with her middle-of-the-road "5." Since joining a health club and pummeling away 30 pounds, she's down to a perfect size 5 in clothes, shoes and rings. The only place she falls short—literally—is her height. She stands a Lilliputian 4′ 10″, but compensates by wearing gravity-defying platform heels that give her a perennial *en pointe* appearance. Only stilts would be more effective at adding an inch or two.

"Tammy's a beautiful, simple, precious lady," says writer Cliff Dudley, one of her most enthusiastic fans. Dudley, who coauthored the memoirs of Maria Von Trapp and published Colonel Sanders' book, collaborated with Tammy on her autobiographies, *I Gotta Be Me* and *Run to the Roar.* Both were enormously successful in the Christian book market. "Tammy might bounce around with false eyelashes and a wig today and be natural tomorrow," admits Dudley. "Some people can't stand that. But what does it have to do with Christianity?"

And Christianity has everything to do with the Bakkers' life style. Jim, an ordained Assemblies of God minister, helped pioneer the popular "700 Club" for the Christian Broadcasting Network in 1965. It was the first Christian talk show ever attempted. When he wasn't mixing music, testimony and prayer on the air for "700 Club" viewers, he was working in tandem with Tammy on their children's TV show. ("He was the straight man and I was the nut," recalls Tammy.) The couple left CBN in 1972 and launched a new television ministry in California. Two years later, while hosting a telethon in Charlotte, the Bakkers became so enthralled with the city that they decided to settle in North Carolina. They located a small furniture store, remodeled it into a studio, and with the help of a half-dozen workers, they founded what was to become the PTL Television Network. Today, PTL employs some 700 staffers and is seen in 50 states and 42 countries. The PTL-owned satellite beams Christian programming to all of North America 24 hours a day.

"But nobody knows us in Dallas," Tammy confidently informed the *Post* during a leisurely interview in that city late last year. The Bakkers had flown into

Continued on following page

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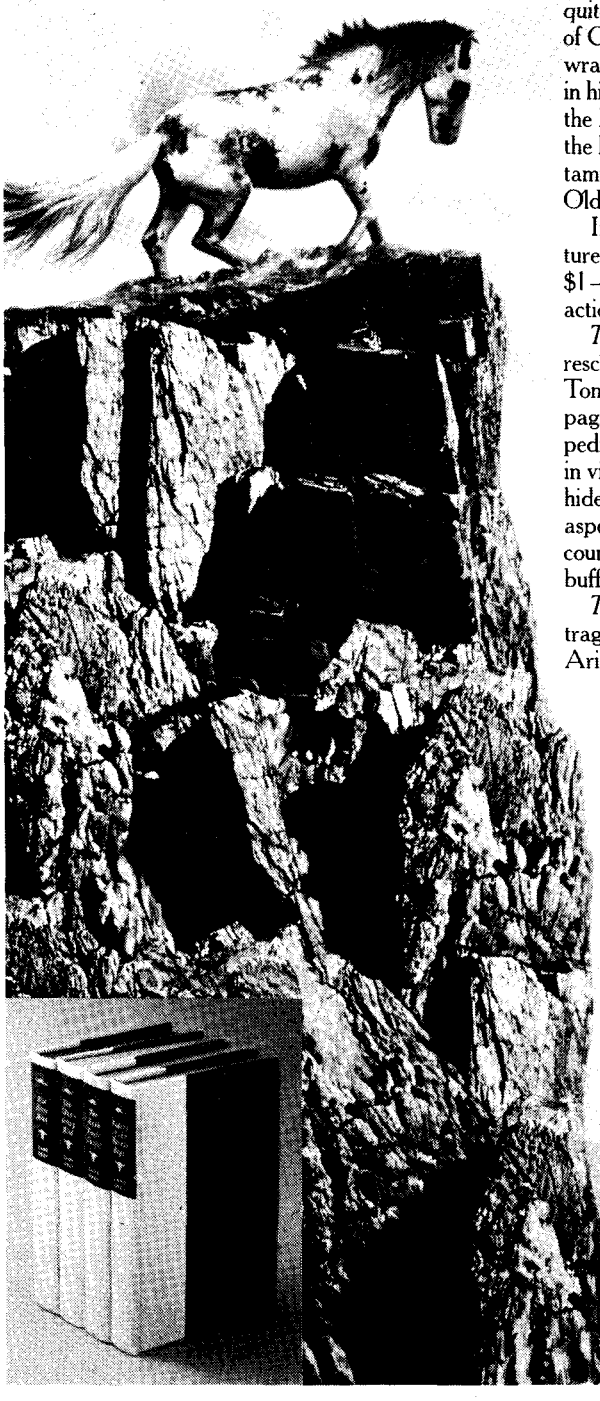
Somewhere mustangs still run free. Zane Grey will lead you there.



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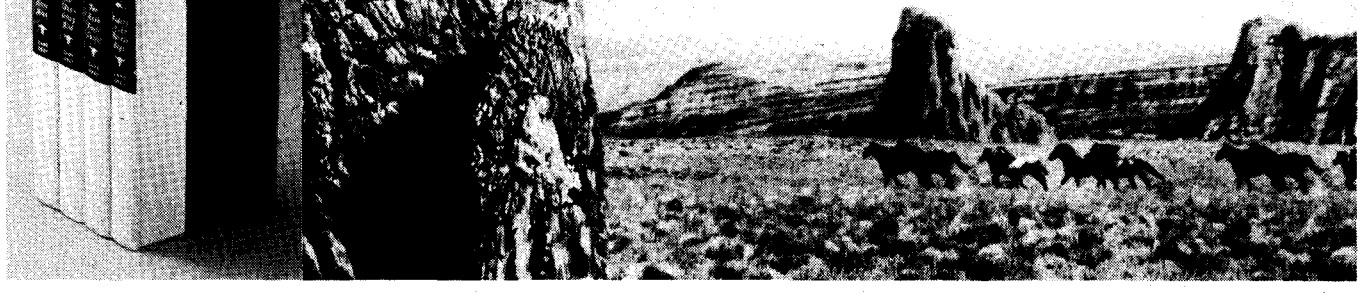

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town to attend the Christian Booksellers Convention, where Tammy was scheduled to tout her most recent book. After business would come pleasure—the couple looked forward to some sightseeing, shopping and general R and R—before they headed back to Charlotte and PTL. Anonymity was assured, they believed, because their syndicated show wasn't slated for the Dallas viewing area until early 1981. They were safe. Or were they? Even without the notoriety provided by TV, the Bakkers' celebrity status has been enhanced by record albums (she sings, he talks), tapes, books and rallies. Fans greet them like friends of the family or members of the club—the PTL Club, that is. Viewers identify with them because they're attractive, candid, occasionally outspoken and, above all, human. The Bakkers aren't ashamed to discuss troubles they've faced in their own lives or even in their marriage. They're willing to pass along to their audience whatever solution has worked for them.

"Jim and I have been through our share of problems. I'm not going to say that we haven't. But thank God, we've straightened them out," Tammy admits. "You've got to talk. Even if you're screaming at each other, you've got to get it out. I think the most dangerous thing that you can do is clam up and not speak to your spouse."

Admitting to an occasional shouting match with her husband may not be typical conversation for a TV evangelist, but Tammy doesn't stop there. Few topics are verboten.

On family planning:

"I think the woman should be the one in the family to choose how many children to have because, whether you agree or not, she ends up raising them pretty much herself. If a woman doesn't want any more children she should have a tubal ligation. She should do something before an abortion is needed."

On working mothers:

"I'm not ashamed to say I don't want to stay home with my children all day. I think it's healthy to be able to say that now. My mother was a tremendously talented individual—she could sing and play the piano—but she had to be home and raise eight kids. I think the world really missed something."

On women's liberation:

"I feel a woman must maintain her own identity after marriage. I have a wonderful husband who pushes me. He's made it possible for me to be the woman I wanted to be. He recognized the woman who needed to sneak out and be free."

On critics:

"I'm from strong, tough stock. I was brought up with people who didn't accept failure. We laughed a lot. Now people say I laugh too much, that I cry too much, that I'm too emotional. Well, I think laughter is one of the most important things in a person's life. It's the way I cope."

On divorce:

"People aren't trying anymore. They give up on things just when victory is around the corner. They see an easy way out and they take it. You've got to work at a marriage. If you don't, it will fail."

The chances of failure are magnified when not just one, but two members of a marital duo are constantly being scrutinized by the public. PTL sometimes receives 20,000 or more letters a day. Many contain words of praise, some offer suggestions, and a few merely complain about how the hostess was dressed, the questions the host asked or the way a guest replied. The Bakkers have learned to take such feedback in stride and occasionally laugh at the more outlandish charges. Tammy, who as the oldest of eight children grew up dressed in serviceable black, is particularly stunned by letters scolding her for indulging in an expensive wardrobe. She admits to being an incurable window shopper, but when it comes to dollars and cents, she spends hers at a cut-rate boutique that snips the labels out of garments and offers them for half price. One of her favorite anecdotes involves a shopping spree at K Mart, when she was happily meandering down an aisle pushing a bascart laden with several new dresses. A viewer blocked her path, stared at the clothes in amazement and finally blurted out, "I see it, but I don't believe it. . .but I'm glad."

She comes by her thrift naturally. She traces what she calls "the

A favorite theme of Tammy and Jim Bakker is the need for closeness and communication to avoid breakdown in the home. Jamie and Tammy Sue also believe in practicing what Mom and Dad preach.

Continued on page 116

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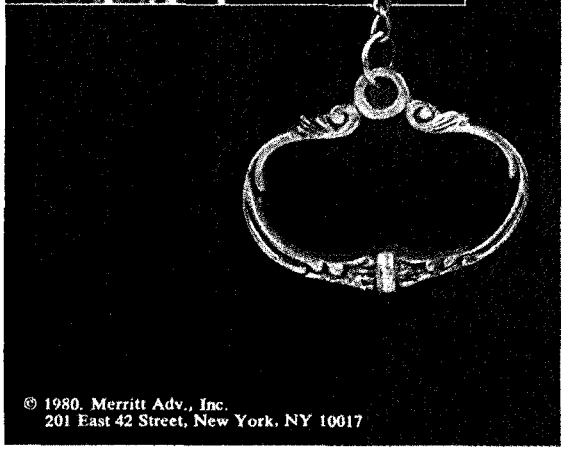

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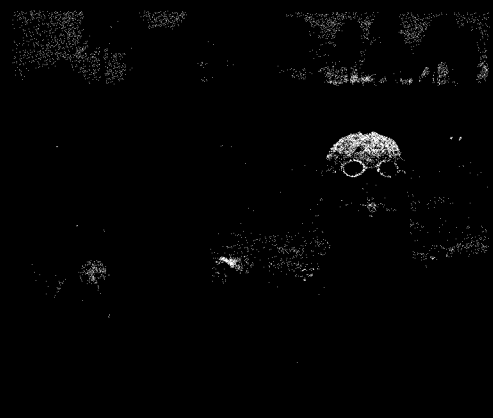

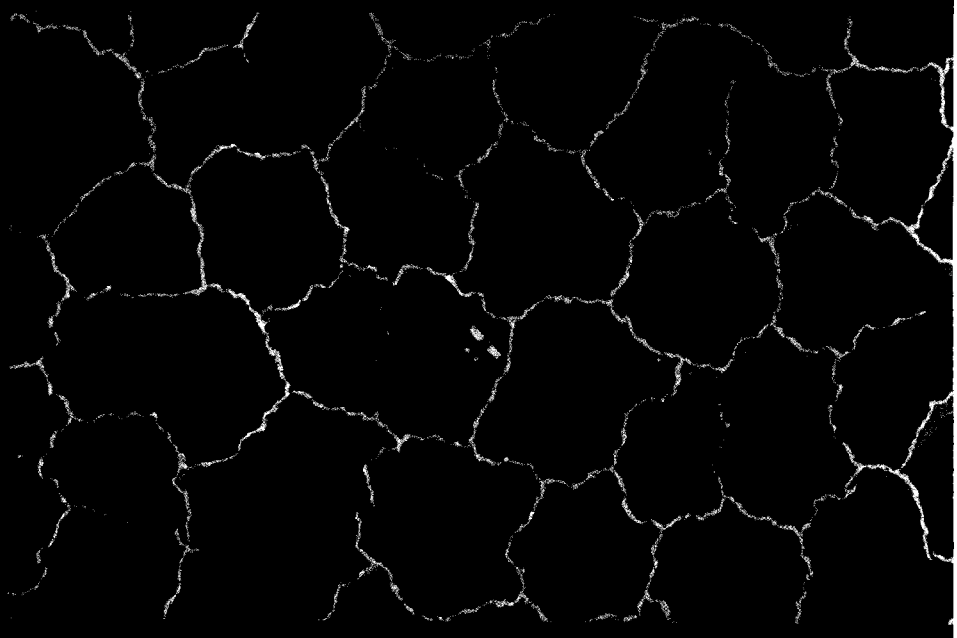

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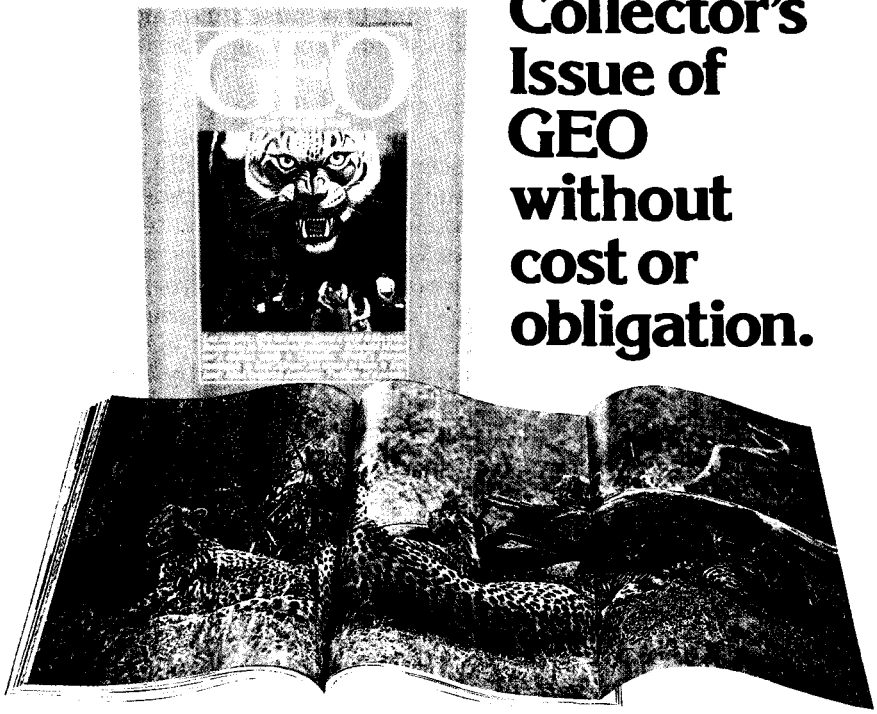

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SZENT-GYÖRGYI AND THE CANCER DRAGON

At 87, this Nobel Prize-winning scientist sharpens his sword with a new approach to the cancer monster that slew his wife and daughter.

by Ralph W. Moss

You may never have heard of Dr. Albert Szent-Györgyi, but in his native Hungary he can get out of traffic tickets simply by giving his name. Dr. Szent-Györgyi (pronounced Saint Georgie) is one of Hungary's most famous living scientists, and one of America's most respected adopted scientists. Now 87, Szent-Györgyi received his medical degree from the University of Budapest in 1917 and his Ph.D. from Cambridge University ten years later, and—in 1937—he received the Nobel Prize in medicine for his synthesis of ascorbic acid (vitamin C). He is codiscoverer of the Krebs cycle, which is the bane of every medical student and one of the glories of modern biochemistry.

He is considered one of the founders of the field of muscle physiology and has been scientific director of the Institute for Muscle Research at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, since 1947. Furthermore, he is the recipient of the prestigious Lasker Award from the American Heart Association and is a member of the National Academy of Science (U.S.A.) and dozens of other scientific societies.

Clearly, then, if any octogenarian ever wanted to rest on his laurels, Albert Szent-Györgyi would have a right to do so. Yet here he is, leaning back in his seat in his third-floor laboratory in Woods Hole, complaining of the utter "stupidity" of the United States medical establishment and propounding a radically new approach to the understanding of cancer.

Szent-Györgyi is impressive in stature. His flowing hair is white, his shoulders and arms still broad and powerful from regular swimming in these Cape Cod waters. His name resembles that of the medieval dragon-slayer, St. George. But Szent-Györgi's dragon is cancer, a monster which slew his first wife and his only daughter just seven years ago.

Dr. Szent-Györgyi believes funders turn him down because his theories move into uncharted territory.

Albert Szent-Györgyi is a problem for the American cancer establishment, that loosely interlocked group of agencies and institutes which controls and directs America's billion-dollar war on cancer. Backed by a retired lawyer/businessman with a flair for direct-mail solicitations, Szent-Györgyi has built up an independent research establishment of his own, which spans 20 locations on five continents. The doctor calls this his "laboratory without walls." It is linked together by an informal allegiance to Szent-Györgyi's concepts and philosophy, which includes the idea that one must fundamentally understand cancer in order to cure it.

Since the 1940s he has been pursuing an "intuitive feeling" about cancer. In order to really understand cancer, we must understand how cells—all cells—operate at the electronic level. The key word is electronic, for Szent-Györgyi believes that electricity is the key to life. At first sight, this electronic view of life seems slightly bizarre, especially to conventional scientists. When most biologists think of the "bottom line" of their science, they think of molecules.

Molecular biology is widely believed to hold the answer to malignancy. But to Szent-Györgyi, molecules, although minute, are still too big to be responsible for the swift and subtle reactions which characterize life. Protein molecules, for example, can contain thousands of atoms. Only the electrons, which are tiny components of atoms, can be responsible for life, he believes. "The 'ground floor' of nature is at the electronic level," he says. "The whole fundamental level of life is electronic."

How is it, then, that most scientists choose to study these "unwieldy" molecules and ignore electrons and electricity as irrelevant to cancer? Szent-Györgyi answers the question with another question:

"Well, do we understand cancer?" His pale blue eyes study one with a mixture of pity and good humor. "No," he replies, "nobody does. There is something

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missing. Our real problem, you see, is not 'What is cancer?' but 'What is life?' We can't understand cancer until we understand life, because cancer is just distorted life. 'I can control only what I understand,'" he adds, quoting another maverick, the great British chemist J.D. Bernal.

"The whole cancer field," he says emphatically, "for as long as I can remember, has been centered on coming up with a quick cure for the disease. This is plain nonsense. You see, the cell is like a very involved watch. The watch is made up of hundreds of little wheels and parts. First you must know how it is put together, how it works. But in cancer, nobody ever asks that. In spite of all the noise about cancer and the enormous expense, practically no *cancer* research is done in this country."

Work, however, is continuing on viruses and on the environmental origins of the disease. "For 20 years whatever was not related to viruses was said to have nothing to do with cancer," Szent-Györgyi jabs back, "but viruses themselves have little relevance to the problem. That is admitted now. The emphasis has shifted to the environment, which is very interesting. But this also is not *cancer* research: It is *environmental* research. To research cancer means to go into the cancer cell itself and find out what is wrong with it—with the electrons. But practically no one does that.

"As far as treating the disease, their approach is like this." He reaches over his cluttered desk, piled high with letters, reprints, papers of all kinds, and grabs a big, brown bottle—the kind which used to be seen in old-fashioned pharmacies.

"'Give me that bottle!'" he yells, imitating the government chemotherapists. "'I'll try it!' That's what they're doing. Hundreds of thousands of very expensive tests. It's all terribly stupid."

Didn't he, however, Szent-Györgyi is asked, once believe he had a treatment for cancer—based on the discovery of two conflicting substances in the cell—called promine and retine?

"The basic idea was sound," says the researcher. "You can only regulate something with two opposite, antagonistic substances," he adds, mingling scientific facts with philosophical reflections as he is prone to do. ("Mystical intuitions based on simplistic analogies," an establishment scientist once called his theories.)

"You cannot regulate traffic, for instance, with only a green light. You must have a green and a red light. I found in extracts of tissues that there was a substance which promoted growth, which I called promine. I also found a substance which retarded cancer, which I called retine.

"But after about ten years of such research, I had to give it up." He seems sad, almost defensive as he speaks. "It would have taken me ten more years to have gotten even close to isolating these substances. This is a very unsafe way of going about attacking cancer. We must understand exactly what we are doing, especially at the electronic level. Here I begin to feel a bit safe."

"But we are completely satisfied with your money."

Szent-Györgyi leans back in his hard chair. His "office" consists of several wooden desks joined together in a corner of his Institute for Muscle Research. He seems perfectly at home here, and in fact wears slippers to the laboratory. It is hard to believe that his career as a scientist almost came to a bitter end in the early 1970s due to inadequate financial support. It was then that a Maryland businessman, Franklin Salisbury, read about Szent-Györgyi's plight. He placed a check for $25 into an envelope and mailed it to Woods Hole. Szent-Györgyi's thank-you letter was so heartfelt that Salisbury sensed his urgent need. He traveled up to see the elderly scientist and the result of this meeting was the National Foundation for Cancer Research, which supports Szent-Györgyi's work and concepts. The NFCR, headquartered in Bethesda, Maryland, (coincidentally the home of the government's National Institutes of Health) relies on the contributions of almost a million private "members" or donors.

The disappointment with promine and retine has made Szent-Györgyi hesitant to raise hopes he cannot fulfill. When he is asked about a new substance which seems to be even more promising in the control of cancer, he is uneasy with the question, hesitant to answer. After all, the news of "cancer cures" travels quickly and can lead to desperate phone calls from cancer patients, as well as skepticism from the establishment.

He explains that he and his colleagues have been working with elusive substances called "free radicals" for a number of years. These are molecules which lack electrons. Since electrons are normally hitched up in pairs, which preserves their electrical and magnetic balance, a "free radical" is a molecule which is lacking balance. To be colloquial, one could

Continued on following page

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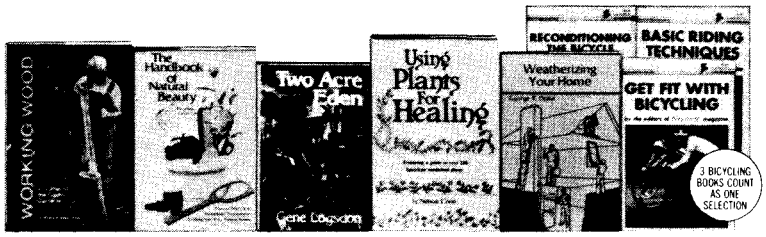

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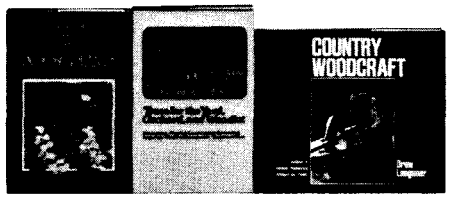

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say it is "on the make." It may steal an electron wherever it can pull one away from another pair, and thus has the potential to do great harm—possibly even cause cancer.

The elderly doctor displays a photograph of mice stretched out in neat rows. The picture is dramatic: One row is bloated with a kind of cancer which causes ascites (fluid in the abdominal region). Another row contains mice apparently free of the disease. Szent-Györgyi seems to be struggling to mute his own enthusiasm. "If I start treating these mice with my new drug, on the second day after inoculation with cancer cells, none of them gets blown up with ascites. They are all cured. The drug we are using does not interfere with the growth of the mice, either. The mice grow perfectly normally. This is the first drug that I know of which may be specific for cancer without hurting the animals."

He pauses. "This is strong evidence to me that I am not a fool," he says, with his gently self-deprecating sense of humor, "that I was not lost in speculation for all these years, that I am not lost to reality."

Szent-Györgyi will not be specific about the nature of the drug. He wants to complete his experiments and publish them in a scientific forum first. But he indicates that it is a mixture of a cell-growth regulating substance called methylglyoxal, which is toxic by itself, and another substance which renders it nontoxic without any loss of effectiveness.

If this drug works on animals, one wonders, will it be tried on human cancer patients?

Szent-Györgyi looks frustrated and annoyed. "The laws in this country are written most carefully," he says, "to make progress impossible. They must have been drawn up by some genius who is convinced that cancer is a blessing for mankind. If I tried to use this new substance on patients, I would go to jail."

It may seem odd that a man with Szent-Györgyi's credentials, track record and imagination does not enjoy the full support of the United States government, which is officially committed to pursuing every possible avenue against this dreaded disease. But, in truth, the Hungarian-American Nobelist has been turned down four times in his attempt to get funds for cancer work—although his less-controversial work on muscles received more than $1 million in government funding during the 1950s and the 1960s.

"Mr. Walker is here to see you, sir."

According to government sources, the reason for the refusal is technical; in his applications, they say, Szent-Györgyi did not specify exactly what he intended to do with the money. Yet this refusal has sparked a debate within the entire scientific community over the way in which money is distributed for medical research.

Science, for example, has taken the establishment's side and claimed that no injustice was done to Szent-Györgyi and that the American "peer-review" system is "the best system ever devised." Others, such as Dr. S.D. Bruck, believe that nonacademics are often turned down for grants by academic scientists and that the peer-review system is sometimes used "punitively to deny grants to outstanding scientists because they 'rocked the boat.'"

Szent-Györgyi himself pulls no punches in his condemnation of this system. One might suspect that part of this may be 'sour grapes.' After all, he is a nonbeneficiary of that system. But stripped of any subjectivity, his criticism does raise important philosophical issues about how America's "war on cancer" is being administered.

"If Louis Pasteur were to come out of his grave because he heard that the cure for cancer still had not been found, NIH would tell him, 'Of course, we'll give you assistance. Now write up exactly what you will do during the three years of your grant.' Pasteur would say, 'Thank you very much,' and would go back to his grave. Why? Because research means going into the unknown.

"If you know what you are going to do in science, then you are *stupid*! This is like telling Michaelangelo or Renoir that he must tell in advance how many reds and how many blues he will buy, and exactly how he intends to put those colors together."

What, then, is the alternative to bulky, formulaic grant applications? "Look out for good scientists," he once counseled NIH, "people with good ideas, and then give them all the money they can spend wisely. Give people a little chance, people who have an intuitive feeling for science and a profound interest."

Outside the office a seagull glides slowly past, and one can hear the brass horn of the Martha's Vineyard ferry. Here, in peaceful Woods Hole, Massachusetts, an elderly scientist may be proving that intuition and profound interest can take us further than megabucks and inbred peer-review groups in unraveling the secrets of an elusive disease.

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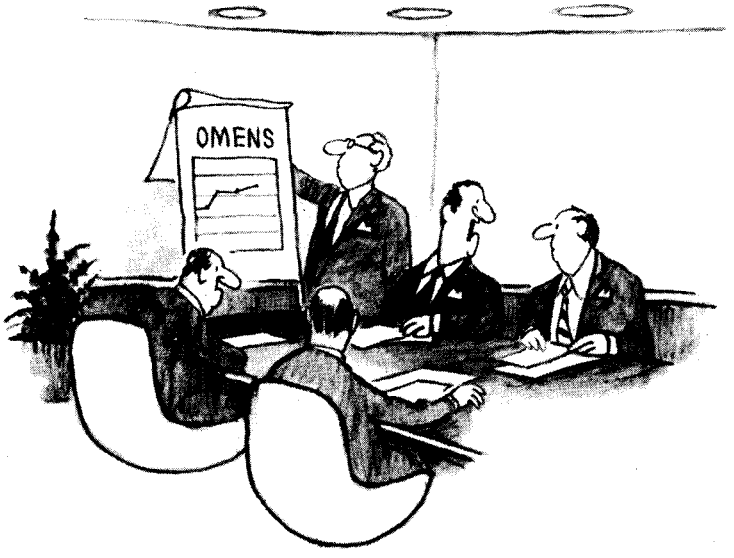
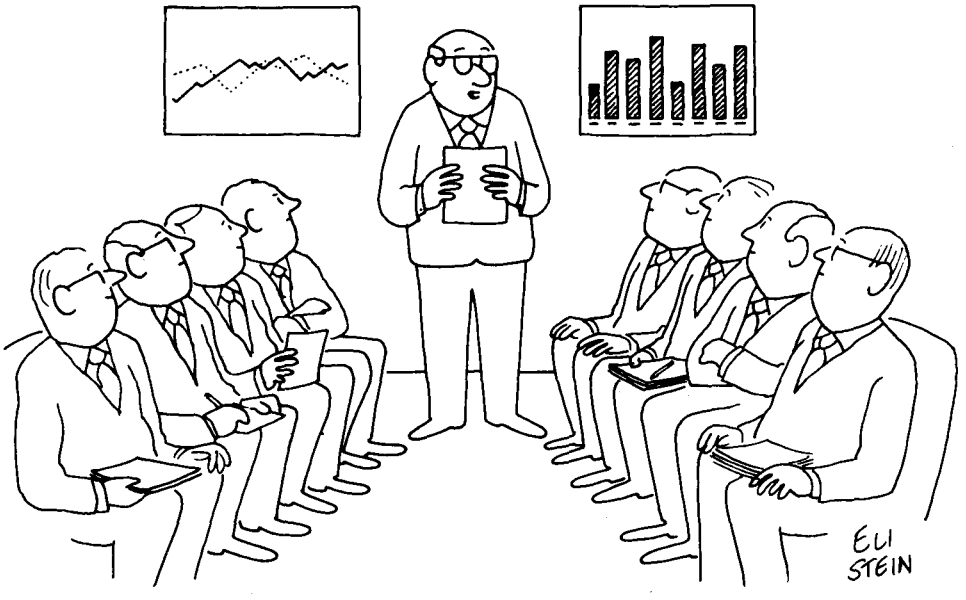


"Brathwaite is very thorough!"



"Then it's agreed, gentlemen, that as soon as possible, we purchase a conference table."

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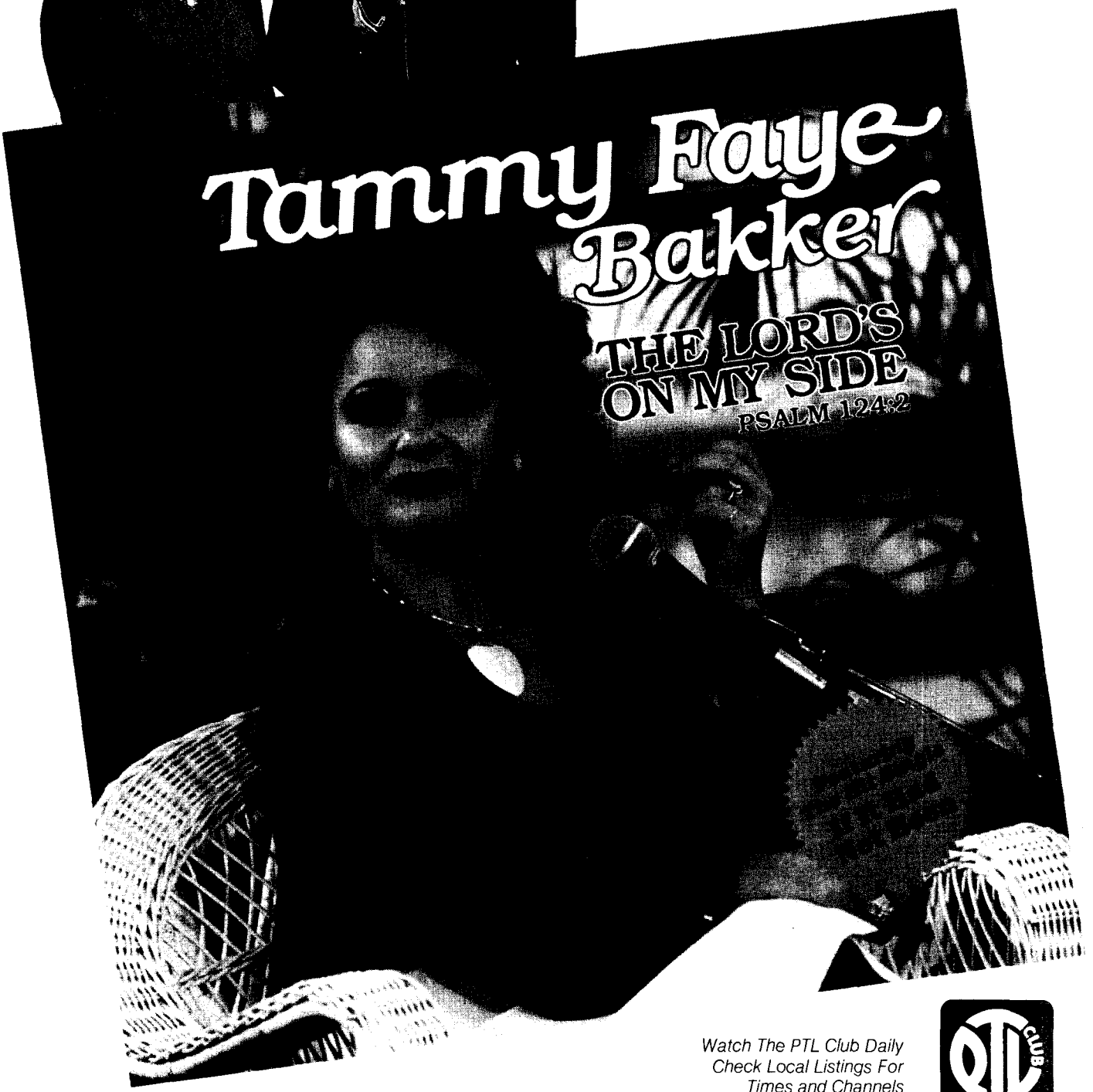

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A LESSON IN JOURNALISM

The great American humorist traveled south to improve his health—and quickly returned for the same reason.

by Mark Twain

I was told by the physician that a southern climate would improve my health, and so I went down to Tennessee and got a berth on the *Morning Glory and Johnson County War-Whoop* as associate editor. When I went on duty, I found the chief editor sitting tilted back in a three-legged chair with his feet on a pine table. There was another pine table in the room and another afflicted chair, and both were half-buried under newspapers and scraps and sheets of manuscript. There was a wooden box of sand, sprinkled with cigar stubs and "old soldiers," and a stove with a door hanging by its upper hinge. The chief editor had a long-tailed black cloth frock coat on, and white linen pants. His boots were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffled shirt, a large seal ring, a standing collar of obsolete pattern and a checkered neckerchief with the ends hanging down. Date of costume: about 1848. He was smoking a cigar and trying to think of a word, and in pawing his hair he had rumpled his locks a good deal. He was scowling fearfully, and I judged that he was concocting a particularly knotty editorial. He told me to take the exchanges and skim through them and write up the "Spirit of the Tennessee Press," condensing into the article all of their contents that seemed of interest.

Despite having offended most occupations and all classes, Twain was a beloved literary figure in America when he died in 1910.

I wrote as follows:

"Spirit of the Tennessee Press.

The editors of the *Semi-Weekly Earthquake* evidently labor under a misapprehension with regard to the Ballyhack railroad. It is not the object of the company to leave Buzzardville off to one side. On the contrary, they consider it one of the most important points along the line, and consequently can have no desire to slight it. The gentlemen of the *Earthquake* will, of course, take pleasure in making the correction.

"John W. Blossom, Esq., the able editor of the Higginsville *Thunderbolt and Battle Cry of Freedom*, arrived in the city yesterday. He is stopping at the Van Buren House.

"We observe that our contemporary of the Mud Springs *Morning Howl* has fallen into the error of supposing that the election of Van Werter is not an established fact; but he will have discovered his mistake before this reminder reaches him, no doubt. He was doubtless misled by incomplete election returns.

"It is pleasant to note that the city of Blathersville is endeavoring to contract with some New York gentlemen to pave its well-nigh-impassable streets with the Nicholson pavement. The *Daily Hurrah* urges the measure with ability, and seems confident of ultimate success."

I passed my manuscript over to the chief editor for acceptance, alteration or destruction. He glanced at it and his face clouded. He ran his eye down the pages, and his countenance grew portentous. It was easy to see that something was wrong. Presently he sprang up and said:

"Thunder and lightning! Do you suppose I am going to speak of those cattle that way? Do you suppose my subscribers are going to stand such gruel as that? Give me the pen!"

I never saw a pen scrape and scratch its way so viciously, or plough through another man's verbs and adjectives so relentlessly. While he was in the midst of his work, somebody shot at him through the open window and marred the symmetry of my ear.

"Ah," said he, "that is that scoundrel Smith of the *Moral Volcano*—he was due yesterday." And he snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped, shot in the thigh. The shot spoiled Smith's aim, who was just taking a second chance, and he crippled a stranger. It was me. Merely a finger shot off.

Then the chief editor went on with his erasures and interlineations. Just as he finished them, a

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hand grenade came down the stovepipe, and the explosion shivered the stove into a thousand fragments. However, it did no further damage, except that a vagrant piece knocked a couple of my teeth out.

"That stove is utterly ruined," said the chief editor.

I said I believed it was.

"Well, no matter—don't want it this kind of weather. I know the man that did it. I'll get him. Now, *here* is the way this stuff ought to be written."

I took the manuscript. It was scarred with erasures and interlineations till its mother wouldn't have known it if it had had one. It now read as follows:

"Spirit of the Tennessee Press.

The inveterate liars of the *Semi-Weekly Earthquake* are evidently endeavoring to palm off upon a noble and chivalrous people another of their vile and brutal falsehoods with regard to that most glorious conception of the 19th century, the Ballyhack railroad. The idea that Buzzardville was to be left off at one side originated in their own fulsome brains—or rather in the settlings which *they* regard as brains. They had better swallow this lie if they want to save their abandoned reptile carcasses the

Although he adored his daughter Clara, Twain was a natural wanderer and vagabond who liked to imagine that his house was a riverboat.

Every 17 minutes someone is victimized in his home, and this year one in every 11 families will suffer at the hands of criminals. But the most insidious killer of them all—Night Fires—is on the rise, especially so during the holiday season. Fires kill most of their victims by suffocation long before they've begun to fully blaze. These tragedies kill and maim more people each year than all the people killed in the Vietnam war. These tragedies always seem to happen to someone else, but with crime increasing at almost 20 percent each year and home fires at 12 percent, it won't be long before we will all be affected. What can you do to reduce your chances of involvement in these tragedies?

There are many companies selling all manner of early warning systems and various alarm systems to the homeowner, but unfortunately they seem to be more interested in making large profits than in offering a fully rounded system at a truly affordable price. We have been in the field for many years and have dealt with many people such as yourself, and we have analyzed what the real needs of a homeowner or apartment dweller really are. We know that each system should be reliable, small and preferably provide wireless operation for ease of installation. This last feature means you could move the entire system to a new apartment or a new home, quickly and easily, without losing your investment. We know that each system should be able to detect the poisonous gasses produced by fire as well as protect the entrance ways into your home from intrusion whether you are at home or away. We also know that systems presently sold by several large national manufacturers, offering only the features mentioned above, normally retail at $250 and up, and we're not impressed. This is the age of micro-computers now, not keys and switches.

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We also have a Deluxe System for larger houses consisting of: six window/door transensors, two approved poisonous gas transensors, 3-oz. and 6-oz. spray cans of mace, a Deluxe Computer Console and our 32-page manual. The Deluxe Console features a large digital-readout clock and a programmable 16-level alarm sequencer, which allows you to set your normal weekly schedule into the system. Once set it will cut your exterior alarms on when you are in for the day and your internal alarms on when you are gone for the day, all automatically, until you change the settings. The specially designed circuit continually checks the status of your poison gas detectors, and the built-in battery will run the system for 72 hours should the power fail. With all these features I'm sure you'd expect a price upward of $100 or even $200, but in keeping with our plan to deliver the very best available at a really affordable price, we are pleased to be able to offer our Deluxe Unit for only $59.95 complete.

When you purchase either of our units we will also enclose a copy of Bob Reiner's new book *Safeguarding Your Family*. This book retails for $14.95, but it's yours absolutely free for trying out our system. If at anytime you are not pleased with our system, return it in its original cartons for a complete refund, but keep Bob Reiner's book as a gift for yourself.

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cowhiding they so richly deserve.

"That ass, Blossom, of the Higginsville *Thunderbolt and Battle Cry of Freedom*, is down here again sponging at the Van Buren.

"We observe that the besotted blackguard of the Mud Spring *Morning Howl* is giving out, with its usual propensity for lying, that Van Werter is not elected. The heaven-born mission of journalism is to disseminate truth; to eradicate error; to educate, refine and elevate the tone of public morals and manners; and make all men more gentle, more virtuous, more charitable, and in all ways better and holier and happier; yet this black-hearted scoundrel degrades his great office persistently to the dissemination of falsehood, calumny, vituperation and crass vulgarity.

"Blathersville wants a Nicholson pavement—it wants a jail and poorhouse more. The idea of a pavement in a one-horse town composed of two gin mills, a blacksmith's shop and that mustard-plaster of a newspaper, the *Daily Hurrah*! The crawling insect, Buckner, who edits the *Hurrah*, is braying about this business with his customary imbecility and imagining that he is talking sense."

"Now *that* is the way to write—peppery and to the point. Mush-and-milk journalism gives me the fantods."

About this time a brick came through the window with a splintering crash and gave me considerable of a jolt in the back. I moved out of range—I began to feel in the way.

The chief said, "That was the Colonel, likely. I've been expecting him for two days. He will be up now, right away."

He was correct. The Colonel appeared in the door a moment afterward with a dragoon revolver in his hand.

He said, "Sir, have I the honor of addressing the poltroon who edits this mangy sheet?"

"You have. Be seated, sir. Be careful of the chair; one of its legs is gone. I believe I have the honor of addressing the putrid liar, Colonel Blatherskite Tecumseh?"

"Right, sir. I have a little account to settle with you. If you are at leisure, we will begin."

"I have an article on the 'Encouraging Progress of Moral and Intellectual Development in America' to finish, but there is no hurry. Begin."

Both pistols rang out their fierce clamor at the same instant. The chief lost a lock of his hair, and the Colonel's bullet ended its career in the fleshy part of my thigh. The Colonel's left shoulder was clipped a little. They fired again. Both missed their men this time, but I got my share, a shot in the arm. At the third fire both gentlemen were wounded slightly, and I had a knuckle chipped. I then said I believed I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private matter and I had a delicacy about participating in it further. But both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat and assured me that I was not in the way.

They then talked about the elections and the crops while they reloaded, and I fell to tying up my wounds. But presently they opened fire again with animation, and every shot took effect—but it is proper to remark that five out of the six fell to my share. The sixth one mortally wounded the Colonel, who remarked, with fine humor, that he would have to say good morning now as he had business uptown. He then inquired the way to the undertaker's and left.

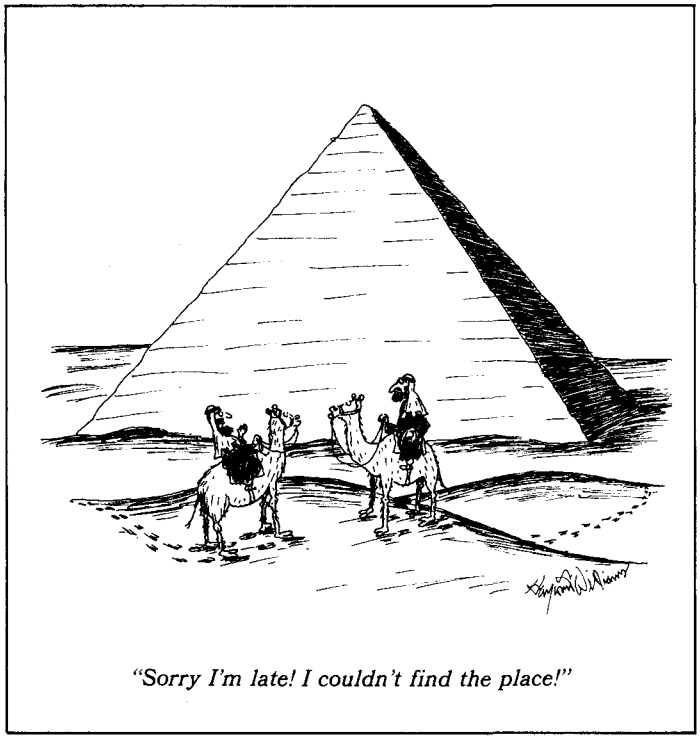
The chief turned to me and said, "I am expecting company to dinner, and shall have to get ready. It will be a great favor to me if you will read proof and attend to the customers."

I winced a little at the idea of attending to the customers, but I was too bewildered by the fusillade that was still ringing in my ears to think of anything to say.

He continued, "Jones will be here at three—cowhide him. Gillespie will call earlier, perhaps—throw him out of the window. Ferguson will be along about four—kill him. That is all for today, I believe. If you have any odd time, you may write a blistering article on the police—give the chief inspector rats. The cowhides are under the table, weapons in the drawer—ammunition there in the corner—lint and bandages up there in the pigeonholes. In case of accident, go to Lancet, the surgeon, downstairs. He advertises—we take it out in trade, don't you know."

He was gone. I shuddered. At the end of the next three hours I had been through perils so awful that all peace of mind and all cheerfulness were gone from me. Gillespie had called and thrown *me* out of the window. Jones arrived promptly, and when I got ready to do the cowhiding he took the job off my hands. In an encounter with a stranger not in the bill of fare, I had lost my scalp. Another stranger, by the name of Thompson, left me a mere wreck and ruin of chaotic rags. And at last, at bay in the corner and beset by an infuriated mob of editors, blacklegs, politicians and desperadoes, who raved

Continued on page 128



"Sorry I'm late! I couldn't find the place!"

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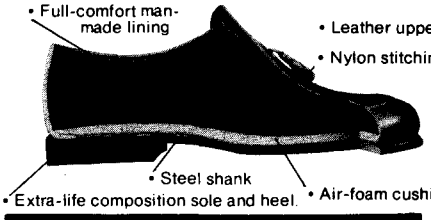

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THE PROS AND THEIR CON GAMES

Friendly strangers sharing their "lucky find" may be wolves in chic clothing, schooled to fleece the innocent.

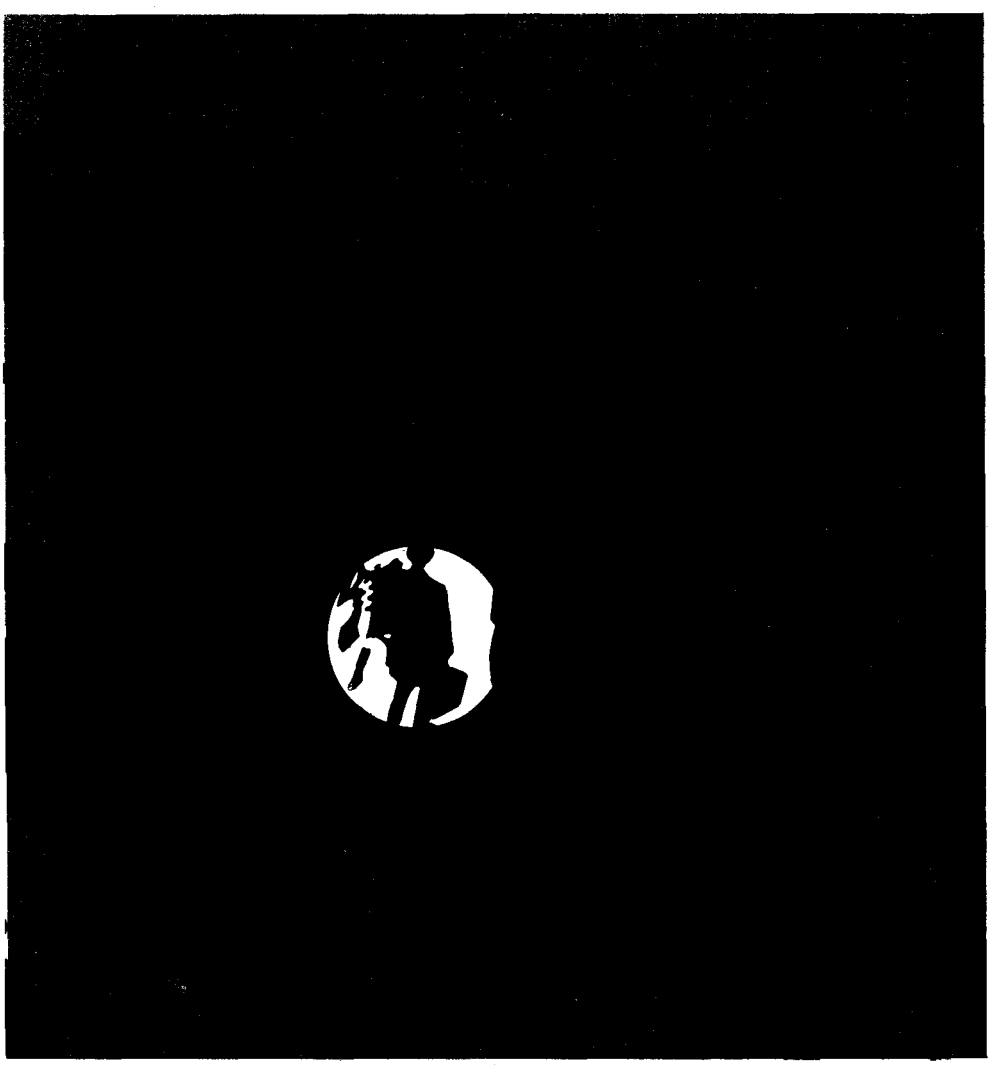
by Al Moffett

Ellen Dowd of Rockaway Beach, New York, laughs that people tell her she has "the map of Ireland all over my face." Her red hair is beginning to gray, but she'll never lose her bounce or the lilt of an English-Irish accent, even though she's been a New Yorker for 40 years.

In early June of 1978, as she walked from a subway terminal to Manufacturers Hanover Trust, a young girl ran up to her obviously concerned, almost frantic.

"You see that cab?" the girl asked, pointing to a taxi melting into Broadway traffic. "The man that got in dropped this bag, and I don't know what to do with it. Can you help me?"

Ellen felt at home in New York's financial district. She had worked there before retiring, so wasn't alarmed at being approached by a stranger. That day she had her mind elsewhere, on a seriously ill husband at home and on a son about to be married. She hesitated, then told the girl she would help find a policeman. They looked, but the only one in sight was several blocks away and he left before they could get his attention.



The girl was friendly and disarming. She told Ellen her name was Robin Adams and she worked as a lawyer's secretary in the World Trade Center.

"Call your boss, love," Ellen suggested. "He will know what to do."

Robin asked Ellen to stay with her while she called from a pay phone. After a moment, she turned and said her boss, a Mr. Goldberg, wanted to speak with her. Goldberg asked Ellen to stay with his girl until a runner could pick up the bag. Reluctantly, her mind on the errands, Ellen said she would stay "for a few minutes."

She had agreed, in part, because the girl was so friendly and seemed so concerned about the bag she had found. Robin was the image of the American girl next door, attractively dressed in brown slacks, a cream blouse and light sweater and practically no make-up. As they waited, she told Ellen she lived with her mother in Brooklyn, had a boyfriend in college "down south" and, yes, she would like to bring him out to Rockaway Beach to visit Ellen and her husband.

Robin then said her curiosity about what was in the bag was overwhelming, so she opened it and gasped in disbelief. It was crammed with money, hundred-dollar bills on top, along with a note saying the bag was to be smuggled out of the United States for Ugandan President Idi Amin. The note had a definite "to-hell-with-America" tone.

Ellen was bridled by the note. She didn't like what it said about this country, and she didn't think that money should go to help a bad dictator.

Soon a runner took the bag and Robin called her boss again, who asked Mrs. Dowd to remain until the matter could be settled. Without knowing, she was becoming en-

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tangled in a web that, before the day was out, would nearly wipe out her life savings.

Goldberg called back on the pay phone, said the bag contained $44,000 and an IRS lawyer had assured him the money could be divided between the two women who found it. Goldberg told Ellen, though, that both women had to have collateral before the money was split. He added that Robin had collateral in the office, but they didn't know Mrs. Dowd.

Ellen Dowd is not a selfish person, but she thought how extra money could help her son in his new marriage and her husband through a serious illness. The thought of sudden good fortune drowned out any skepticism. She agreed to withdraw $7,000 from her savings account.

Robin went with Ellen to a branch bank for the $7,000. Robin then said she had to meet the runner again, went around the corner and came back with two envelopes, each containing $22,000. The girl put Ellen's $7,000 in one. Now Goldberg wanted to meet the two in person at his office.

In the lobby of the World Trade Center, Robin suggested that Ellen go on up to the sixth floor while she picked up coffee for her boss and a cup of tea for Ellen. She handed one envelope to Ellen and hurried off in the direction of the coffee shop.

When the elevator opened on the sixth floor, Ellen searched for lawyers' offices, but there were none. She tore open the envelope, suddenly fearing a vicious deception had been played on her. Fighting back waves of nausea and an impulse to faint, she could only stare at the stack of play money in the envelope.

Ellen Dowd had been the mark for the oldest confidence game in the world, the pigeon drop. It had been played by a team of professionals.

About half the hit-and-run scams pulled in the country are pigeon drops. That's the estimate of Ken Kashiwabara, criminal intelligence analyst with the California Department of Justice, who says the scheme probably originated in China more than 1,000 years ago and was brought to this country by Chinese workers building the railroads west in the 1800s.

The modern version usually involves two girls. One, the "catch" girl, approaches a mark, engages in friendly conversation. Then the "back" girl approaches, pretends both are strangers and says she has found a large amount of money and doesn't know what to do with it. After some conversation, they invariably arrive at the idea of calling the "boss" of the girl who found the money. Nearly always the boss is a lawyer and, for the past few years, cons have used names similar to Goldberg in scams throughout the country.

"I wish you would talk to them, Harry. It would be such good fertilizer."

The boss will ask to speak to the mark, explain that the money was being used in an illegal way and so can be split by the finders.

Then comes the sting.

Each has to put up money as collateral. The other two quickly add their own money and the mark falls in with the group. The envelope or bank bag is given to the mark for safekeeping, and they go their separate ways. Later the mark discovers the bag has been switched, and all that's left behind is worthless paper.

These are not nickel-and-dime games. Police estimate the average "score" at $3,500. Many are much larger.

The biggest pigeon drop known happened last year in New York's fashionable Park Avenue area, when a Mrs. Mae Bach was "stung" for $1.2 million in cash, securities and jewelry. Police arrested five of the six on the team and recovered all but around $10,000.

Another sinister con being played on the old and fragile is known as the bank-examiner scheme, because the original game, played in Montreal, involved a phony bank examiner.

Mr. O. Stanley, a 77-year-old Newark, New Jersey, widower, was one of this year's victims. He had been out shopping and, as he came home, the phone was ringing. The caller identified himself as a police sergeant and immediately began berating him: "Where have you been, Mr. Stanley? We've been trying to reach you all day. Police Chief Callan wants to talk with you immediately. It's very important."

The Newark police chief was not named Callan, but Mr. Stanley didn't know that. He was told to hang up, then to "dial the police emergency number 911 quickly, because Chief Callan is waiting."

With most telephone systems, the connection is not broken until the caller hangs up, even though the person receiving the call has replaced the receiver. Mr. Stanley, caught off guard by the harshness of the "police sergeant" and curious about the urgency, didn't notice there was no dial tone when he picked the receiver back up and dialed. Almost immediately he heard, "This is Chief Callan."

Mr. Stanley was told that an embezzler was working in the bank where he has an account.

"He's playing with accounts, then replenishing them. You're los-

Continued on following page

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ing interest, and if you try to make a withdrawal, your money may not be there. We need your help in bringing this embezzler to justice."

Who could refuse a request by the chief of police to help in an official police investigation?

His instructions were to withdraw $10,000 and bring it home so it could be marked. It would be redeposited and "there will be a bonus of $400 or $500 for your cooperation."

Mr. Stanley was leery, so he was told to call the bank. He hung up, found the bank number in the yellow pages and dialed. Again, he did not notice there was no dial tone.

A woman answered and Mr. Stanley asked for a bank officer. When a man came on the line, Mr. Stanley told him why he was calling. The man suddenly lowered his voice and whispered urgently that he was aware of the investigation, but it had to be kept absolutely secret.

He complied, and as he came back home with the $10,000, the phone was ringing. Chief Callan told him that an investigator would pick up the money and give him a receipt. As he was saying this, the doorbell sounded. A woman identified herself as a federal investigator, showing her credentials. They talked briefly; she took the money and handed Mr. Stanley a receipt.

After she left, he called his son to tell him what had happened.

"Oh, Dad," he moaned. "You've just been swindled."

Mr. Stanley was confused and didn't know who to believe. He recalled telling the woman of another $15,000 in a separate account, should the police need further help. Without knowing it, Mr. Stanley had dropped his own bait. Within half an hour, Chief Callan called and asked him to repeat the process with the $15,000, but it had to be done right away. Now skeptical, Mr. Stanley shot back that he was cooperating, but had personal business and would not be able to get the additional cash until the next day.

This time there was a dial tone when Mr. Stanley called 911. He reached Detective Lieutenant John Manghisi, Newark's bunco specialist.

"That next day, we had the place surrounded," Manghisi said, "with stakeout trucks, unmarked vehicles, even men in the house. But they never showed. If they didn't get it that first day, they weren't coming back. In my experience, most of those guys come down from Canada and go back right after the score."

Nearly all victims are elderly, usually widows or widowers living alone, not as quick-witted as when they were young.

"Most senior citizens are lonely, their loved ones gone," Manghisi says. "So a couple of outgoing, friendly girls befriend them. They go all out for the girls, then end up losing everything.

"It's not only loneliness. They realize they have only a few years left and see a chance to get a little extra money and live on Easy Street for those couple of years."

Availability is also a big factor, say Los Angeles' bunco specialists, Sergeant Dennis Adams and Detective Jim Tippings.

"The elderly are on the streets during daylight hours and not in a big rush; also, senior citizens usually have large savings accounts from insurance and retirement."

There are no national statistics on confidence games, but even if there were, the numbers would be meaningless. Only a small fraction of the victims report they have been bilked because of the embarrassment. Confidence games are a major national crime problem, but federal anticrime agencies, trying to stem the tide of violent crimes, can show only passing concern. The FBI's Uniform Crime Report does not even list confidence games but lumps them in a broader category of all frauds. So, almost unnoticed, con artists rip off millions of dollars each year from thousands of Americans who can least afford it, coldly indifferent to the trail of wrecked lives they leave behind.

As Detective Tippings says, "One immeasurable loss is the emotional injury to the elderly. For most of them, savings are their only source of security and independence. When they lose that, they lose everything, including the will to live.

"An elderly woman gets hit by the cons and her family reacts by saying, 'I told you it was time to put poor Mom in a nursing home.' The woman has been so devastated by what happened, she doesn't have any fight left."

Sometimes the effects can be even more destructive.

New York City Detectives William Cutter and Ron Carlson tell of a woman in the Bronx who tried to withdraw $17,000 from her bank account. Her bank correctly suspected she was being conned and transferred the money to another safe account. After the sting, the con left with a worthless check and the bank tried to explain that her money was safe. But she was confused and hurt and thought she had lost all the money she had in the world. She and her sister walked to the roof of their apart-

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How You Can Achieve Total Financial Freedom In Today's Economy!

More Than 650,000 People Have Discovered Exactly How

A MUTUAL CONCERN

We've never met and probably never will, but we think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom despite what economists say.

Because of this common interest, we think we can be of great help to each other. You see, recently our net worth reached the *magic million dollar mark*, and it only took us 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen us just a few years ago, you might wonder how we did it. We lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. Lois was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow $150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, we know we didn't make a million dollars because of our superior intellect. [Lois did a little better, but I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average]. We did a little better later on but soon realized that a salaried job was not the way to become financially free. If you'll stop and think, you'll realize that millionaires do not work 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

FINANCIAL FREEDOM

Now, how can we help each other? We are willing to share everything we have learned and know that would help and guide you to achieve your own financial freedom and independence. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves.

You will find as you read our formulas, that since we have actually achieved total financial freedom ourselves, that you will receive from us more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step by step plan to actually do it.

STEP-BY-STEP

Contained in the work entitled **How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You** are the various formulas which will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as $100 down.
- begin without any cash.
- put $10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property)
- compound your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

MORE LEISURE

If you apply these formulas and methods, you will find in a very short time, you will be able to spend three weeks out of every month doing anything you care to do, and we think, at that time, you will find as we have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what **real freedom** is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put $10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe us, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people actually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

ASSET FORMULA

These formulas of ours do not have to be used with income properties only. They actually can be applied to virtually any asset.

While struggling on making our first million, we often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would we have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the $10.00 that we're going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

FOR YOUR FUTURE

What will this $10.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step-by-step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand our dilemma. We're not a New York advertising agency, with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that we can make you financially independent. We are just a couple who have actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

What would you do, if you were in our shoes. You have in excess of $1,000,000 net worth, you have a desire to share your formula with others, because you not only have a simple, honest and workable method whereby others too can enjoy the riches of this land, but you also want to benefit and make money from sharing this information, so you can continue to grow financially.

We think you might do what we're doing—that is to write a simple open letter to the type of people who share similar goals as ours asking them to try the formulas for themselves, to see if they work as well as the claims described. Because, we know, as you would know if you were in our shoes that *if we can just convince you to* **test our formulas** *you will see for yourself that they will work as easily for you as they do for us.*

It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as we know we have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. We hope by our simple, direct approach, we can convince you to try our formulas.

Mark & Lois Haroldsen became millionaires in four years because they found a way to harness inflation to their benefit. Now it's your turn! *"I've found"* says Haroldsen, *"that most people just need a specific road map to follow...they can do what we've done."*

INDECISION—THE COSTLY DECISION

It seems the majority of the people in our rich country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action—please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for our material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to subscribe, do it now, not later. Otherwise, you may lose, just by default.

To order, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom," your name and address, and send it along with a che k for $10.00 to Mark & Lois Haroldsen, Inc., 2612 South 1030 West, Dept. AK20A, Salt Lake City, Utah 84119.

If you send for our materials now, we will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can easily borrow from $20,000 to $200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

IT'S GUARANTEED

If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe us, when we started out we certainly were (because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others), we would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what we have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what we told you in this letter, send the material back, and we'll quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order.

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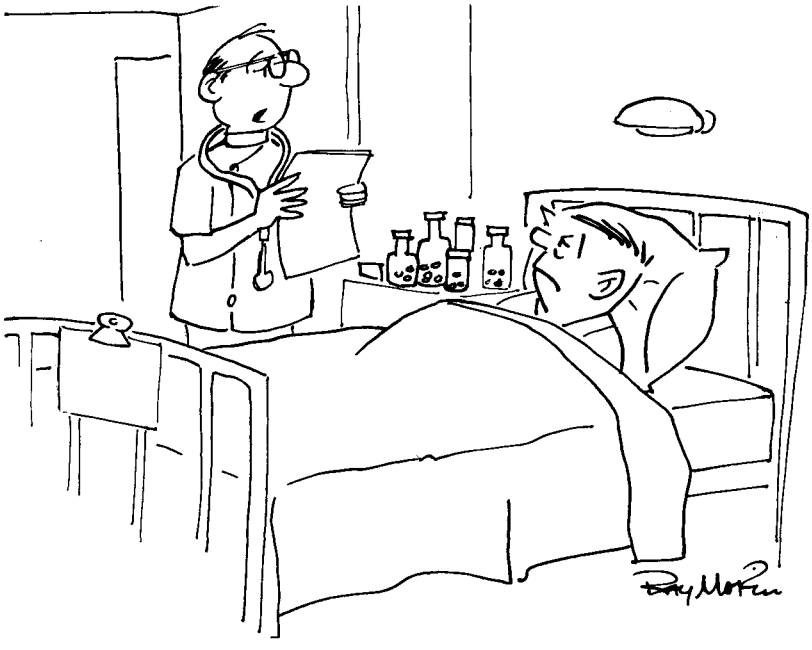
BED PANS

"George always was accident prone."

"How soon will he be strong enough to take criticism?"

"Compared to the food, the medicine isn't half bad."



"Frankly, you've got us stumped. But we'll find out what's wrong at the autopsy!"

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Relaxation Rug

Can a rug put you to sleep or relax your entire body? A new lambswool discovery is creating some real excitement.

My name is Archibald Mason. I am a rug merchant from New Zealand.

New Zealand has more sheep than people. And one of its important products is lambswool. Most of the lambswool is shorn and made into soft woolen garments. But a few fleeces—a very few—are never shorn. They are set aside for rugs. If the wool is long and dense and naturally white, and if the skin is large and unblemished, the fleece may become a New Zealand "Wooly," a rug of unusual qualities. Only a few of these rugs are produced. They are seldom seen outside New Zealand. Most are sold in New Zealand, often to visitors from foreign countries. I doubt you will find one in a shop in the USA. If your friends have one in their home or office, they probably travelled to New Zealand to buy it.

After we select the best skins, they must go through a unique tanning process we call "chrome tanning". This is a process we have perfected in New Zealand which produces a fluffy white rug that can be thrown in the washing machine and washed just like a woolen sweater. It retains its softness, fluffiness and resilience. Full washing instructions are on the back of each rug.

SPECIAL QUALITIES

Why buy New Zealand wool? Most wool growing countries have harsh climates, either a summer drought or a cold winter. The sheep can take it, but a brittle area develops in the wool fiber. You can't see the brittleness, but gradually the wool breaks and the fleece becomes thinner. This doesn't happen to our wool. New Zealand's generous rainfall is spread throughout the year, and the climate is mild. The green pastures which make New Zealand a favorite with tourists, supply the sheep with good nourishment right through the year. So there are no brittle patches in a wool which, in spite of its softness, will outlast all other wools. (This is also the secret behind New Zealand's carpet wool, one of the world's strongest wool fibers.)

LUXURIOUS

If you own a New Zealand Wooly it will be the most luxurious carpet on your living room floor. Don't be surprised if your friends won't step on it. It looks too soft to be walked on and they may not know how durable my lambswool can be. You can put a grand piano on it, the fiber will spring right back again. Or with my rug beside your bed your toes would sink into deep wool each morning. A great way to start the day. But if you or your children take the rug into bed to sleep on you may never see it on the floor again. New Zealanders have found that the natural air cells in my soft wool rug induce especially deep sleep, to keep you warm in winter, cool in summer and you can even switch off your electric blanket. The Wooly is lovely to look at and beautiful to feel, a rug that invites you to sink your fingers and toes into it. A rug that is natural and soft, durable and washable.

I offer fast delivery of my rugs through the mail. I have brought them to our office in Honolulu so U.S. Customs charges have been paid. United Parcel Service will deliver from Honolulu to your address within a few days of shipping.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

It may be difficult for you to imagine the softness and denseness of our Wooly so I offer a money back guarantee. Send me your order for the rug and use it in your home, office or car, drape it over a sofa or hang it on the wall as a natural work of art. Enjoy the comfort of the soft, dense wool, feel the suppleness of the back, check the natural quality and if after two months you are not completely satisfied, send it back to me and I will refund your money in full.

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ARE YOU A GOOD MANAGER?

By stressing the "man" in management, a good supervisor fulfills his primary obligation—to develop the human resource to its maximum potential.

by Jasper Dorsey

One who develops ten people is greater than one who does the work of ten, someone said many years ago. In fact, the person who does the work of ten may be a menace to the enterprise, if the work should be done by someone else.

All of which is to say that developing people to their fullest potential is one of the highest callings of business management at any level. Moreover, it produces enormous benefits to the enterprise, be it a business, the military, the church or the professions.

A very young 2nd Lieutenant in the regular army during the '30s was indoctrinated with the absolute necessity of the maximum development of the men in his command, if they were ever to be successful in battle. A failure to do so was criminal negligence, which would cause disaster and worse: the loss of their lives and his, together with his reputation. An army officer is responsible and accountable for all his unit does or fails to do. This is what was hammered home to all young officers.

The responsibility of a supervisor was described as (a) getting the job done promptly, efficiently and well (to please customers); (b) knowing what was going on in the work force (perceiving what is really there, hearing what is really said and conceptualizing what must be dealt with); and (c) developing people to the limit of their abilities.

After a 40-year career, retiring as head of an organization employing 20,000 people with an investment of more than $2 billion, I could see these basic principles at work there, too. The dimensions were greater, but the basic obligation to develop people to their maximum potential was the same for me as for the 2nd Lieutenant or the first-line foreman.

How is it done? There are many variations, depending upon the nature and talents of the individuals to be developed, but there are some fundamentals.

In a national company, an experienced department head, during the depths of the Great Depression of the '30s, developed four young men who later became chief executive officers of their companies.

When he was asked in later years how it was done, the answer was that he let these young men take risks and let them make mistakes. He had chosen talented people, of course, but at a time when the U.S. economy was at a very low ebb, he let these bright, able people take risks. When most other business leadership was drawing the reins in very tightly, he let his most valuable resources make mistakes... and, most importantly, learn from those mistakes.

No one can grow without risk, and that wise department head knew it. Perhaps he took some risks, also, with his young men, but look at the reward! Consider, too, the motivational impact on young talent. They would have gone to Hades and back for him.

Risk, to be effective, must include the opportunity to fail. Some will, unfortunately, but it's better to discover real ability early on and maximize its development.

Perhaps the secret is to discover a manager's capability and then place him or her in a position requiring a maximum effort—even a 110 percent effort. Then, when the manager grows comfortable at that level of achievement, add another 10 to 20 percent and then another as growth occurs. You will be surprised how rapidly growth happens in talented people who welcome responsibility.

This method has been described as placing someone in water up to his neck and, when he becomes comfortable there, placing him in water over his head. After he becomes a good swimmer, then start making waves.

The method works best when the boss spends time in teaching and motivating a subordinate. Of course, it works better with very talented managers, but it works also with those of more modest ability. The pace is just slower.

It is worth remembering that if a

Continued on following page

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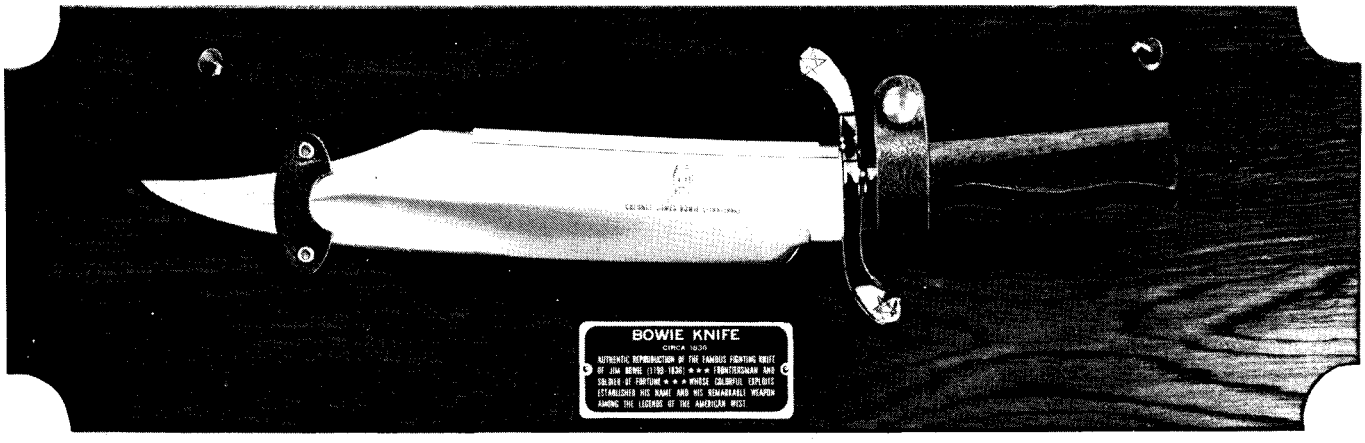
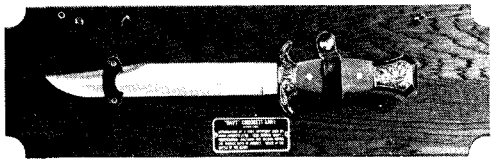
DIVISION OF
TOWLE SILVERSMITHS

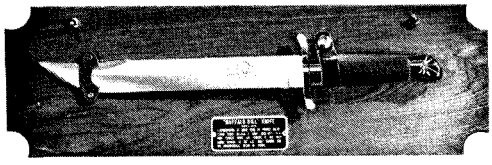
Collection of Famous Historical Knives





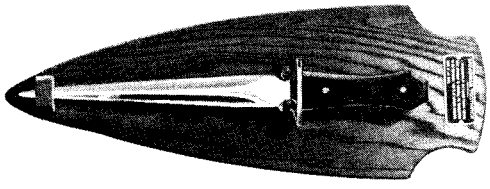
DAVY CROCKETT KNIFE

Davy Crockett was a pioneer scout who was killed in the Battle of the Alamo. This reproduction of the knife reputedly used by Crockett has a stainless steel blade and walnut handle. 14¾" long.



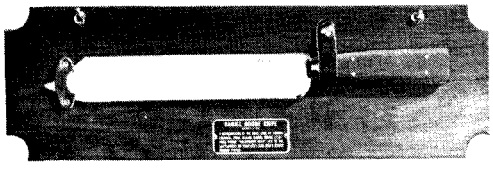
BUFFALO BILL KNIFE

William F. Cody was known as Buffalo Bill during the pioneer days of the west. This replica of his famous knife has a stainless steel blade and walnut handle. The overall length measures 16½".



ARKANSAS TOOTHPICK

It is believed that Jim Bowie nicknamed this throwing knife the "Arkansas Toothpick because the blade tapers down to a dagger-like point. This 17½" replica has a stainless steel blade and walnut handle.



DANIEL BOONE KNIFE

The original was made by Daniel's brother Squire Boone and is on display in the museum at Frankfurt, Kentucky. This faithful replica has a stainless steel blade and walnut handle and measures 15¾" long.

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BOWIE KNIFE

Colonel James Bowie, the Texas hero who died at the Alamo, made the Bowie Knife a legend of the early American West. This three-quarter scale authentic replica has a stainless steel blade and beechwood handle measuring over 14" long.

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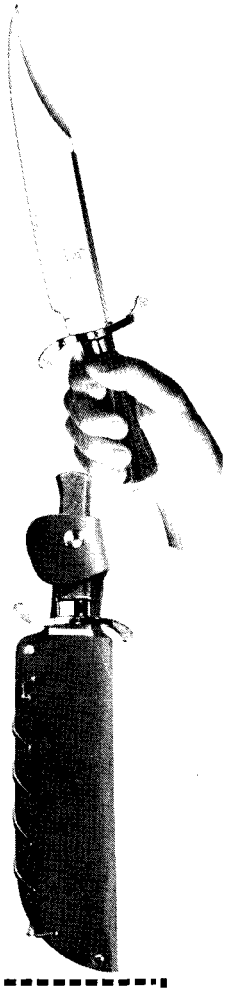

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- ☐ BUFFALO BILL KNIFE with PLAQUE
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job has no stress, it's not much of a job. Unlike an engine which wears out from overuse, a person wears out from under-utilization. Stress has been overadvertised as a destructive force. Some of it is absolutely necessary to human development. You will find any successful performer, manager or executive enjoys it and performs better under stress. Only a job that makes high demands is rewarding.

Beware of the manager who tries to make decisions that subordinates should make, for that one is a menace to growth and development. Some very good people have failed as division heads because they tried to be four or five district heads at once.

The ability to delegate appropriately is a must. When one does it well, there is much improvement in development and performance, too.

Recognition for good performance is a wonder-working motivator in any development program. Since each work group is a social organization, status and recognition are often the most important rewards for exceptional performance. The status inherent in a raise in pay is often more meaningful to the individual than the money alone. This is especially true above a certain income level.

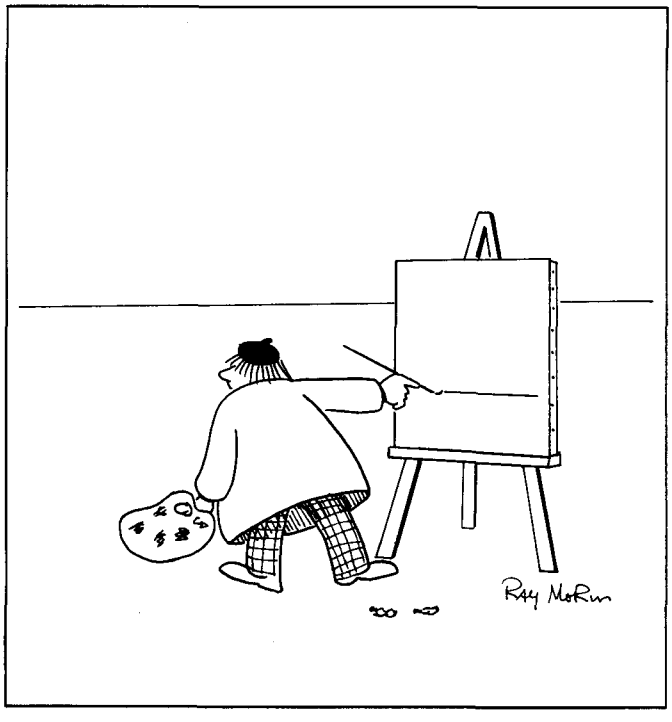
The successful manager at any level must be an excellent teacher, and far more is taught by example than by precept! In fact, the idea that wisdom can be taught is false.

One of history's greatest teachers was Socrates, who had a method uniquely his own. He asked questions of his listeners and answered theirs with still more of his because he tried to make them think, reason and find the answers for themselves. Only in that way would the lesson be remembered, he believed. Monologues aren't worth much in management; dialogues can be priceless.

Too often we try to improve communication by turning up the volume, by talking louder and more often, by having meetings—when, in fact, we are talking past each other. No one is listening. Asking questions might quicken learning.

Lest someone think that this discussion concerns only the talented, let's mention that often-neglected group in any organization: the individuals who are neither provably promotable nor so poor as to require disciplining. In any employee body, this middle-ground group is by far the largest.

Since this is always so, it should be obvious that the manager can produce the greatest improvement in performance by development of this group. Even a 10 or 20 percent improvement will have a major impact.



Theodore Roosevelt once said that a skillful political leader is one who does what he can, with what he has, where he is. So it is with a leader in any organization, for almost no one is ever given the privilege of captaining an organization of all-stars.

In a management study conducted for one marketing organization, the consultant suggested that one of the salesmen be let go. The reasons were substantial: The individual's sales were low; he had difficulty expressing himself; he was shy and self-conscious. All poor qualifications for a persuader.

However, the sales manager saw something in the man and decided to spend some time on him before dismissal took place. As in all good development programs, they started with a joint appraisal session and a mutual agreement on weaknesses. The next step was a mutual agreement on remedies.

Here was a beginning of the classic self-development program, for it must come from within. It can be motivated and encouraged by the boss, but the real drive must be inside the individual. It is the only kind that works.

The sales manager and the salesman worked out a night-school program of English classes. They agreed on the man's becoming active in PTA, teaching a small Sunday school class and later trying a Toastmasters' Club. During this time, they got together periodically to discuss progress and set new goals. The boss gave not only support but also applause as progress was made.

In the process, the salesman's results improved steadily as he became a better producer for his company. Incidentally, he became a better citizen in his community, a better parent for his children and a better provider for his family. After two years, the improvement warranted a promotion for the salesman. Self-development had done it—again.

But that's not the end of that story. The boss got promoted, too. Because when you work on the development of others, you develop yourself.

That story today could just as well be about developing a woman manager. However, women are motivated in ways that require a different kind of leadership. They are better team workers than men, and their loyalties are often firmer. They are also more acutely aware of certain subtle social forces in work groups.

Women are more critical of what they perceive as flaws in the performance, dress or personality

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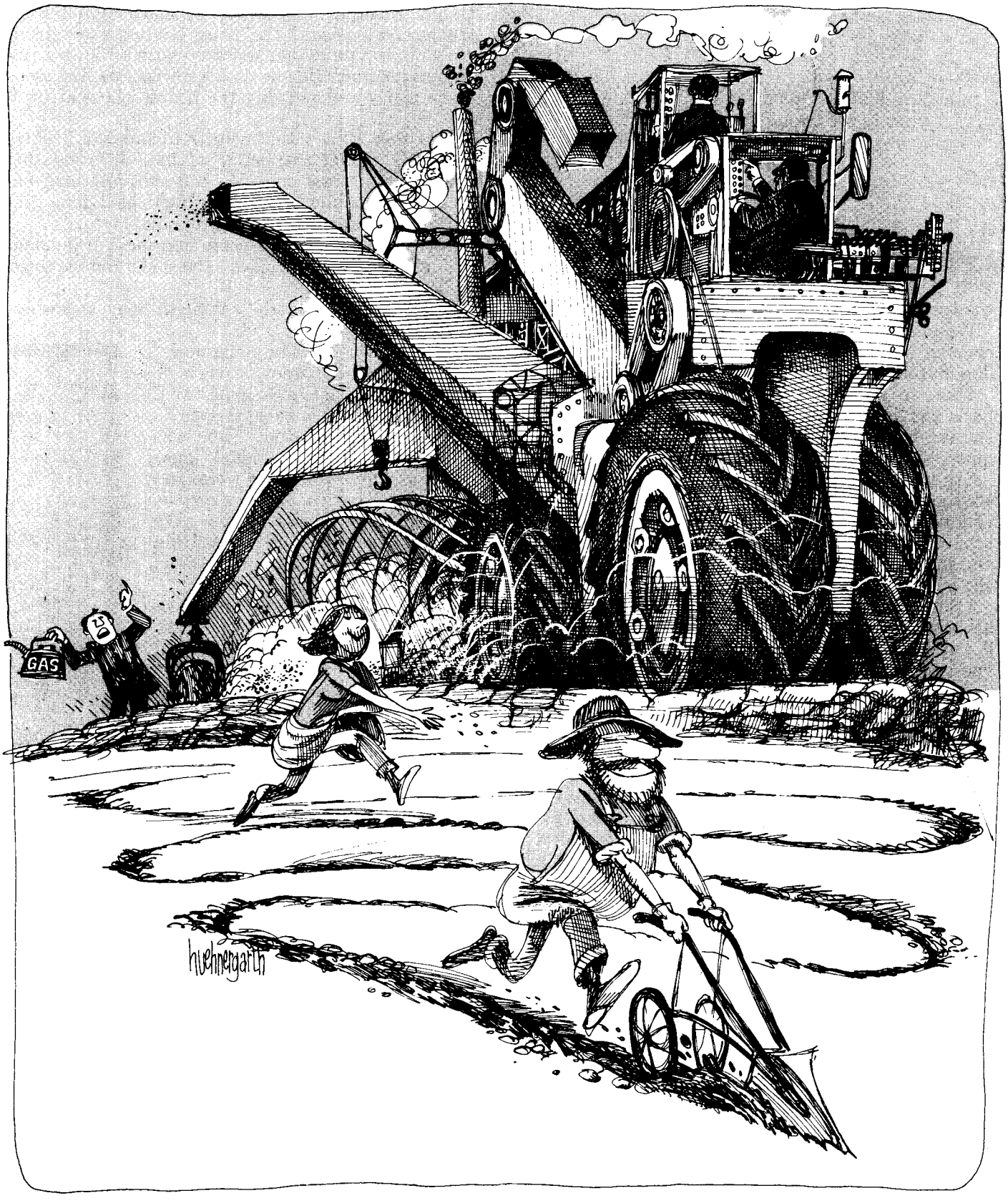

"Hey, neighbor, may I borrow a can of gasoline?"

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WAR PARTY

Would she betray the wagon train to the Sioux? Or was the wagon train master on the wrong track?

by Louis L'Amour

Illustrated by Stan Galli

We buried Pa on a sidehill out west of camp, buried him high up so his ghost could look down the trail he'd planned to travel.

We piled the grave high with rocks because of the coyotes, and we dug the grave deep, and some of it I dug myself, and Mr. Sampson helped and some others.

Folks in the wagon train figured Ma would turn back, but they hadn't known Ma so long as I had. Once she set her mind to something she wasn't about to quit.

She was a young woman and pretty, but there was strength in her. She was a lone woman with two children, but she was of no mind to turn back. She'd come through the Little Crow massacre in Minnesota, and she knew what trouble was. Yet it was like her that she put it to me.

"Bud," she said, when we were alone, "we can turn back, but we've nobody there who cares about us, and it's of you and Jeanie that I'm thinking. If we go West you will have to be the man of the house, and you'll have to work hard to make up for Pa."

"We'll go West," I said. A boy those days took it for granted that he had work to do, and the men couldn't do it all. No boy ever thought of himself as only 12 or 13 or whatever he was, being anxious to prove himself a man and take a man's place and responsibilities.

Ryerson and his wife were going back. She was a complaining woman and he was a man who was always ailing when there was work to be done. Four or five wagons were turning back, folks with their tails betwixt their legs running for the shelter of towns where their own littleness wouldn't stand out so plain.

When a body crossed the Mississippi and left the settlements behind, something happened to him. The world seemed to bust wide open, and suddenly the horizons spread out and a man wasn't cramped any more. The pinched-up villages and the narrowness of towns, all that was gone. The horizons simply exploded and rolled back into enormous distance with nothing around but prairie and sky.

The prairie and sky had a way of trimming folks down to size, or changing them to giants to whom nothing seemed impossible. Men who had cut a wide swath back in the States found themselves nothing out here. They were folks who were used to doing a lot of talking who suddenly found that no one was listening any more; and things that seemed mighty important back home, like family and money, they amounted to nothing alongside character and courage.

Pa was always strong, an independent man given to reading at night from one of the four or five books we had, to speaking up on matters of principle and to straight shooting with a rifle. Pa had fought the Comanche and lived with the Sioux, but he wasn't strong enough to last more than two days with a Kiowa arrow through his lung. But he died knowing Ma had stood by the rear wheel and shot the Kiowa whose arrow it was.

Right then I knew that neither Indians nor country was going to get the better of Ma. Shooting that Kiowa was the first time Ma had shot anything but some chicken-killing varmint—which she'd done time to time when Pa was away from home.

Only Ma wouldn't let Jeanie and me call it home. "We came here from Illinois," she said, "but we're going home now."

"But Ma," I protested, "I thought home was where we came from?"

"Home is where we're going now," Ma said, "and we'll know it when we find it. Now that Pa is gone, we'll have to build that home ourselves."

She might tell us that home was where we were going, but I knew home was where Ma was, a warm and friendly place with biscuits on the table and fresh-made butter. We wouldn't have a real home until Ma was there and we had a fire going. Only I'd build the fire.

Mr. Buchanan, who was captain of the wagon train, came to us with Tryon Burt, who was guide. "We'll help you," Mr. Buchanan said. "I know you'll be wanting to go back, and——"

"But we are not going back." She smiled at them. "And don't be afraid we'll be a burden. I know you have troubles of your own, and we will manage very well."

Mr. Buchanan looked uncomfortable, like he was trying to think of the right thing to say. "Now, see here," he protested, "we started this trip with a rule. There has to be a man with every wagon."

Ma put her hand on my shoulder. "I have my man. Bud is almost 13 and accepts responsibility. I could ask for no better man."

Ryerson came up. He was thin, stooped in the shoulder, and whenever he looked at Ma there was a greasy look to his eyes that I didn't like. He was a man who looked dirty even when he'd just washed in the creek. "You come along with me, ma'am," he said. "I'll take good care of you."

"Mr. Ryerson"—Ma looked him right in the eye—"you have a wife who can use better care than she's getting, and I have my son."

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"He's nothin' but a boy."

"You are turning back, are you not? My son is going on. I believe that should indicate who is more the man. It is neither size nor age that makes a man, Mr. Ryerson, but something he has inside. My son has it."

Ryerson might have said something unpleasant only Tryon Burt was standing there wishing he would, so he just looked ugly and hustled off.

"I'd like to say you could come," Mr. Buchanan said, "but the boy couldn't stand up to a man's work."

Ma smiled at him, chin up, the way she had. "I do not believe in gambling, Mr. Buchanan, but I'll wager a good Ballard rifle there isn't a man in camp who could follow a child all day, running when it runs, squatting when it squats, bending when it bends and wrestling when it wrestles and not be played out long before the child is."

"You may be right, ma'am, but a rule is a rule."

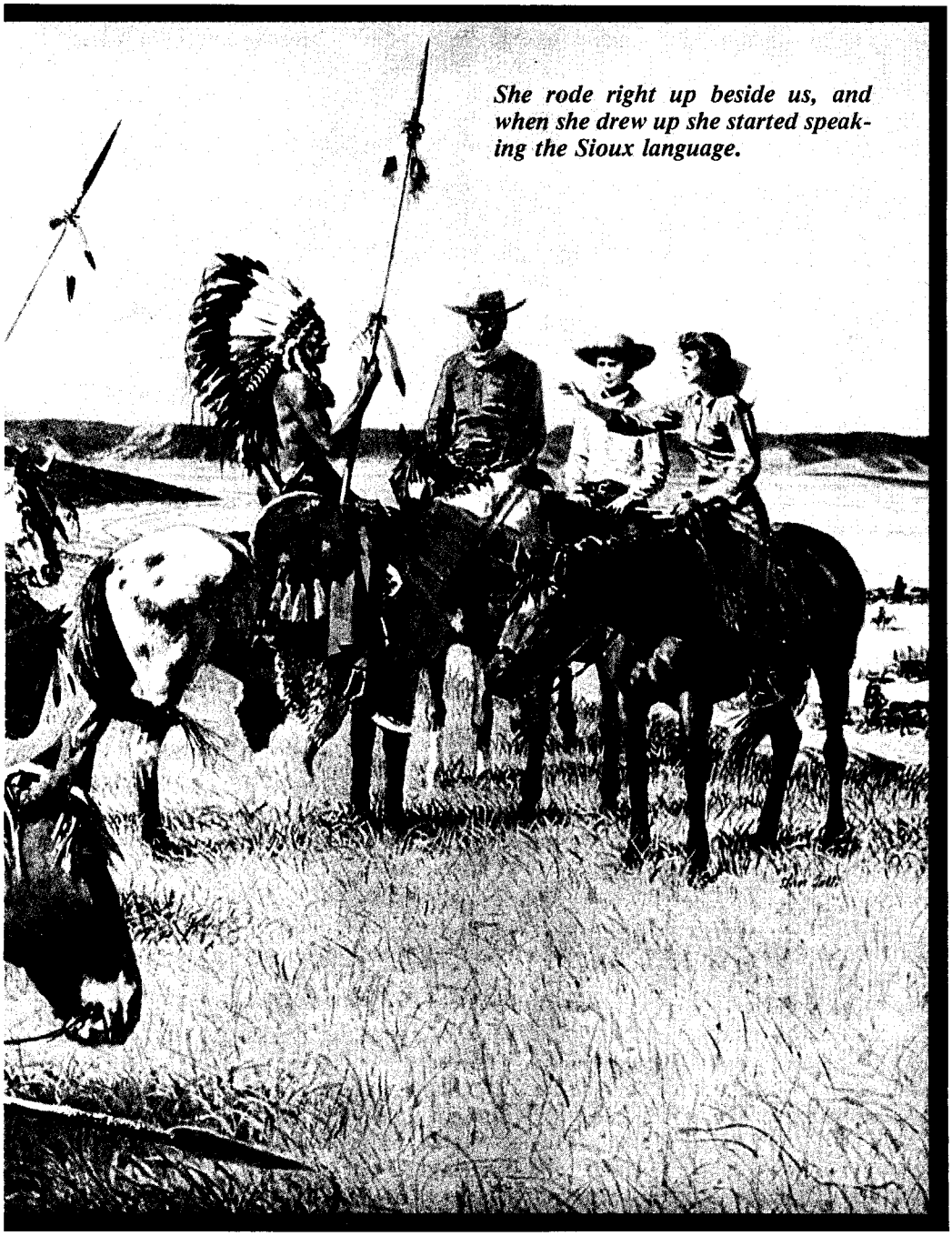
"We are in Indian country, Mr. Buchanan. If you are killed a week from now, I suppose your wife must return to the States?"

"That's different! Nobody could turn back from there!"

"Then," Ma said sweetly, "it seems a rule is only a rule within certain limits, and if I recall correctly, no such limit was designated in the articles of travel. Whatever limits there were, Mr. Buchanan, must have been passed sometime before the Indian attack that killed my husband."

"I can drive the wagon, and so can Ma," I said. "For the past two days I've been driving, and nobody said anything until Pa died."

Mr. Buchanan didn't know what to say, but a body could see he didn't like it. Nor did he like a woman who talked up to him the way Ma did.



She rode right up beside us, and when she drew up she started speaking the Sioux language.

Tryon Burt spoke up. "Let the boy drive. I've watched this youngster, and he'll do. He has better judgment than most men in the outfit, and he stands up to his work. If need be, I'll help."

Mr. Buchanan turned around and walked off with his back stiff the way it is when he's mad. Ma looked at Burt, and she said, "Thank you, Mr. Burt. That was nice of you."

Try Burt, he got all red around the gills and took off like somebody had put a burr under his saddle.

Come morning our wagon was the second one ready to take its place in line, with both horses saddled and tied behind the wagon and me standing beside the off ox.

Any direction a man wanted to look there was nothing but grass and sky, only sometimes there'd be a buffalo wallow or a gopher hole. We made 11 miles the first day after Pa was buried, 16 the next, then 19, 13 and 21. At no time did the country change. On the sixth day after Pa died, I killed a buffalo.

It was a young bull, but a big one, and I spotted him coming up out of a draw and was off my horse and bellied down in the grass before Try Burt realized there was game in sight. That bull came up from the draw and stopped there, staring at the wagon

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train, which was a half mile off. Setting a sight behind his left shoulder I took a long breath, took in the trigger slack, then squeezed off my shot so gentle-like the gun jumped in my hands before I was ready for it.

The bull took a step back like something had surprised him, and I jacked another shell into the chamber and was sighting on him again when he went down on his knees and rolled over on his side.

"You got him, Bud!" Burt was more excited than me. "That was shootin'!"

Try got down and showed me how to skin the bull and lent me a hand. Then we cut out a lot of fresh meat and toted it back to the wagons.

Ma was at the fire when we came up, a wisp of brown hair alongside her cheek and her face flushed from the heat of the fire, looking as pretty as a bay pony.

"Bud killed his first buffalo," Burt told her, looking at Ma like he could eat her with a spoon.

"Why, Bud! That's wonderful!" Her eyes started to dance with a kind of mischief in them, and she said, "Bud, why don't you take a piece of that meat along to Mr. Buchanan and the others?"

With Burt to help, we cut the meat into 18 pieces and distributed it around the wagons. It wasn't much, but it was the first fresh meat in a couple of weeks.

Each night I staked out that buffalo hide, and each day I worked at curing it before rolling it up to pack on the wagon. Believe you me, I was some proud of that buffalo hide. Biggest thing I'd shot until then was a cottontail rabbit back in Illinois, where we lived when I was born. Try Burt told folks about that shot. "Two hundred yards," he'd say, "right through the heart."

Only it wasn't more than 150 yards the way I figured, and Pa used to make me pace off distances so I'd learn to judge right. But I was nobody to argue with Try Burt telling a story—besides, 200 yards makes an awful lot better sound than 150.

After supper the menfolks would gather to talk plans. The season was late, and we weren't making the time we ought if we hoped to beat the snow through the passes of the Sierras. When they talked, I was there because I was the man of my wagon, but nobody paid me no mind.

Several spoke up for turning back, but Mr. Buchanan said he knew of an outfit that made it through later than this. One thing was sure. Our wagon wasn't turning back. Like Ma said, home was somewhere ahead of us, and back in the States we'd have no money and nobody to turn to, nor any relatives anywhere. It was the three of us.

"We're going on," I said at one of these talks. "We don't figure to turn back for anything."

Webb gave me a glance full of contempt. "You'll go where the rest of us go. You an' your ma would play hob gettin' by on your own."

Next day it rained, dawn to dark it fairly poured, and we were lucky to make six miles. Day after that, with the wagon wheels sinking into the prairie and the rain still falling, we camped just two miles from where we started in the morning.

Nobody talked much around the fires, and what was said was apt to be short and irritable. Most of these folks had put all they owned into the outfits they had, and if they turned back now, they'd have nothing to live on and nothing left to make a fresh start. Except a few like Mr. Buchanan, who was well off.

"It doesn't have to be California," Ma said once. "What most of us want is land, not gold."

"This here is Indian country," John Sampson said, "and a sight too open for me. I'd like a valley in the hills with running water close by."

"There will be valleys and meadows," Ma replied, stirring the stew she was making, "and tall trees near running streams and tall grass growing in the meadows, and there will be game in the forest and on the grassy plains and places for homes."

"And where will we find all that?" Webb's tone was slighting.

"West," Ma said, "over against the mountains."

"I suppose you've been there?" Webb scoffed.

"No, Mr. Webb, I haven't been there, but I've been told of it. The land is there, and we will have some of it, my children and I, and we will stay through the winter, and in the spring we will plant our crops."

"Easy to say."

"This is Sioux country to the north," Burt said. "We'll be lucky to get through without a fight. There was a war party of 30 or 35 passed this way a couple of days ago."

"Sioux?"

"Uh-huh—no women or children along, and I found where some war paint rubbed off on the brush."

"Maybe," Mr. Buchanan suggested, "we'd better turn south a mite."

"It is late in the season," Ma replied, "and the straightest way is the best way now."

"No use to worry," White interrupted. "Those Indians went on by. They won't likely know we're around."

"They were riding southeast," Ma said, "and their home is in the north, so when they return they'll be riding northwest. There is no way they can miss our trail."

"Then we'd best turn back," White said.

"Don't look like we'd make it this year, anyway," a woman said. "The season is late."

That started the argument, and some were for turning back and some wanted to push on, and finally White said they should push on, but travel fast.

"Fast?" Webb asked disparagingly. "An Indian can ride in one day the distance we'd travel in four."

That started the wrangling again, and Ma continued

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with her cooking. Sitting there watching her, I figured I never did see anybody so graceful or quick on her feet as Ma, and when we used to walk in the woods back home, I never knew her to stumble or step on a fallen twig or branch.

The group broke up and returned to their own fires with nothing settled, only there at the end Mr. Buchanan looked to Burt. "Do you know the Sioux?"

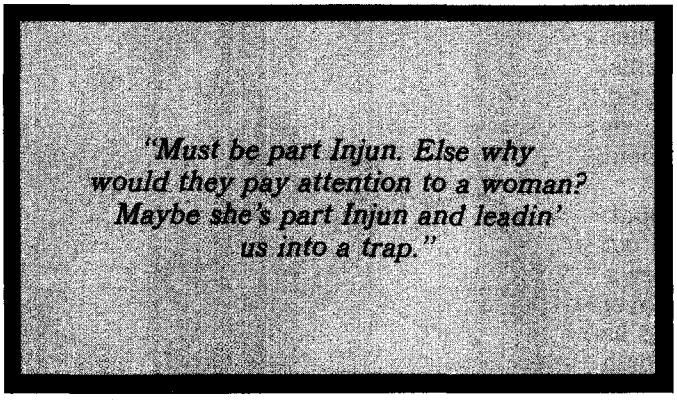
"Only the Utes and Shoshonis, and I spent a winter on the Snake with the Nez Perces one time, but I've had no truck with the Sioux. Only they tell me they're bad medicine. Fightin' men from way back, and they don't cotton to white folks in their country. If we run into Sioux, we're in trouble."

After Mr. Buchanan had gone, Tryon Burt accepted a plate and cup from Ma and settled down to eating. After a while he looked up at her and said, "Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, but it struck me you knew a sight about trackin' for an Eastern woman. You'd spotted those Sioux your own self, an' you figured it right that they'd pick up our trail on the way back."

She smiled at him. "It was simply an observation, Mr. Burt. I would believe anyone would notice it. I simply put it into words."

Burt went on eating, but he was mighty thoughtful, and it didn't seem to me he was satisfied with Ma's answer. Ma said finally, "It seems to be raining west of here. Isn't it likely to be snowing in the mountains?"

Burt looked up uneasily. "Not necessarily so, ma'am. It could be raining here and not snowing there, but I'd say there was a chance of snow."



He got up and came around the fire to the coffeepot. "What are you gettin' at, ma'am?"

"Some of them are ready to turn back or change their plans. What will you do then?"

He frowned, placing his cup on the grass and starting to fill his pipe. "No idea—might head south for Santa Fe. Why do you ask?"

"Because we're going on," Ma said. "We're going to the mountains, and I am hoping some of the others decide to come with us."

"You'd go alone?" He was amazed.

"If necessary."

We started on at daybreak, but folks were more scary than before, and they kept looking at the great distances stretching away on either side, and muttering. There was an autumn coolness in the air, and we were still short of South Pass by several days with the memory of the Donner party being talked up around us.

There was another kind of talk in the wagons, and some of it I heard. The nightly gatherings around Ma's fire had started talk, and some of it pointed to Tryon Burt, and some were saying other things.

We made 17 miles that day, and at night Mr. Buchanan didn't come to our fire, and when White stopped by his wife came and got him. Ma looked at her and smiled, and Mrs. White sniffed and went away beside her husband.

"Mr. Burt"—Ma wasn't one to beat around a bush—"is there talk about me?"

Try Burt got red around the ears, and he opened his mouth but couldn't find the words he wanted. "Maybe—well, maybe I shouldn't eat here all the time. Only—well, you're the best cook in camp."

Ma smiled at him. "I hope that isn't the only reason you come to see us, Mr. Burt."

He got redder than ever then and gulped his coffee and took off in a hurry.

Time to time the men had stopped by to help a little, but next morning nobody came by. We got lined out about as good as ever, and Ma said to me as we sat on the wagon seat, "Pay no attention, Bud. You've got no call to take up anything if you don't notice it. There will always be folks who will talk, and the better you do in the world, the more bad things they will say of you. Back there in the settlement you remember how the dogs used to run out and bark at our wagons?"

"Yes, Ma. I remember that."

"Did the wagons stop?"

"No, Ma."

"Remember that, son. The dogs bark but the wagons go on their way, and you're going someplace you haven't time to bother with barking dogs."

We made 18 miles that day and the grass was better, but there was a rumble of distant thunder, whimpering and muttering off in the canyons, promising rain.

Webb stopped by, dropped an armful of wood beside the fire, then started off.

"Thank you, Mr. Webb," Ma said, "but aren't you afraid you'll be talked about?"

He looked angry and started to reply something angry, and then he grinned and said, "I reckon I'd be flattered, Mrs. Miles."

Ma said, "No matter what is decided by the rest of them, Mr. Webb, we are going on, but there is no need to go to California for what we want."

Webb took out his pipe and tamped it. He had a dark, devil's face on him with eyebrows like you see on pictures of the devil. I was afraid of Mr. Webb.

"We want land," Ma said, "and there is land around us. In the mountains ahead there will be fish and game, logs for houses and meadows for grazing."

Mr. Buchanan had joined us. "That's fool talk," he declared. "What could anyone do in these hills? You'd be cut off from the world. Left out of it."

"A man wouldn't be so crowded as in California," John Sampson remarked. "I've seen so many go that I've been wondering what they all do there."

"For a woman," Webb replied, ignoring the others, "you've a head on you, ma'am."

Continued on page 112

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THE ART OF NOT SPEAKING

Think louder—I can't hear you.

by H. Allen Smith

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

Bob and Liz Gaffney are not speaking to each other again, and all's right with the world. This last time they went for seven straight weeks speaking to each other, saying, "Yes, dear," and "May I help you to some more potatoes, love?" and "Listen, you louse, quit acting like you were the All-Wise." Somehow, life is much duller in our neighborhood when Bob and Liz are on speaking terms. We thought it would never end, and then a day or so ago they resumed giving each other the silent treatment.

This is the way it came about: Bob has a habit of wiggling his foot whenever he's reading the newspaper. He crosses his right leg over his left knee, and as he reads, he moves his right foot back and forth in a sort of continuing twitch. When he came home from the office the other night, he and Liz were on excellent terms. They chatted about the day's events all through dinner, and then Bob sat down to read.

"Quit wiggling your foot," Liz suddenly said.

Bob looked up from his paper, momentarily confused. "What's that?" he asked.

"I said," Liz told him, "quit wiggling your damfool foot."

"I didn't know I was wiggling it," said Bob, "but if I was, I can't see that it's any concern of yours. It's my foot and I'll wiggle it to suit myself."

"If you only knew," said Liz, "just how maddening it is. You sit there and wiggle that foot until I could scream. Why don't you get control of yourself?"

"I'm in perfect control of everything, including my foot," said Bob. "It so happens that I get a

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Not-Speaking rules permit the registering of disgust—but not while facing your antagonist. Also allowed: the diabolical laugh and the grunt.

certain amount of pleasure out of wiggling my feet. It relaxes my shins. I like it."

Liz stood up, her eyes narrowed. "A typical excuse," she said. "Who ever heard of anybody having tense shins! Well, you can wiggle your foot off at the hinges for all I care. But you'll wiggle it without me!"

She marched out of the house, got into the car and drove over to spend the evening with us.

I didn't attempt to lecture her. I didn't tell her that she should be more tolerant of Bob's wiggling foot, because I get a certain amount of enjoyment out of people who are Not Speaking to Each Other.

The technique of Not Speaking has never, to my knowledge, been adequately investigated by sociologists or psychologists. Being interested in the subject, I have for several years been conducting quiet observations, with special reference to the rules of the game. I've found out that there are few husbands and wives who don't quit speaking now and then. And the number of people who live in the same neighborhood and don't speak is beyond calculation. In my own bailiwick I know of two businesses where the partners carry on from day to day, month after month, without speaking to each other. In a nearby village there are two brothers who are business competitors and whose stores are directly across the street from each other. They have not spoken for 30 years. I have tried to find out what started it, but I get conflicting stories. The most sensible version is as follows:

Thirty years ago, when the brothers were boys, their mother forbade them to enter a certain poolroom. One day, the younger of the two crept into the forbidden resort and found his brother already there, playing pool with a town character. The younger brother said, "Shoot me a game when you get through, will you?" The older brother said, "You get the dickens out of here; you're too young." So the younger brother went home and said, "Mamma, Joe, he's down in the poolroom." And when Joe came home his mother gave him what-for. After the yelling had died down, Joe turned on his younger brother and said, "You little tattletale twerp, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!" It begins to look as if he'll make it.

I have read about a man named George Smith who works in box offices at various sporting events around New York and who quits speaking to people wholesale. Each Christmas he sends out calendars to all his acquaintances. Across the top of the calendar is printed: "I am not speaking to the following persons——"

Underneath is a list of the proscribed, perhaps two dozen altogether. The names on the list change from year to year, although I've noticed that there are a few individuals who seem to have permanent listing.

This George Smith sits in his box office and people line up in front of him for the purpose of buying tickets. Some of the individuals whose names appear on his calendar must surely show up before his wicket from time to time. He has to deal with them. I have no direct knowledge about it, but I can imagine how he manages it. His adversary stands face to face with him and asks for certain seat locations.

"Two in Section C, down front," says the adversary.

If George Smith has the requested seats, he can simply shove the tickets over the counter. His adversary either knows the price already or can look on the ticket for it. He lays down his money, George Smith gives him his change, and George has never uttered a word. His honor is intact.

Let us suppose, however, that the requested tickets are not available. How should George handle it? Could he scribble a note? He could not. Note writing is as flagrant a violation of the rules as is actual talking. Could he simply shake his head from side to side? He could not. Head shaking is out. George can do one of two things: He can sit there like a bump on a log, saying nothing, acting as if he didn't hear, hoping that his adversary will be smart enough to ask for seats in another location. Barring that, George can direct his gaze past his adversary and speak to the person next in line, saying,

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To insult your mate while Not Speaking, simply prattle over the phone about his idiotic behavior.

"Hey, you in the checkered shirt. If you're looking for seats in Section C, down front, there ain't any more. Might fix you up with good seats in Section F." This may be confusing to the man in the checkered shirt, but it gets George Smith off the hook. His adversary takes the seats in Section F.

There are many stories about people in the theatrical world who quit speaking to each other privately, but who are required to talk each other half to death onstage. I have heard of vaudeville teams whose two members carry on hilarious conversations on the stage every day, but once they walk through the wings they wouldn't speak to each other if their toenails were pulled with chilled pincers. The same thing is true in the legitimate theater, where a man and a woman will go through torrid love scenes before the audience while giving each other the silent treatment elsewhere. It even happens in the world of sports.

Bob and Liz Gaffney, however, remain the chief source of my information on the art of Not Speaking. One Saturday afternoon a few months back, I went over to the Gaffneys' and found Bob sitting on his terrace, smoking a cigar and glaring at grass.

"Where's Liz?" I asked him.

"Don't know," he said. "She drove off an hour ago. I imagine she's gone to get her hair done. We're going to dinner at the Mangans' tonight. We're Not Speaking."

"You people sure do a lot of Not Speaking," I ventured.

"Sure," he agreed. "Why not?"

"It's not quite civilized," I said. "It's not mature."

"Don't be silly," said Bob. "Not Speaking is the greatest weapon the human race has ever devised for itself. I think maybe you confuse Not Speaking with sulking. That's a mean, moody sort of thing—sulking. Not Speaking is a coldly calculated business. It can drive people out of their minds if it's handled properly."

"How long have you two been Not Speaking this time?"

"Started day before yesterday," he said, and then, almost to himself, he added admiringly, "Lord, how that woman can Not Speak!"

I told him I didn't see how they could carry on their day-by-day affairs without speaking. He said it's like everything else—all a matter of practice. He verified my notion that there are certain hard-and-fast rules that must be observed—such as the interdiction against writing notes and head nodding or head shaking.

"It's the same as in international law," he said. "You've got to have rules and mutual agreements in conducting a war. In Not Talking, it's no problem at all when there's a third party present. You simply make your feelings known with declarative sentences, addressed to the third party. But where the two of you are alone together, the thing would be most difficult if there weren't certain rules. Neither Liz nor I would ever stoop to note writing. Yet there's a way of communicating by writing that's perfectly legitimate."

He said that Liz had given a demonstration of it a couple of hours earlier. She had brought some stationery and a fountain pen out to the terrace where Bob was sitting. She sat down and began writing, murmuring the lines herself, as follows:

"Dearest Mother: We are all well physically, but I think Bob is mentally sick. He acts like a beast at times. But don't worry—this is my cross and I will bear it. Do you remember the Mangans? They are *so* nice. They have invited us to dinner tonight, and I think it should be fun. I may have told you once about the Mangans and how peculiar they are about people being on time for dinner. They are serving tonight at 7:30 and that means we should be there on the dot. I'm going to wear my new evening gown, the chartreuse I wrote you about. Well, I'll have to cut this short, as I'm expecting the man to repair the TV any minute, and I think Bob wants to talk to him about it. Your devoted daughter, Elizabeth."

"You see how much she accomplished?" said Bob. "She didn't say a word to me—just sat there talking out the letter to her mother—and she managed to let me know that we're supposed to go to the Mangans' for dinner, that we're supposed to be there at 7:30, that we're supposed to dress up a bit and that I shouldn't leave the house because the TV repairman was coming."

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"It's the same as international law," he said. "You've got to have rules and mutual agreements in conducting a war."

"Marvelous!" I exclaimed. "But how did you let her know you'd go to the Mangans'? Or did you?"

"If I hadn't intended going," he said, "I'd have thrown back my head and laughed diabolically. Diabolical laughter doesn't constitute speaking, yet in a way it is more effective than speaking. However, it happened that I wanted to go to the Mangans'. Now, you see that bush right over there?"

I saw it. Bob said he waited a few minutes after Liz had finished murmuring the letter to her mother. Then he got up and walked over toward the bush and said:

"Well, hello there, little bird. What are you doing frisking around on a hot day like this? You better go on home to your mamma. We're going to leave later on today, going out to dinner about 7:15, and we don't want you fooling around the house while we're away."

That did it. "She knew," said Bob, "that I was willing to go, and she knew what time we'd leave the house. She got right up and went inside, and I heard her on the telephone. It happens I don't know who she was calling, but I'm almost certain it was the hairdresser. Incidentally, the telephone is a great help."

"Yes, I know," I said. I could remember many times when one or the other of them had called us. If it was Bob calling he'd usually speak to me, while Liz would talk to my wife. If we hadn't known about their habits, we'd have thought sometimes that they had gone crazy. I would be summoned to the phone and Bob would say to me, without any preliminaries, "Hey, I just wanted to let you know that if my idiot wife has lamb one more time for dinner this week, I'm going to take a club and part her hair with it."

That sort of thing.

Sitting that afternoon on the terrace, Bob observed that the rules for Not Speaking are pretty well standardized.

"We've learned one important thing recently," he said. "It's permissible to make faces. You can't make a face at the other person. You make it without facing them. The most popular face is the one registering disgust. Like this."

He shrugged up his shoulders a bit and then contorted his face in a most eloquent manner. The expression clearly said, "Such colossal stupidity! To think that I'm saddled with this horrible creature for the rest of my natural life! How I'd love to bust her one!"

"Sometimes," Bob explained, "you have to hold it for quite a while. If I'm making that face, I make it at right angles to Liz, and if she doesn't happen to be looking in my direction, I have to hold it till I feel she does see it. I might add that there are legitimate ways of attracting her attention. Grunts, snorts and whinnies are allowable sounds, perfectly proper, and most effective at times. Just a couple of evenings ago I was sitting in the——"

We heard a car approaching and Liz drove up, her hair freshly set, just as Bob had guessed. She got out of the car and came up on the terrace where we were sitting.

"Hi," she said to me. She didn't look at Bob, and Bob didn't look at her. It was almost as if he'd ceased to exist.

"Do you know anything about electricity?" she asked.

"Only that it makes lights turn on."

"Oh, that's too bad," she said. "We've got a fuse blown out in the basement; I thought you might be able to fix it."

I started to say that, of course, I could replace a fuse, and then I suddenly realized that she was actually talking to Bob through me. He groaned, and then whinnied and went into the house, and I heard him clumping down the basement stairs. He was back in a few moments, and I got up to leave.

"Tell your wife," he said, "if you're on speaking terms with her, that I can't come up tomorrow to get that magazine she told me about. I'm leaving tomorrow morning for Pittsburgh on business. Be back Tuesday night, LaGuardia Airport, Flight 402, arrival 9:12 p.m., Eastern Standard Time. Tell her I'll pick up the magazine later in the week."

So I went home and, in a fairly loud voice, gave that information to the dog.

Is your birthday coming up? Remind a house pet that you could use a new set of matched woods.

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WALTZING INTO THE WHITE HOUSE

After an historic victory, Ronald Reagan—like his predecessors—will find Inaugural Week a forum for work and celebration.

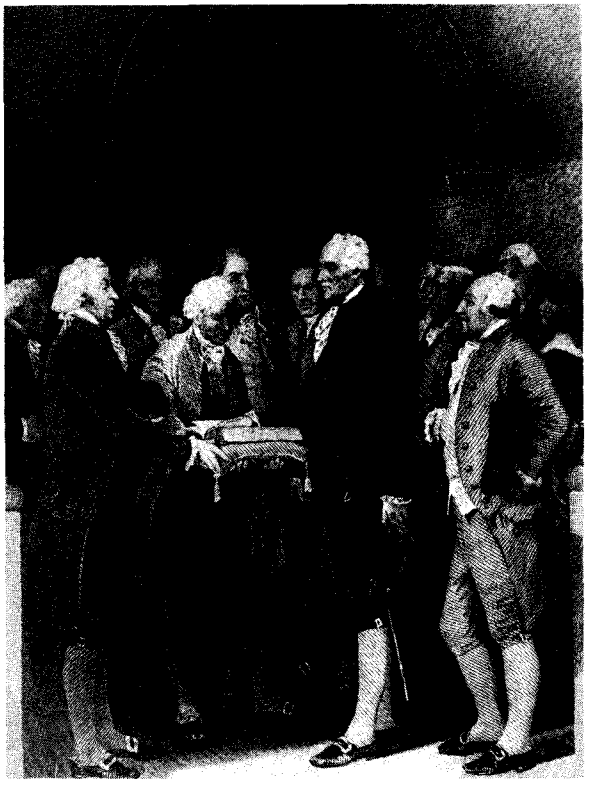
by Curt Smith

The inauguration of an American president is an epoch-marking event. At once solemn and exuberant, it evokes a time of pageantry and circumstance, of parades and balls and receptions—as close to pomp and royalty as a 204-year-old democracy nears.

To inaugurate a president, the Constitution requires a single task—that a man or woman take an oath to execute faithfully the office and defend the Constitution. When Jimmy Carter became our 39th president, he repeated—word for word—the same oath that George Washington took in 1789 (and that Ronald Reagan will recite later this month).

Through riot and assassination, scandal and war, presidential inaugurations have lent a continuity to the transient quality of life, a normalcy which we urgently require amid the changing times, lest change overwhelm us all. "It's the president's first day with the American people as their leader, not as a candidate and not as a partisan figure," says Horace Busby, now a Washington consultant, formerly chief speechwriter for Lyndon B. Johnson. "The day itself revolves around the Inaugural Address. The day is for contemporary America. But the Address, well, that's for history."

Indeed, to most Americans, January 20 denotes the Inaugural Address. Delivering that speech, John Adams vowed to reconcile "various political opinions. . .and virtuous men of all parties;" Franklin Pierce (in the first Inaugural spoken from memory) warned that "beautiful as our fabric is, no earthly power of wisdom could ever reunite its broken fragments;" Abraham Lincoln yearned to "finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds;" and Woodrow Wilson, referring to America's future in world affairs, exhorted that we be ". . .true to ourselves. . .as we have wished to be known. . .in the thought of all those who love liberty and justice."



George Washington (above) assumed office amid a simple ceremony. The setting was far removed from today's extravaganza (right), highlighted by the giant Inaugural Parade.

Assuming the presidency on March 4, 1933, Franklin Roosevelt asserted "my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning terror." Twenty years later, entering upon an administration that many Americans now recall with a memorial glow, Dwight Eisenhower declaimed that "moral stamina means more energy and more productivity, on the farm and in the factory." Nineteen sixty-one saw John F. Kennedy cry "ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country." And as the decade ended, the man derided as a "loser," Richard Milhous Nixon—once defeated by Kennedy for the presidency—bespoke the Inaugural Address his critics envisioned would never occur. "I ask you to share with me today the majesty of this moment," Nixon said on January 20, 1969, under gray-tinged, mellow skies. "In the orderly transfer of power, we celebrate the unity that keeps us free."

"The Inaugural speech is a tremendously important event," says Raymond K. Price, chief of Nixon's White House writing staff. "It's looked at closely here and abroad, especially with a new president. Every government, in effect, is trying to read palms—and read them through this speech. It has to reflect the concerns of the country, to reach out to the entire nation, not narrow, parochial groups—and it's a time in which the president ex-

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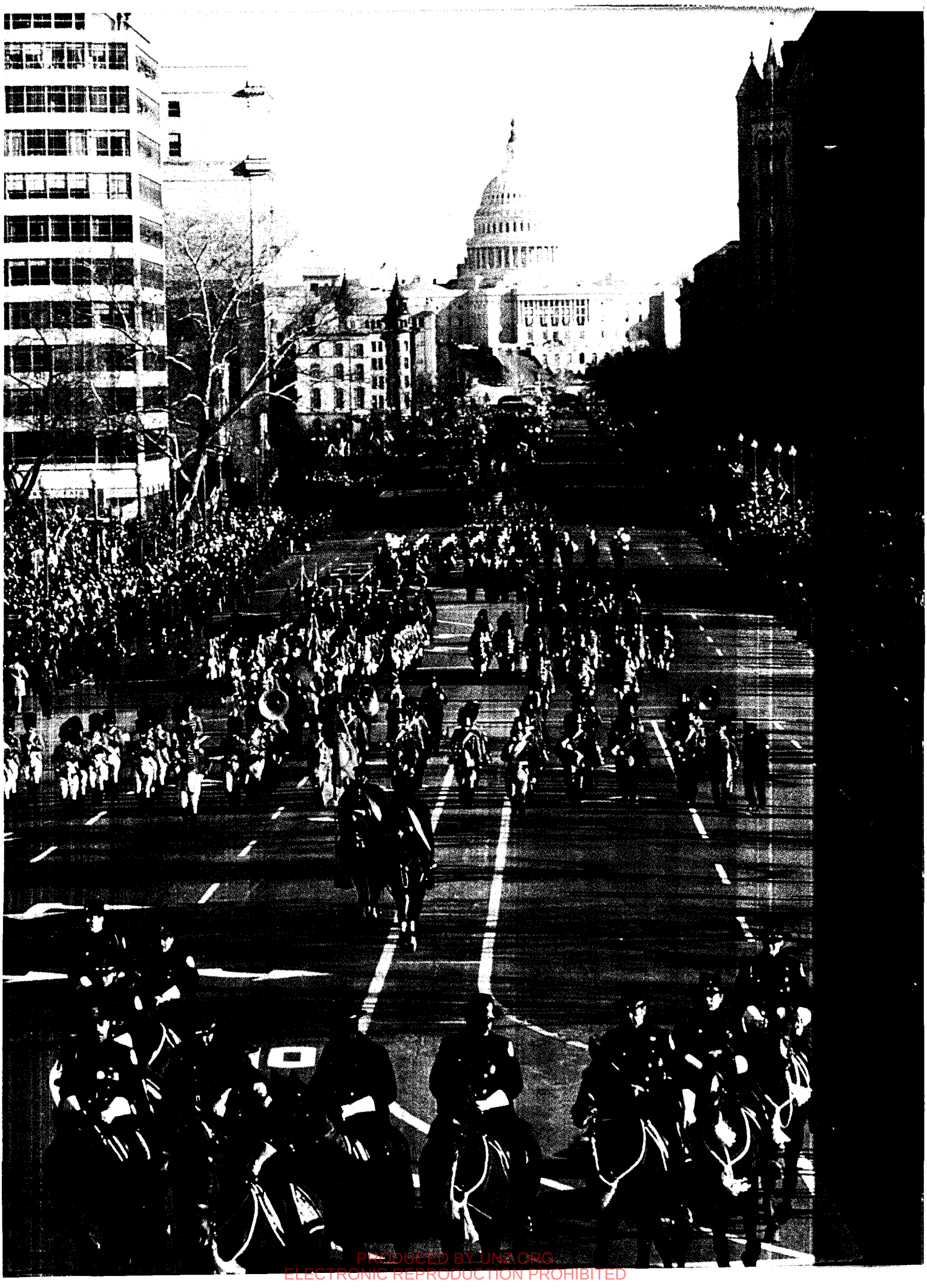

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presses his philosophy, sets the agenda of debate and, if it goes off well, provides tremendous impetus for an administration's opening months."

Presidential inaugurals are part sacrament, part festival, part official celebration. "You find," says a former aide to John Kennedy, "that people want to be there not so much to see and be seen, but rather so that they experience a part of history, something they can tell their grandchildren about." With rising expectations come personal requests. "What you discover," concedes Price wryly, "is that as Inauguration Day approaches, you get phone calls from people you haven't heard from in years, wanting to strike up old acquaintances, hoping you can get them tickets when there are none to be had."

Admission is selective to virtually all Inaugural events—receptions for politicians, financial benefactors and party officios; salutes to states, causes, ethnic and religious groups; special tours of Washington landmarks, including the Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology; and the Inaugural Court, traditionally held the night before the swearing-in. Here the world's leading artists appear every four years; ensembles like the National Symphony and Mormon Tabernacle Choir perform; and Broadway musicals alternate with rock 'n' roll, the selections a mirror of what the new president wants to hear.

"With Eisenhower," says Bryce Harlow, Ike's former speechwriter and Congressional liaison, "you got patriotic, Main-Street, common-fellow pieces. With Nixon, songs like Richard Rogers' 'Victory at Sea' and 'America the Beautiful.' Kennedy's selections were more artsy, Carter's a down-home affair. One thing you can be sure of—the music played is devoted to pleasing one man—the guy who gives a speech the following day."

Among Inauguration Week rituals, even more cherished is the afternoon parade. The custom began in 1789; George Washington was escorted from his living quarters in New York to Federal Hall on Wall Street by a "joint committee of Congress." The committee, composed of eight men, was followed by politicians, military figures, national noteworthies and assorted hangers-on. In 1809, with James Madison's ascension, the parade acquired a military air. Cavalry accompanied Madison to the capital, guns cascaded during the oath and militia encircled Madison when he returned to his carriage. Forty-eight years later, James Buchanan's inaugural added another dimension. The parade was led by a float bearing a woman dressed as the Goddess of Liberty; a second float, resembling a warship, followed the carriage of the President-elect.

Before 1889, when Benjamin Harrison was inaugurated, parades had been a prologue, escorting the day's leading light to the Capitol for the swearing-in and oath. Since then, however, the occasion's impact has heightened, becoming the event which links noon's Inaugural Address and the evening Inaugural Ball. Ensconced in a reviewing stand, newly inaugurated presidents have watched a litany of dissimilar casts—with Harrison, Buf-

President and Mrs. Carter (shown with daughter Amy) brought informality to the White House. Carter has called his wife "my top advisor, the one who most affects my life."

For Richard and Patricia Nixon, the 1969 Inaugural was memorable. He had just won the presidency; she was, said polls, the nation's most admired woman.

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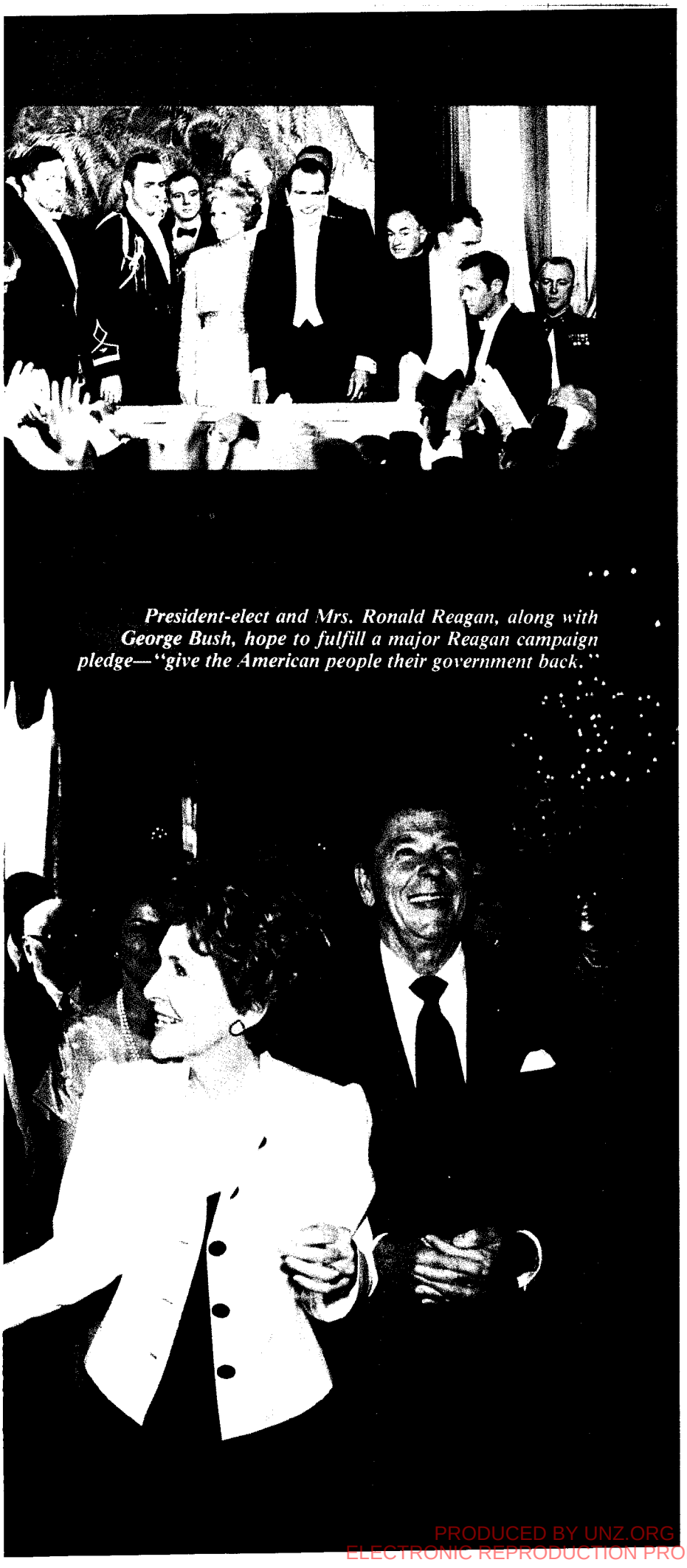

President-elect and Mrs. Ronald Reagan, along with George Bush, hope to fulfill a major Reagan campaign pledge—"give the American people their government back."

falo Bill Cody; with William McKinley, a delegation of veterans of the Grand Army of the Potomac; with Theodore Roosevelt, Indians, cowboys and the fabled Rough Riders; with Eisenhower, veterans from the force he led to liberate Fortress Europe; with Carter, bands and contingents from his native South.

The *social* centerpiece of Inaugural Day is, of course, the quadrennial ball, where tickets are more prized than those for Washington Redskins home encounters. Here, small-town denizens and self-styled better people merge. "Anyone who is anyone is there," Alice Roosevelt Longworth, T.R.'s elder daughter, once noted, "and a lot of people who are no one try to get in as well."

Inaugural Balls began formally in 1809, their creator Dolly Madison, who greeted visitors on Inauguration Day at her Georgetown home and served them cake and punch. Another, more rambunctious affair transpired 20 years later, when thousands of unruly, mud-caked guests—having been invited to an open house—converged on Washington for the Inaugural of Andrew Jackson, then proceeded to the Executive Mansion, where they broke furniture, shattered glass, overturned tables and ruined rugs. "It was like the invasion of the Mongolian herds," said an Eastern columnist. "They were crude and rude and barbaric," not to mention inebriated, too.

Even in 1861, with America nearing the Civil War, balls graced Inaugural Week; and as the balance of the century unfolded, they became a regular fixture, invariably held in Washington's Pension Building, dark and vast and intimidating. In 1913, Woodrow Wilson not only rejected the Pension Building; he rejected the ball. Only after World War II was the event restored to Inauguration Week's agenda. In 1953, Eisenhower attended two balls, then visited four sites in his second Inaugural. Kennedy increased the number to five, and Nixon opted for six—at the Mayflower, Statler Hilton, Washington Hilton, Shoreham and Sheraton Park Hotels and (for the first time) the Smithsonian Institu-

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tion.

Not all Presidents have resembled Arthur Murray. "We were Quakers," Nixon once said. "We didn't much practice that type of thing." James Polk's wife went even further: She disapproved of dancing, and at the more formal of two 1845 Inaugural Balls, music ceased when the president arrived. The other Ball boasted more autonomy; 15 minutes after the Polks appeared, the dancers demanded music and the band—Mrs. Polk notwithstanding—immediately complied. Both Eisenhower and Johnson staged relatively sedate Inaugural Balls, but Washingtonians still marvel at Kennedy's 1961 coronation, an occasion marked by 20 inches of snow that blanketed the nation's capital and by parties which linked the best and brightest of Georgetown, Manhattan and Harvard Yard.

While thousands of stalwarts vie for Inaugural Ball admission, the events remain much as they were almost a century ago—frenetic and crowded, almost an endurance trial. In 1905, following Theodore Roosevelt's inauguration, a journalist wrote: "To the thousands all over the country who read accounts of the Inaugural Balls in their home paper, many with heart burnings and envy of those who could and did attend, I would say: 'Don't. It is not worth it.' It is a most public affair, which anyone who can pay the price of entrance may attend. You may be dressed to be seen and to see and accomplish neither because of the great crush. Dancing is almost an impossibility."

Obviously, Americans have disavowed such advice—particularly women, who find in Inaugural Balls a forum for sartorial flair. "As a national celebrity," says Liz O'Neill, former assistant to Betty Ford, "only the chief executive outshines the chief executive's wife." Dating back to Martha Washington, America's first ladies have served as America's first hostesses; most would disagree with Jackson's wife, Rachel, who professed, "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of God than live in that palace in Washington."

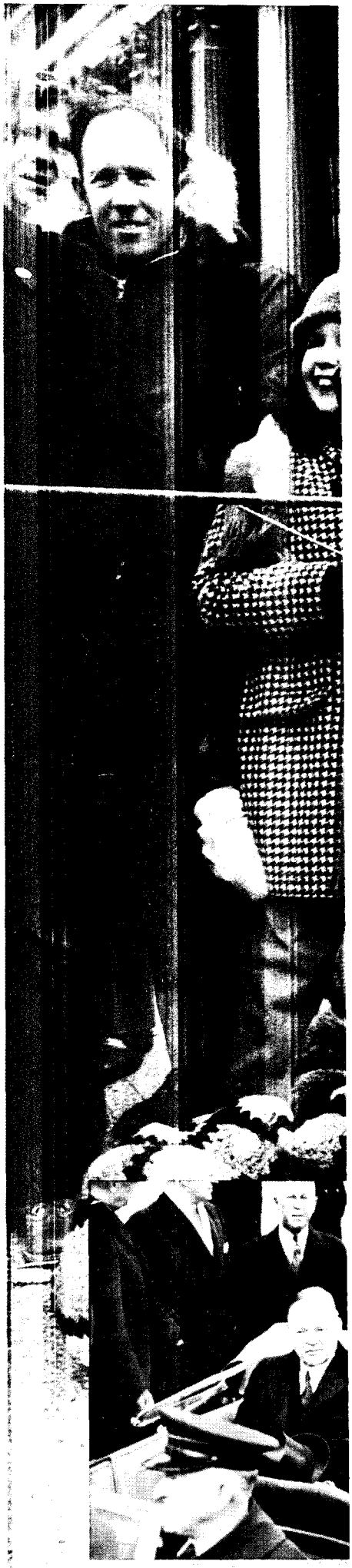
From Abigail Adams to Eleanor Roosevelt to Nancy Reagan, Inaugural Balls have offered first ladies the chance to represent America; to mingle with citizens who helped their husbands reach the Oval Office; and, not incidentally, to unveil the evening gowns that until January 20 have been shielded from public view and which from the next morning forward will be discussed wherever the fashion-conscious meet.

"You have to understand," says a spokesman for Mary Matice Design, who created Mrs. Carter's cape for the 1977 Inaugural, "that few dresses in America for any occasion are as closely debated, argued-about, studied-upon than the gown the first lady wears to the Ball. The event is nationally televised, the cynosure of the nation's focus, and there is tremendous interest in what kind of dress she chooses. That was true in 1880, true 50 years ago and is just as valid now."

Today, gowns worn at Inaugural Balls are on display in the First Ladies Hall of the Smithsonian Institution. Here visitors can see the hoop-like dress of Julia Tyler or Mary Lincoln Todd's Inaugural fan. In the area devoted to contemporary first ladies, Democratic gowns coexist with Republican, and artifacts of America's most noted women reside.

The last Republican Inaugural—Nixon's second—occurred in 1973. Held three days before the end of the Vietnam War and two months before the Watergate scandal erupted, the date was a high meridian of the Nixon administration. The most recent Democratic Inaugural, held 48 months ago, was equally festive, a ceremony marking the election of the first Deep South president in more than a century, a celebration ending eight years of GOP rule.

For Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reagan, January 20, 1981—understandably—will be a day of celebration. For many of their admirers, the dream of a Reagan presidency finally, implausibly realized, Inauguration Week looms as little less. To those attending the ceremonies and to the tens of millions watching on TV, the Inaugural will assume again its time-honored role—the uniting of America by making its people one.



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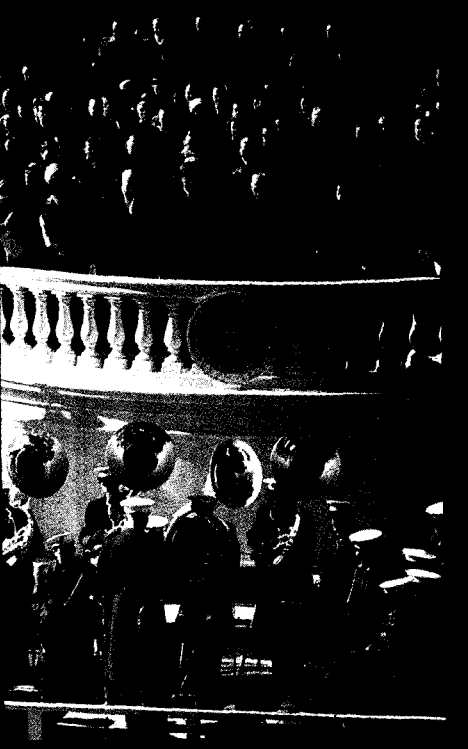

Many Americans converge on Washington for Inauguration Day. In 1961 the country heard John F. Kennedy deliver a widely acclaimed Inaugural Address.

Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt (inset) barely spoke to one another at the 1933 Inaugural. Lyndon Johnson (above) took the oath of office on January 20, 1965.

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I TOOK OVER THE GROCERY SHOPPING

When the wife shot 20 bucks for a bag of groceries she could carry home in her teeth, it was time for hubby to show her the difference between shopping and flat-out buying.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Jared Lee

"Inflation," I said to my bride of many years, "can't be all that bad. The reason you spend $20 for a sack of groceries I could carry home in my teeth—loose as they are—is that you don't shop, you just buy. There's quite a difference."

She lifted an eyebrow. Encouraged, I added, "Another thing, you keep coming home with all those nonessentials: bananas, horseradish, nutmeats, flour—stuff like that."

She lifted her other eyebrow. Her eyes were still dry. It was time for the *coup de grace*. Making sure the table was between us, I said, "From now on, I'll be taking over the grocery shopping."

She accepted it much better than I thought she would. Going into the kitchen, she presently returned with a fairly lengthy list of her type of staples and wanted to know if I thought I had enough money to cover the bill. I reached into my pocket and haughtily exhibited three one-dollar bills and some change.

"You'd better take this extra dollar," she quipped, "in case you have to rent a U-Haul to get the stuff home." Occasionally my wife gets off a good one like that. I spurned the offer.

The outcome might have been successful if I hadn't got off to such a bad start on that first item, soap. Thinking I had blundered into the section of rare Arabic imports, I politely asked a stock boy if he could please direct me to the 10¢ American soap department. Smart-aleck kid! He could have replied quietly, "I'm sorry, sir, but we don't have 10¢ soap." Or even, "I have never heard of 10¢ soap." There was certainly no excuse for him to yell out, "I'm sorry, dad, but I'm afraid you'll have to buy a whole bar!" I wheeled into the meat section so fast I missed the hamburger display and, from the prices, found myself in the whole-cow department. I quickly backed up.

Hamburger, as I remembered from college days, was somewhere around three pounds for a quarter. It would, of course, be higher now. But I didn't remember that a three-pound package was so small—and $1.79? Could that be right? A supercilious-looking individual filling trays nearby received the full burden of my scorn.

"Would you mind weighing this package over?" I said. "It sure doesn't look like any three pounds to me."

"The package is plainly marked one pound, two ounces," he announced coldly, tossing it back on the pile. "Perhaps you were thinking of marshmallows."

Happily, a loose sticker for $2.19 lying near a stack of cold cuts gave me a beautiful opportunity for venting my venom. "This must have fallen off a ring of bologna," I said, with my most devastating smirk. He looked at it—and stuck it on a ring of bologna. I grabbed up a package of hamburger and disappeared behind an Eiffel Tower of gingersnap cookies.

Potatoes weren't on my list. But compared to what had happened to soap and hamburger, and although I had bought plenty of them for 50¢ a bushel, I decided 98¢ wasn't too bad.

"If you'll help me get them to the car, I'll take a bushel," I said to the boy from, unfortunately, the soap department. He gave me a funny look, which—for him—wasn't difficult, and went up to confer with the manager. It was the manager himself who finally came back and apologized for the delay; he said he had to find out how many pounds there were in a bushel. And it wasn't until he and the boy had systematically crammed six sacks of potatoes into my cart that the wild thought struck me that perhaps that 98¢ price applied to only one sack.

I had to unload them without assistance.

But I'm not one to hold a grudge. Noticing in the fruit department that someone had laid an 89¢ sign down on a box of blueberries, I

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triumphantly carried the box over to the man at the scales and said good-naturedly, "Is this what each berry's going to cost me, or do I get the whole quart for only 89¢?"

With seemingly little effort he managed to keep his sides from splitting and replied with withering dignity, "Blueberries are 89¢ the box—and the box is a pint, not a quart." And he wouldn't even help me pick them up off the floor.

Before reaching the checkout place, I came upon this girl sort of blocking the aisle. In low-cut blouse and high-cut shorts, she was touting something unrecognizable stacked up in a skillet. Impaling a piece on a toothpick, she held it out to me. It was only a bite of whatever it was, but it was quite enough to let me know that the toothpick had considerably more flavor.

"What is it?" I asked politely. Politely for me, that is.

"Eggplant."

I had heard of the stuff. I took another look at her attire. "Delicious," I said.

"It's our special this week. . . ."

Everyone in my chosen checkout lane that evening was apparently participating in a community effort to furnish supplies to an encampment of boy scouts suffering from an epidemic of tapeworm. The woman immediately ahead of me had her cart so full her eight-year-old kid was forced to walk. So when I came cray-fishing into line (my right front wheel grabbed on every other revolution) with nothing but a small bar of soap, four potatoes, 14 ounces of hamburger, a pint of picked-up blueberries and an eggplant, even though it was the biggest eggplant in the store, everyone kept looking at me as if I had only half a mustache. By the time I could finally lay the stuff on the counter, I'd about ruined my back from leaning over trying to hide the evidence.

"It's four twenty-two," announced the checkout girl.

I looked at my watch. "I've got two thirty-six. I guess that's the trouble with weekends," I continued pleasantly. "A man doesn't even do enough to keep his self-wind watch wound."

"No, that's what you owe, sir," she said, not so pleasantly.

"You must have hit a key with your elbow or something," said I. Said she, no way. So, with a loud murmur of approval from the line behind me, I insisted that she run my purchases through again. Even then, she was nice enough to promise to hold the blueberries until I could run home for more money. I told her not to bother.

The one bright spot in the entire experience occurred when that same smart-aleck stock boy made the mistake of coming up to me and asking if I would like some help. Drawing myself up to heretofore unobtainable height, I loudly announced for one and all to enjoy, "My dear young man, I have a two-year-old granddaughter with asthma who could carry this sack of groceries home on a dead run!" Upon which the automatic door got a cinder in its electronic eye and failed to open. I left the store with a ripped sack and a slight concussion.

Any thought of slipping into the kitchen through the patio door and having the things stowed away without my wife viewing the remains was, of course, ridiculous. That woman can hear a sack rattle at 40 paces.

"What in the world have you got there!" she exclaimed, as I was surreptitiously trying to stick the sack in the cupboard with the eggplant still in it.

"Eggplant," I imperiously replied.

"Eggplant! And you only bought one! You know how fast we whip through eggplant!"

Just for that, she's going to do her own grocery shopping. I'll have all I can do just keeping her trading stamps pasted in the books.

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SALLY FIELD: COMING UP CLOVER

The little girl with puffy cheeks blossomed into an Oscar-winning actress after cultivating her talent with drama lessons.

by Fred Robbins

"There's something wonderful about people who try. They are worth everything; they're worth the country," Sally Field said with unexpected fervor.

She was talking about the young Southern woman—streetwalker, scrapper, uneducated and tough and, finally, fired by hope—she plays in *Back Roads,* the first drama she has filmed since winning last year's Oscar for *Norma Rae.*

The offscreen actress has one thing in common with her onscreen counterpart. Few know better than Sally Field the satisfaction that comes from battling your way out of a tight corner.

Six years ago, she realized she had become a nonperson in Hollywood, if not an actual laughing-stock. Zeroing in on 28, she had to face the fact that, unless she wanted to continue playing bubbleheaded teen-agers on TV—roles she was still being offered—she had no future in Hollywood.

Labeled an "interesting little twerp" by her director in **The Way West,** *Sally Field pulled herself up by her bootstraps to win the coveted Oscar as Best Actress for* **Norma Rae.**

"I had a rotten image," Sally recalls. "Nobody ever thought of me for a movie. They figured no adult would spend money to watch someone like me—freckled, round-faced and 5' 2"—on the big screen."

That year, "the worst of all years," crisis seemed to meet crisis in Sally Field's life.

She had just divorced her husband of five years, Steve Craig, "my first and only sweetheart at Birmingham High in the San Fernando Valley," who was then a hopeful but rarely employed screenwriter. And she had two young sons to support, Peter, now 10, and Eli, now 8.

What's more, she found she was nearly broke.

"Money hadn't meant a thing to me when I was on TV," she says. "I'd hand it over to my business manager, and he would proceed to lose most of it." She still owned a house and that was about it.

With no one to lean on but herself, Sally concluded that it was breakaway time—the moment to withdraw and effect a total transformation, to sharpen the skills with which to come battling back. An adult she was in years, and an adult she would be on the screen—or nothing, she resolved.

Putting her house on the market ("I had to in order to survive"), she moved into a smaller place and, for the next two years turning down the few television job offers she got, threw herself into a regimen of dramatic training such as most actresses experience at the beginning of their careers. Name any well-known coach on the West Coast who teaches speech, movement, music or dance; Sally studied with that person in addition to her slavish attendance at classes of the Hollywood branch of Actors Studio.

Daring to gamble on herself, she won.

The first proof of this came on two successive nights in November 1976 in "Sybil," a four-hour teledrama. Sally Field held the nation spellbound while she gave a dazzling performance as a mentally disturbed woman afflicted with 16 separate personalities.

Winning an Emmy as Sybil confirmed the wisdom of her decision to make a fresh start in her career. And, three seasons later, there was *Norma Rae.* This blockbuster movie, about a Southern mill worker spearheading a violent union battle, made Sally Field the only Hollywood actress in history to win, in one year, not only the Academy Award but also the Best Actress awards given by the National Society of Film Critics, the New York Film Critics, the National Board of Review, the Los Angeles Film Critics Association, the Golden Globe organization and the Cannes Film Festival.

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When Sally Field smashed her dishwasher with a hammer, her two boys, Peter and Eli, called her a jerk.

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The night *Norma Rae* was shown at the Cannes competition was a time of high excitement for Sally. When the lights went up, the audience leaped to its feet and, screaming praise for the movie and its star, applauded thunderously for 20 minutes.

"I was thinking that it was my dream come true," Sally says of the occasion. "When I was a kid I never dreamed about going out with Elvis Presley or being Miss America. I would lie awake and dream of having bravos and a standing ovation. And I was thinking to myself, now I have had it.

"It seems a very long time ago," she adds, smiling. "A lot has happened in the past year, all terrific. But Cannes was the first intimation that anything like that was ever going to happen in my life. I knew in my heart that I was ready but I didn't know when—or if—it would come. *Norma Rae* might never have been. But God was with me, fate was with me and Martin Ritt (who directed her in both *Norma Rae* and *Back Roads*) was with me. So *Norma Rae* happened. And my whole life changed."

One might remark that she herself hasn't changed. Sally is quick to correct this.

"But I have changed, in ways you can't see," she insists. "At 34, I'm still growing, changing a lot inside. When I was younger I thought I knew the answers. Now I don't have any answers. I find myself saying, 'I don't know,' quite a lot, and I prefer it this way. It's like the lyrics of that old song—it was Bob Dylan's, wasn't it?—'I was older then; I'm younger than that now.' That's the way I feel. Even though I looked younger then, during all those television days of "Gidget" and "The Flying Nun" I felt like a very old person inside.

"Being an object of ridicule was hurtful. It drove me inward, made me devise ways to hide and protect myself. For an actress, nothing could be more damaging, unless it's surrendering to such reactions as 'I hate them, I'll show them and someday I'll repay them,' which I did for a while. But bitterness eats you up, destroys all the good parts of you. Besides, it wasn't 'them' nor me. It wasn't anyone's fault. It just happened. So I have learned to turn anger and hostility into something positive. When I'm overcome by these emotions now, I use them in acting class or a work situation. I let them push me into trying things I'd be too scared to attempt otherwise. And, when you expose yourself that way as a performer, when you risk being thought foolish or bad, those are the times when you learn the most and go the greatest distance."

The roles she's played in "Sybil," *Back Roads* and especially *Norma Rae* have also changed her, Sally volunteers.

"Elements of these characters become forever a part of me," she says. "I work so personally, from the inside out, that it changes me. I don't come back the same. And Norma definitely did that to me. I would like to be more like her.

"One of the least attractive things about me is that I've always tried to live in a closet. That way you don't have to think about what's 'out there.' Are there injustices? Is there an energy shortage? How about the possibility of war in the Mideast? My reaction has always been, 'What can I do? Not my fault. I don't want to know.' I plead guilty. Now I *do* want to know. I've begun to come out of my lazy cocoon and say, 'Wait a minute. Let me find out about this. Let me read about it, know what's happening. Let me grasp the problem. Let me see what can be done.' "

One reason for this lack of involvement, she explains, was that she "could never 'see' people very well"—as a group, as a society or even as individuals.

"Something in me wanted to stay hidden. I didn't want to be around people. It's a person? Tell it to go away. A dog? Let the dog in. A child? Let the child in. But people? I just put them on hold."

The reason for this was almost assuredly her instant stardom in her teens, instant marriage (when not quite 22) and instant motherhood (her first child arrived 14 months later), followed by heavy responsibilities complicated by emotional, financial and career woes.

When was there ever time before to give a thought to others?

Going further back, the environment in which she has lived all her life must also be considered.

Sally Field is what's called a "Hollywood brat," in the tradition of Jane Fonda, Liza Minnelli and

Sally Field is finishing a movie called **Back Roads** *for Martin Ritt. "It's a love story about two losers, me and Tommy Lee Jones," she explains. "He plays a seedy fighter, while my character is real—the way Norma Rae was."*

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Frank Sinatra, Jr.—kids who grew up in the shadow of an acting parent (in her case both her mother, actress Margaret Field, and stepfather, Jock Mahoney) and knew from childhood they were destined to become performers.

This background made for a certain personal insularity and single-minded concentration on self.

"All my life," says Sally, "ever since I was a tiny child, I knew I was meant to be an actress. And I hope this doesn't sound vain, but I knew I had a gift. I didn't ask for it. God gave it to me; I was born with it. But many people are born with a gift and either throw it away or let it defeat them. I made up my mind very early to cultivate mine, to make it flourish.

"I took lessons of every kind—dancing, acting, whatever. I was in every school play. I lived in the movie theaters and really studied the films I saw. I knew that movie acting would be as natural as breathing to me. My favorite movie of all time is *Gone With the Wind*. I've seen it countless times and it never fails to enthrall me with its emotional power. When I was about nine, it shaped the way I feel about film—that while a piece of film is not a living thing, it never dies. I went to my mother then, when I'd already seen it 12 times, and tried to convey to her how this picture always moved me and affected my whole personality and thinking. 'I'm going to be a movie actress,' I told her. 'I want to be able to touch people long after I'm no longer around.' With all this yearning going on inside me and all that preparation to become an actress, I was as ready as I could be when I was discovered as a teen-ager."

Sally was only four when her mother, a promising newcomer at Paramount, divorced Sally's father (pharmaceutical manufacturer Richard D. Field) and married Jock Mahoney, a cowboy star who twice played Tarzan in movies.

The youngster realized early on how much both her mother and stepfather loved their work, as well as that what they did for a living *was* work. This dual observation caused her to link her inborn affection for make-believe to an acceptance that hard work necessarily accompanied it.

Of her mother, who now lives with Sally and her children in Laurel Canyon, she has said: "She used to carry me around on her hip to her acting classes with Charles Laughton. And she was always reciting Shakespeare to me. I'm sure I didn't understand any of it at that age, but what was communicated was this immense love of what she was doing."

Obviously immune to the "acting bug," Sally's older brother, Rick Field, now 36, became a physicist. But her half-sister, Princess Mahoney, 25, is presently trying her wings in show business. Interestingly, in one of Sally's recent movies, *The End*, she was supported by all three acting members of the Mahoney family—Maggie, Jock and Princess, who, at 5′ 8″, towers over Sally but on whom the petite star dotes nonetheless.

Harking back to the recent changes in her life, Sally said, "As you know, I've always been a very singular person. A loner. Now, for the first time since high school, when I had one close girl friend, I have a friend."

She proudly introduced me to a most attractive young woman, Judy Steinberg, who was traveling with her.

When after a few minutes Judy excused herself and went to another room of the suite and was out of earshot, Sally happily reported: "Judy is just a very rare lady. I've known her and her husband David for almost four years now, but only in the last couple of years have we become such close friends. It's been a gradual process of us getting to know each other by degrees, step by step.

"After so many years of not having one, I didn't know how to have a friend. I admitted to her I didn't know what was expected. I would ask her: 'What does a friend do? What do you do with them? How do you use it? Do you spend the night?' That was where I had left off—when you had slumber parties.

"So Judy taught me. That you call when you feel like it but you keep in touch. That you are open and frank with one another. That it's okay to change your mind at the last minute or cancel a dinner appointment. I didn't know that. I thought you had to be what 'they' wanted you to be all the time—and if that was the case, well, no, thank you, I'd rather stay home forever.

"Judy," she continues, "is ele-

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"All in all," says Sally Field, the pint-sized powerhouse now rubbing shoulders with such giants in the industry as Michael Douglas, Jack Lemmon and Martin Ritt, "I'm pretty proud of my work."

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HOW TO KEEP THE LOVELIGHT GLOWING

Stress may occasionally dim it and the years may calm it, but with marital therapy and a little imagination, the thrill of sex in marriage can last forever.

by Carol Botwin

At a sex clinic recently, a man in his mid-20s explained that he was there at the insistence of his wife. After the honeymoon, his sexual desire for her had stopped.

Another man was there because he found his wife sexually repugnant since the birth of their first baby.

A 36-year-old woman told a psychiatrist there that she wanted to revive her sexual interest in her husband—an interest that had dissipated when she fell in love with her tennis pro.

A middle-aged woman said that she had never experienced much desire for her husband in the 15 years of their marriage, but now she felt she had been missing out on something.

These husbands and wives, typical of many being seen in sex clinics, are suffering from what psychiatrists and sex therapists have dubbed "inhibited sexual desire." It is now listed, for the first time, under sexual dysfunctions in the newly revised edition of *The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* of the American Psychiatric Association.

The fact of husbands turning off to wives, and vice versa, is, of course, nothing new. Still, it wasn't until very recently that serious scientific attention began being paid. Previously, the focus in sex research, from Kinsey to Masters and Johnson, had largely been on activity, rather than inactivity.

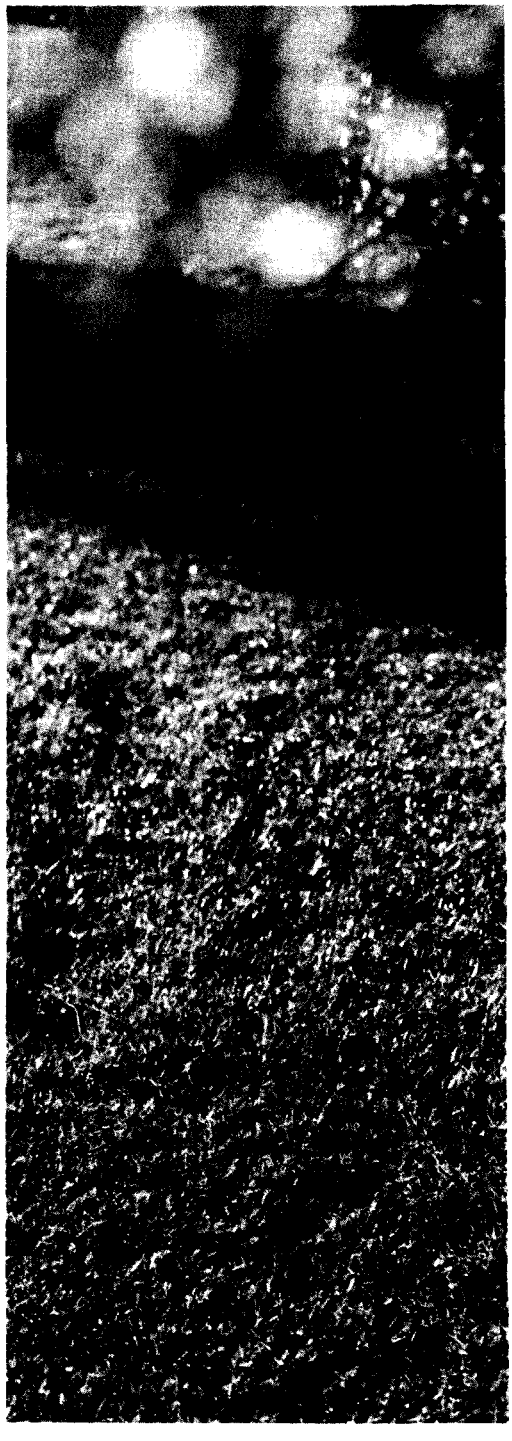
Two articles in important medical journals in the last three years called attention to the fact that there was a lot less sex in a lot more marriages than was previously assumed. A study of 100 couples, published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* last year in July, found that 33 percent of the husbands and wives were having intercourse two or three times a month or less.

A previous study of 365 husbands and wives by two Ph.D.s, John Edwards and Alan Booth, published in *The American Journal of Psychiatry,* revealed that one-third of them had ceased having intercourse for long periods of time. The median period of abstinence was eight weeks, but some husbands and wives had gone without sex for three months or longer. More than three-quarters of those studied were under 38 years of age, a time in life when most healthy couples generally have intercourse two or three times a week.

How prevalent is lack of desire in marriage? Dr. Harold Lief, professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine and director of the Marriage Council of Philadelphia, over a period of three months monitored 115 consecutive cases of patients with sexual problems. He found inhibited sexual desire to be the No. 1 complaint.

At Mount Sinai Medical Center in New York, lack of desire trails behind impotence, premature ejaculation and inability to achieve orgasm. But Dr. Raul Schiavi, director of the human-sexuality program and professor of psychiatry, reports that although both married and single people suffer from other sexual dysfunctions, *every* male patient who has sought treatment for lack of desire has been married.

Is inhibited sexual desire increasing? Is there something in our culture that feeds this inhibition? Or is the destruction of passion



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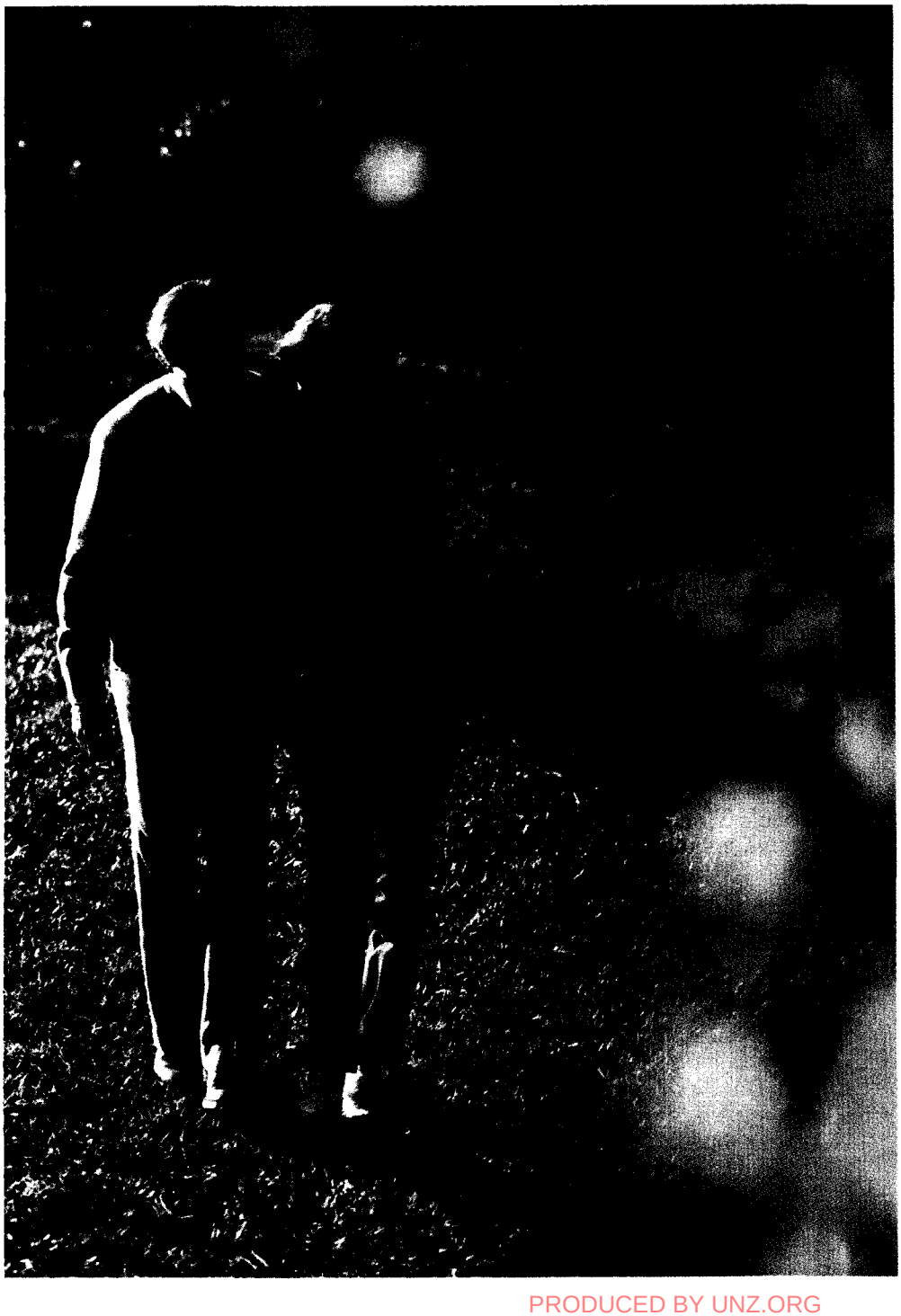
built into marriage itself? "We are not sure whether lack of desire is increasing or not," says Dr. Lief. "Doctors are more aware of it than in the past. We can't be certain whether our awareness is just uncovering more cases that always existed. It seems to me, though, that more people are complaining about it."

"Doctors hear more complaints," says Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, head of the human-sexuality program at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, "because people now know that help is available and they are asking for it. There is no upsurge in lack of desire. People just called it something else—impotence, lack of orgasm, or they would simply say, 'I have a sex problem.' Naturally, if you don't feel much desire, you aren't going to enjoy sex."

There is agreement among experts that rising sexual expectations created by our culture, which Dr. Lief terms "sex-obsessed," account, in part, for the large numbers of husbands and wives seeking treatment. Everybody wants a better sex life these days, but women in particular, according to Dr. Schiavi, have changed significantly.



"For many years the sexual experience in marriage was controlled by the husband," he says. "The wife was passive, acquiescent. She was not expected to enjoy sex. Also, women were expected to stay in marriage no matter what went on, so they put up with a husband who ignored them."

Dr. Lief finds the number of women complaining about their husbands today "striking," and he agrees that a great reversal has occurred: It used to be husbands who complained that their wives weren't interested enough in sex; now it is the wives complaining about their husbands.

Dr. Kaplan, author of a forthcoming book called *Disorders of Sexual Desire*, feels this to be particularly true about women in middle age, when sexual desire often increases. "The woman wakes up suddenly at a time in life when the man is 'tired'—his desire is decreasing," she says. "But among young couples in their 20s, it is more often the husband who is unhappy. He wants more sex than his wife does."

Most men and women being treated for inhibited sexual desire are in their 30s and 40s, but there are people of all ages. Both Dr. Lief and Dr. Kaplan have noticed an increase in the number of husbands and wives under 30. This doesn't necessarily mean that more young people are suffering from the dysfunction. Rather, according to Dr. Kaplan, there is more openness about sex these days and young people don't let the problem linger. The quicker the problem is caught, the better the chances for successful treatment.

There is no one answer to why husbands and wives lose interest in sex. A joke Dr. Lief tells is part of a large body of humor on the subject: A man recovering from illness is told not to get too excited about sex. "That's easy," he says. "I'll make love to my wife." Many men feel that making love to the same woman inevitably becomes boring.

Not so, says Dr. Otto Kernberg, medical director of the New York

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Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, Westchester Division, a psychiatric hospital: "A couple with a deep, stable relationship maintains sexual interest. Interest can go up or down according to tensions or irritations between the couple or according to whether one feels closer or more distant to a partner at different times, but the sexual interest never disappears." He continues, "Boredom sets in when there is a great deal of unconscious hostility. There is boredom when one is trying to avoid awareness that one is very angry or disappointed with the other person. Boredom is a coverup for feelings that are not recognized or expressed openly. Generally, 'bored' husbands and wives don't understand that hatred is as much a part of a relationship as love. Each must be able to tolerate both love and hatred toward a marriage partner. If a person can't, then he or she is unable to have an emotional relationship of depth, and sex becomes more and more mechanical and unfulfilling. It is then that one begins to think about change and variety and another man or woman as the answer to the boring, mechanical lovemaking."

Dr. Lief disagrees somewhat. He feels that boredom most often is a symptom of other troubles in a relationship but once in a while, he says, he does find couples with basically good, stable relationships who have simply fallen into a rut—sex in the same old way, at the same old time.

Dr. Kaplan says that occasionally she sees husbands and wives with good relationships who have only mild, superficial problems that cause sexual boredom. Often such minor problems are due to a simple failure to communicate what one does or doesn't want. An example of this is a husband who loved his wife but lost interest in her sexually because their lovemaking lacked variety. He felt he couldn't suggest innovations because she would realize he'd had different and better experiences with other women and would become jealous. In another instance, a wife liked her husband in other ways but was turned off only because he always touched her in a clumsy, rough manner. She was unable to explain this to him directly.

A couple with a deep, stable relationship, a relationship that may be nurtured on a blustery ski slope as well as in a cozy bedroom, maintains sexual interest.

Treatment and cure are simple when boredom occurs because of mild problems like those above or when husbands and wives have fallen into the kind of rut Dr. Lief describes.

Couples are taught to speak openly about their likes and dislikes and they are assigned specific behavioral sex-therapy exercises designed to make them more sensual, uninhibited, imaginative or effective with each other in lovemaking. For instance, the wife who was turned off by her husband's rough touch was told by the therapist to place her hand on her husband's and gently guide him. In this way, she was able to show him the pressure, rhythms and places that pleased her most during lovemaking.

Interestingly, it was by studying failures for *other* problems that Dr. Kaplan found that the functional difficulties that brought patients into treatment were not always the problem. They were really secondary symptoms. Many of those who did not respond to standard sex therapy were trying to have sex without really wanting to. They lacked desire.

She reached the same conclusion that Dr. Lief and others were also coming to: There was a missing link in the sex act as it had been conceptualized previously. Until very recently, sex experts had worked on the Masters-Johnson theory that there were four major stages of human sexual response where dysfunctions occur—the excitement, plateau, orgasm and resolution phases. Now, thanks largely to Dr. Kaplan and Dr. Lief,who began writing and speaking at professional meetings about it, there is general recognition of a fifth crucial phase—desire, a separate, distinct initial stage of lovemaking. If a person does not feel desire, he is suffering from a sexual problem like any other.

Once the desire phase was distinguished, experts could zero in on what interfered with it. What they found was a set of problems that were most often deeper, more complex and more resistant to treatment than the generally mild sexual anxieties and conflicts behind other dysfunctions.

To begin with, sex therapists today recognize the existence of two major categories of people who lack desire. There are those whose lack of appetite is general—they can't get interested in anyone. Then there are those who turn off selectively—they are unresponsive only to their spouses. Many who suffer from selective inhibited desire find, in affairs, the sexual excitement missing at home.

Although men have traditionally

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turned to affairs as a solution to lost desire for their wives, experts today are seeing more and more women willing to travel the same route. Illicit sex is indeed on the rise among wives.

Psychiatrists point out that the affair itself may be what causes desire to die in certain instances. Many husbands and wives unconsciously turn themselves off to their mates when they want to have an affair. Then, when they can't work up any excitement at home, they feel justified in finding a good sex life elsewhere. The reverse can also be true. Some men and women start an affair and then begin to feel guilty about it. Their guilt makes them lose all desire for the "wronged" mate.

Very often sexual appetite disappears because of long-standing personal psychological problems brought into the marriage by a husband or wife. A good example of this is a young woman who was able to have passionate sex with her husband during their courtship. Once married, however, the same man who had excited her suddenly left her cold. During therapy she said: "My mother never dreamed I would have sex before marriage, so I felt free to have it. After I was married, she knew I was having sex. She was in the bedroom with me, and I turned off."

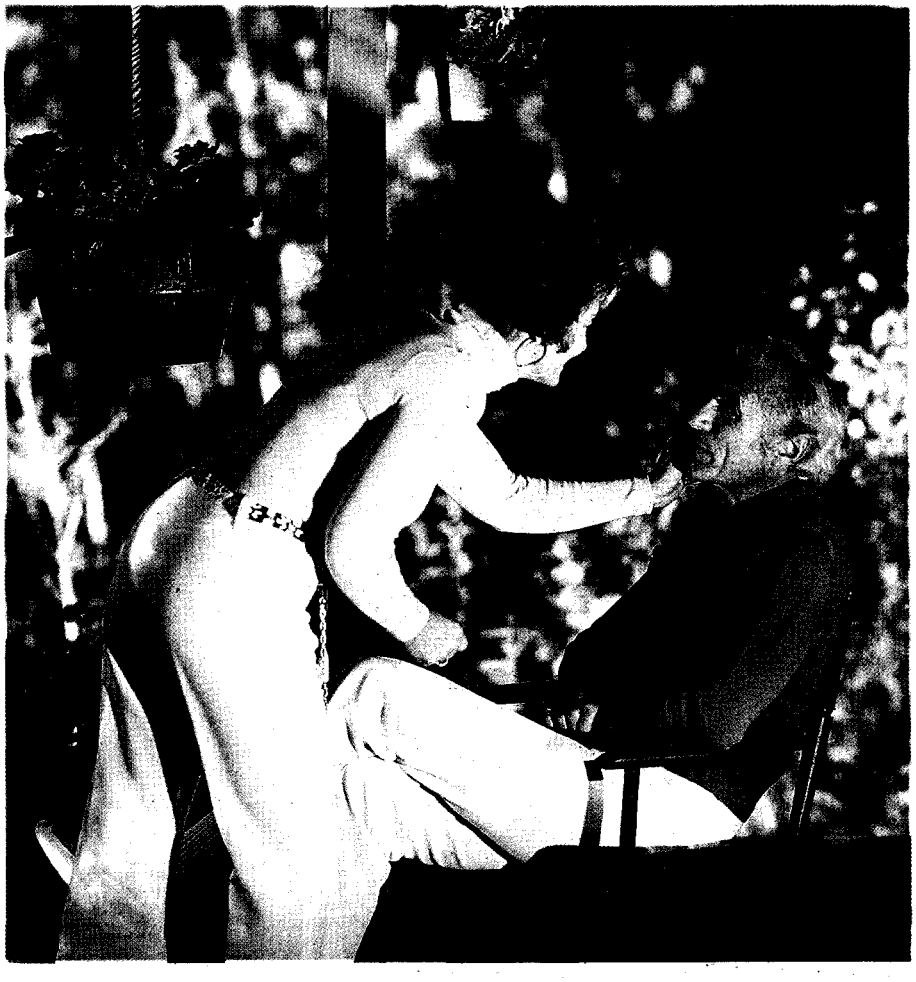
Parents can enter bedrooms in other ways, too, extinguishing desire. Dr. Kaplan explains: "When a woman, no matter what her age, gains a lot of weight and begins to look matronly, often her husband will begin to identify her with his own mother. He is, in effect, looking at his mother in bed, and, of course, he can't get excited. This can cause a man great despair because he still likes his wife. He thinks she is a lovely person, but he can't feel anything sexually for her." The same, she adds, can be true for women. "When a man starts to get a potbelly, be careless about his appearance or act like her father, the woman can get turned off, too."

For many men, unconscious identification of a wife as a "good" woman is what destroys passion. Men like this suffer from the madonna-prostitute syndrome, which therapists often find lurking in the male psyche. In this, women get divided into two camps, the good (madonna) and bad (prostitute); the bad women are for sex, the good ones are not to be touched. The man mentioned at the beginning of this article, the one who lost interest in his wife after the honeymoon, exemplifies this syndrome.

How prevalent is lack of desire in marriage? One doctor's study showed inhibited sexual desire to be the No. 1 complaint.

Among women, the sense of a mission accomplished sometimes snuffs out sex. These victims of inhibited sexual desire feel that their only role in life is to become a wife and a mother. One business executive complained bitterly: "My wife couldn't get enough sex all through our engagement and right up until the birth of our child. Then, all of a sudden, she didn't want any sex any more." Dr. Lief explains, "Certain women have a lifelong inhibition about sex, but they cloak it. They can act and even feel sexual because it is a way of getting a man or having their children. But after getting what they want, their job is done."

Other men and women are reacting to the fear of intimacy. "In our society," says Dr. Kaplan, "intimacy is more frightening than sex.



Sex may calm down after the first few years, desire may dim due to stresses and strains in a couple's life, but passion per se need not die at any age nor sex be anything but terrific after years of marriage.

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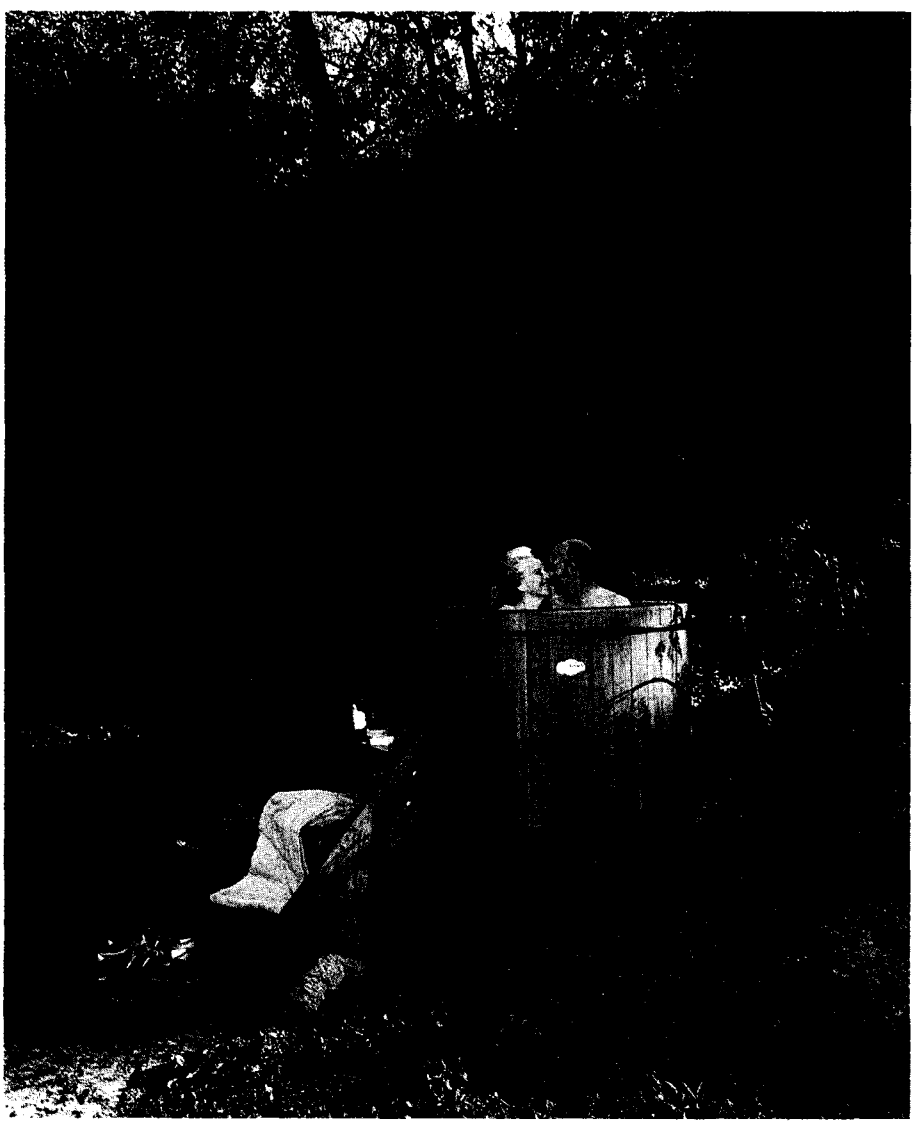
He felt he couldn't suggest innovations because she would realize he'd had different and better experiences with others. . .

This is somewhat more of a problem for men, but it is also true of women." Losing interest in sex is a way of loosening the bonds of closeness that some people view as a snare. The same is true of those with anxieties about commitment, fear of which, according to Dr. Lief, makes large numbers of men start affairs when a wife is pregnant or gives birth. Children tighten the commitment knot.

Still others, says Dr. Kaplan, fear success, and they use sex as a trade-off. They are generally people with a poor sense of self-esteem. They don't feel worthy of the good things in life; and so, for instance, when a big promotion comes their way, they are compelled to create disaster in another area. Losing desire for a mate is a devious way of compensating for their good fortune.



Sexual inhibition from bedroom boredom—with its same old ritual at the same old hour with the same old partner—is quickly dissolved in the sensually therapeutic waters of a hot tub or a stimulating conjugal shower.

The wrong attitude toward aging contributes to the waning of desire in some men. They feel they *should* be losing interest in sex as they grow older and so they do.

The prevalence of narcissism in our times also plays into the lack-of-desire syndrome. Dr. Kernberg, a leading authority on narcissistic personalities, explains: "Once the narcissistic man possesses his mate he devalues her and sex becomes mechanical, unfulfilling. He also places a great deal of value on physical attractiveness, and he may lose interest in a woman as she ages. For some narcissistic women, sex is used as merchandise to obtain a man's favors. They aren't much interested in sex to begin with."

Two other motifs in our society—stress and depression—are leading causes of a generalized lack of desire that makes one immune to the charms not only of a mate, but of everyone. For a smaller number of people, desire is gradually killed off by the persistence of some other sexual dysfunction that makes them wish to avoid further failures in bed.

Illnesses, such as hepatitis, and certain drugs, such as those used to treat hypertension, alcoholism and a low hormonal level, in a very few cases have been implicated in causing lack of desire. But by far, say the experts, the leading reason why sex dies in marriage is the relationship itself. "Fifty percent of the cases I see are caused by marital interaction," says Dr. Lief.

Underlying rage is generally so strong that it even outweighs the pleasure principle—the psychological theory that holds that human beings tend to want to repeat gratifying experiences. Apparently, no pleasure is strong enough to overcome the overt or covert battle that exists between certain husbands and wives. Experts have found that when those who suffer from lack of desire somehow get inveigled into sex, they find it enjoyable, but they are so subliminally hostile to their partners that they are not easily tempted to repeat the pleasurable experience.

What makes the new treatment of lack of desire different from

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therapy for other sexual problems? For one thing, time. For orgasmic difficulties, treatment lasts about 14 sessions. It is not unusual to rack up 30 sessions in the treatment of inhibited sexual desire.

Techniques differ markedly as well. The usual sex therapy relies heavily on sexual exercises and tasks that the patient is asked to perform in private. Although these are sometimes used as well, the emphasis in the treatment of blocked desire is on psychotherapy of one kind or another.

The actual treatment chosen depends upon the cause. Physical illnesses or drugs that inhibit sexuality are ruled out first. If depression is found, that is what gets treated rather than the dysfunction. Antidepressant drugs work in most cases, and once the depression lifts, sexual interest generally returns automatically.

When conflicts in the marriage are at the heart of the matter, marital therapy is recommended. If the problem turns out to be mostly a personal one, individual psychotherapy is chosen. Sometimes specific sexual exercises are recommended in conjunction with other treatments. Recently, Dr. Lief has been experimenting with group therapy for desire disorders. In all forms of treatment, what is stressed is the fact that a patient is able to control whether he turns off or not much more than he realizes. He is taught to recognize whatever it is that switches off desire in him.

In one recent therapy session with Dr. Kaplan, a husband was asked to tell her what had happened the previous night when he had felt like making love but suddenly turned off.

A few sessions later, this patient complained that, the night before, his wife had left dishes piled up in the kitchen and it had made him so angry that he didn't feel like sex.

After listening to similar excuses on several more occasions, Dr. Kaplan asked: "Why do you suppose you always manage to have negative thoughts about your wife whenever lovemaking is imminent?"

"What do you mean?" the patient exclaimed. "That's not what happens." But after further discussion and introspection in therapy, he began to realize that, indeed, there was a hidden pattern and purpose to his actions. Armed with new knowledge that he was, in fact, turning himself off, the patient was able to ignore or banish his anti-erotic thoughts when they occurred and flow with his sexual feelings instead.

As important as what is being treated is what is *not* being treated—specifically, Dr. Kaplan emphasizes, impossible situations. These might include a husband whose wife is obese and crippled by arthritis, or a wife in love with her tennis instructor. "The husband's lack of attraction has a basis in reality," Dr. Kaplan says, and as far as the wife is concerned, "there is no way you can train someone to desire a spouse if they are in love with someone else."

If a husband or wife is having an affair, treatment has such a poor chance of success that it will not be attempted unless the other person is given up.

Dr. Kaplan also points to a third kind of imposssible situation. People often marry for a variety of reasons that have nothing to do with attraction—financial security, status, the desire for a stable life. "If a wife married her physician-husband because he was a 'good catch,' but he is staid, compulsive, unathletic and short, and she really goes for tall, hip-looking, active, emotional men, nothing is going to make him sexually attractive to her," she says.

The chances of being cured of sexual ennui have improved tremendously in the last three or four years. Although official figures aren't available yet, one source estimates that the success rate has more than tripled. The husbands and wives who stand the greatest chance of being helped are those whose anger doesn't run too deep, who haven't let the sexual moratorium go on for too many years, and who still would find a partner attractive if marital or neurotic problems were overcome.

There is another, final bit of good news about sex in marriage coming from the world of sex research. The thrill really *can* last forever, says Dr. Kaplan. Sex may calm down after the first two years together, as it does in nearly every marriage. Desire may occasionally dim due to the many stresses and strains in a couple's life, but passion per se need not die. In her current study of happy, long-term relationships, Dr. Kaplan has found men and women whose eyes still light up when one sees the other enter a room, even after decades of marriage. And the sex? After 20, 30 or 40 years, they still find it terrific.

Continued on page 124

Inhibited sexual desires in the animal world are unknown. To paraphrase King Solomon, "Go to the leopards, or rabbits, or lovebirds, thou sluggard, and observe their ways."

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ROMANCE IN THE SHELL

Wooing Candy Bergen with peanuts was nutty, but a box of Valentine chocolates might have given a cover girl pimples.

by Ken Artis

I'll be accused of being a name dropper because of this, but I happened to be going to the same school that Candice Bergen was, the University of Pennsylvania. We were both in the Class of 1967.

During my first week at school, I went to a mixer. As a freshman, I showed up in my blazer with the school seal sewn to the breast pocket, a blue button-down shirt with a red-and-blue (school colors, of course) rep tie, gray slacks and penny loafers—sans pennies. I was still part of the neatly combed hair ethic. I sported a part, a pompadour and the wet look. All I lacked was a beanie and a megaphone saying "Pennsylvania" on it to make me look like the president of the local Rudy Vallee fan club. I was pretty clean-cut and looked about 12 years old.

I slipped into the mixer aware of the fact that I had never been much of a lady killer in high school. I'd find them after they had been dead and frequently well picked-over. I felt goofy as I surveyed the scene. There were hundreds of other freshmen there—all intensely casual. To me, they looked very sharp wearing their black blazers, blue button-down shirts, red-and-blue ties, etc. To an outsider, we would have looked as regimented as any group of Chinese communists—except that we were an army of the elite. Everyone looked as though he knew his lines cold. I was straining to hear the prompter.

To supplement the situation, there were hostesses, usually juniors, whose sole function was to provide introductions to whomever we would like to meet. Theoretically, this should have been a great boon to me, but even with this assistance, I was reluctant to jump in. Instead, I moseyed around talking with friends from the dormitory. You really couldn't call them "friends" since I had only known them for two days. What they were was familiar faces in this crowd of people who didn't know me. As we talked, I spotted a truly beautiful girl walking down the stairs.

She brought to mind all the studying I had done of the "Back-to-School" issue of *Esquire* or some magazine similar to it—the section devoted to freshmen—on how to make it in college. Advice on how to become a social lion quickly; kind of "How You Too Can Become George Hamilton." Or was it George Jessel?

The minute I saw the girl, I abandoned my friends. Propelled mainly by adrenalin, I approached a hostess and introduced myself. That was easy, because she had a role. After the perfunctory exchange, I said, "I would like to meet her," and pointed to the beautiful girl.

"Certainly," said the hostess. There was no turning back now. Somewhat sheepishly, I followed the hostess. (I was so sheepish that I did everything but bleat. I was clenched.)

If I hadn't been wearing loafers, my shoes would have been untied. It was that type of moment for me. The hostess obligingly introduced me to the girl. Her name was Candice Bergen. That didn't ring any bells back in 1963. As a matter of fact, I didn't hear the full name at first and thought that the hostess had said "Candice Berg." That really astonished me. "Impossible," I thought. "If her name is 'Berg,' I am in the presence of the world's greatest nose job."

Candice repeated her name for me, and I quickly adjusted my perspective to appreciate someone who might have been Miss Norway. On looking at her more closely, I realized that the only way she could have been any more Scandinavian-looking would have been for her to be wearing skis. A really great-looking girl.

We carried on the normal sort of chitchat like, "Where did you go to school?" I told her that I had gone to Haddonfield Memorial High School. She told me that she had gone to school in Switzerland. She rattled off the name of the school. Naturally, I had never heard of the place. But I had the presence of mind not to ask how their football team was. I had a feeling that it was not that sort of school. We parted company shortly after that, saying things like we'll see each other around, the sort of things that people say under such circumstances.

The semester moved along, and I found myself seeing a great deal of Miss Bergen. Lest I be accused of misrepresentation, I would like to clarify that I was seeing her from afar. She seemed to be everywhere on campus. I'd run across her waiting to buy books, to register, in the library. I'd simply say "hello." I developed a mild crush.

While most of us were experiencing the dislocation of our freshman year, Candice was becoming a celebrity in her own right as a fashion model. I was aware of this. From time to time friends would razz me about my crush and ask me why I didn't ask her out. While the idea was appealing, I had no idea of where to take this remarkable creature. There I was—stymied.

In the meantime, Candice continued to blossom. Rumor had it that she was dating George Hamilton (this was before his ornithological adventures at The Ranch). Allegedly, he was picking her up at the dorms in a Rolls-Royce. I didn't even have a theory on how to compete with that.

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I brooded, though not darkly, over this and carved out a social life of my own. I did my share of awkward freshman dating that let me discover the difference between being a high school boy and a college man. College cost more.

My freshman year ended without fanfare. I spent the summer at home working in a drugstore. Candice seemed to follow me home. I couldn't get away from her because she appeared on the cover of nearly every major magazine, in the "People" section of *Time* and on the packaging of some Revlon products. Plus she was doing some commercials. She was an inescapable face looking in coolly on my summer. For a man with a crush, it was awful.

I returned to Penn armed with the same sort of information garnered the year before when I read that magazine's "Back-to-School" issue. The number preceding my sophomore year was directed toward the "man of the world" who wanted to ensnare the woman of his dreams in the event that the woman seemed unattainable. The advice given was to develop a parallel interest. That seemed reasonable.

At some point during the summer I had read that Candice was interested in photography. Well, that seemed like a feasible parallel interest to me. Fortunately, I had a long-standing interest in photography going back to elementary school, so I could at least be sincere. Looking back on it, I can see how lucky I was that she was not interested in skydiving. I would have wound up a paratrooper.

I practiced my line for weeks: "Oh, my gosh, I must have sent the elephant the chocolates."

I knew that it would be necessary to have a place for our parallel interests to intersect. I discovered that the University of Pennsylvania did not have a photography club. That didn't slow me down. I founded the Photographic Society of the University of Pennsylvania.

As things turned out, my interest in photography grew, and I became deeply involved in it. I also made sure that Miss Bergen was aware of the Society by sending her notices of our meetings. She never attended one.

Candice and I were also in the same art class. Sadly, it was not a small, intimate seminar; instead, it was a lecture of about 500 others. Even among that number of people, she was a standout, in spite of the fact that the lecture hall was darkened most of the time as we listened to a slide presentation. I don't mean to say that I could detect Miss Bergen by her aura or by virtue of anything else supernatural. I could hear her.

Before almost every lecture, I had noticed, she bought a bag of freshly roasted peanuts from a vendor on the corner of 34th and Spruce Streets. He sold them still in the shell. When I couldn't hear her rustling the paper bag as she reached for one, I could hear her cracking the shells and then dropping them on the floor.

One day I was walking up the steps of the student union to reach the darkroom on the third floor. When I came to the second floor, whom did I see lying down on a long leather couch in the hallway but Candice Bergen. She was reclining with her eyes closed, a hand on her forehead. There was a guy with her. That hardly surprised me. What did surprise me was the fact that they seemed to be arguing. I did not care for his tone. I don't remember his exact words, but I remember the gist. He said, "I bet you don't go out very much. Do you?"

And she said, "No, nothing ever seems to work out. I try my best, but nothing ever works out."

I was embarrassed to be overhearing this. Not wishing to hear any more, I bounded up the rest of the stairs to the darkroom.

As I worked there I could not help thinking about what I had heard. It seemed to me that one of the most beautiful women in the world could not have a tough time socially. I couldn't have been more puzzled. This was at a point in my life when I thought that looks were everything. I now realize that this is not entirely true, but it might as well be.

The only thing that I could think to do was to take advantage of the fact that the month was February and to send her a valentine. I was enthusiastic about the idea, but at the same time, I thought that it might be a bit juvenile to simply send a valentine. It had to be distinctive—original—memorable. The notion of sending a heart filled with chocolates did not seem like a brainstorm to me. I needed some counseling. Desperately.

I knew better than to take up this problem with any of my friends back at the dorms. That seemed not only indiscreet but certain to cause me aggravation, since I was sure that their suggestions would be both obscene and derisive.

There was no issue of that magazine to consult on the matter. And it was probably a good thing, since my previous experience with its advice got me involved in a hobby that had cost me about $2,000 in cameras and equipment (and the end was not in sight).

Inasmuch as the problem centered on a girl and her feelings, I decided to consult with a girl. Taking up the matter with anyone at Penn was out of the question. It would turn into gossip. Luckily, I knew a girl at Chestnut Hill College, a small Catholic girls' school in Philadelphia. She and I had gone to high school together, and I could trust her to be discreet.

My trusted friend was astonished to hear of Miss Bergen's problems. While she didn't gloat, I could tell that she immediately felt better about the direction of her social life at a small Catholic girls' school with a curfew. She listened intently and asked some questions. The look on her face indicated that she might be able to make a very clever suggestion. It was a waste of hopeful emotion on my part.

She suggested that I send Candice a valentine filled with chocolates. The idea was still fairly repulsive to me. But it was a natural for my friend to come up with. She had been able to eat chocolate all through school and never have a pimple. Most of the rest of the people that I knew could see the name Hershey, Penn-

Continued on page 98

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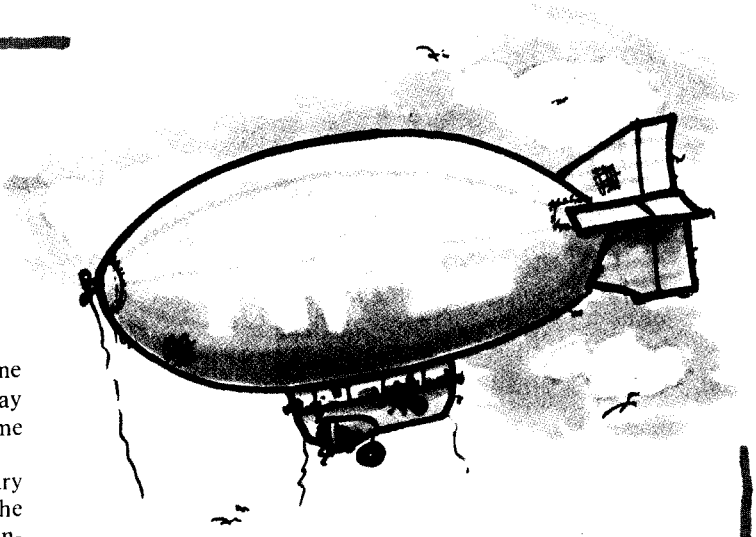
The Big Game

Take a run at this Super Bowl quiz... and kick yourself if you don't pass.

by Harold Rosenthal



Football's founding fathers conceived the game originally as a pastime to take care of the Saturday afternoons roughly from shortly after Labor Day to some time before Christmas.

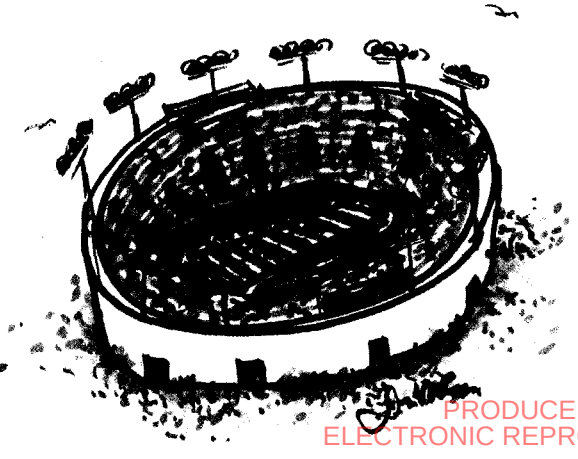
Now, thanks to the magic of television, a late-January football game is (a) the biggest single sports event on the North American continent, (b) a disrupter of Sunday dinner for more than 100,000,000 people and (c) an attraction for the cream of the nation's pickpockets, forcing them to leave home for a week to make a half-year's income (not reportable to the IRS) in whatever warm-weather city the Super Bowl is being played. Jammed stadium entrances before and after the game are a grifter's dream. Crowded elevators at the hotels in town aren't bad either. The Super Bowl itself was no particular person's dream. Shortly after the American Football League came into being in 1960, it challenged the National Football League to a post-season game to decide the world championship. It was told to go scratch. Six years later, when the two leagues merged so as to stop cutting each other's throats, things were different and the first game between the two leagues was hastily put together. It was played at the end of the 1966 season, in January 1967.

It wasn't called the "Super Bowl" then, but was billed by the cumbersome title of "AFL-NFL World Championship Game," a tag that lasted a couple of years. That Roman numeral stuff came in after a while and stuck despite attempts by some to junk it with lines like, "A XVII-point underdog? No way is Baltimore that much better than the Jets. I'm sending in IIIM on the Jets. And it's XI to V in man-to-man betting."

Here's a chance to find out how much your friends really know—or don't know—about the gridiron game: the players, the traditions, the funny stories and the myths. Test yourself first so you don't fumble when you should look fantastic. Then play a game of "Super Bowl 20 Questions" with your trivia-minded cronies.

1. Where did the name "Super Bowl" come from?

2. Where was the first Super Bowl game played, and how successful was it?



3. What was the first Super Bowl that the American Football League (later Conference) won?

4. What was the first Super Bowl game in which two "expansion" teams played?

5. Who was the first player to win four Super Bowl championship rings?

6. Unlike baseball, where a World Series share depends on the gates of the first four games, Super Bowl performers get a flat fee for winning or losing. What are the payments?

7. Acting as referee on the team of officials at the Super Bowl is regarded as the No. 1 plum in the business. Two men have been picked three times. Who are they?

8. Only two men, both quarterbacks, have been named MVP twice in Super Bowl competition. Who are they?

9. Franco Harris's 158 yards rushing, set in 1975, is a single-game record in the Super Bowl. Whose previous record did he break?

10. Has a left-handed passer ever led a team to a Super Bowl victory?

11. The Super Bowl was conceived as a warm-weather attraction and has been played variously in southern California, New Orleans, Houston and Miami. What broke the Sun Belt string?

12. Has the MVP award in the Super Bowl ever gone to a player on a losing team?

13. Minnesota holds the record for being in four losing Super Bowl efforts. Fran Tarkenton was the quarterback in three. Who was the other starting quarterback, and who replaced him when he was injured late in the game?

14. The Super Bowl is regarded as the "hottest" ticket in American sports, meaning it's the most highly regarded and sought after. In one Super Bowl, tickets literally went begging. Which one?

15. In Super Bowl VII, Miami was leading Washington by a nice two-touchdown margin when an untoward event occurred that made the outcome uncomfortably close for the Dolphins. What was it?

16. What Super Bowl was decided in the final nine seconds?

17. What Super Bowl winner was cheered on by 80,000 fans waving handkerchiefs?

18. Which group a few years later used towels?

19. Who said, "Let's not look at the movies; we might become too confident"?

20. Max McGee went out on a tremendous note of victory in Super Bowl I. What were the circumstances?

(answers on following page)

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Answers

1. Lots of people take credit for this one. Actually, it was Lamar Hunt's young son, playing with a toy ball called a "Super Ball," who did it. The idea of "AFL-NFL World Championship Game" was driving everyone nuts, and besides, there wouldn't be any AFL shortly. Lamar Hunt looked at his boy's toy, patted him on the head and called his confreres, telling them that the name for the game was now taken care of.

2. The first Super Bowl (see "AFL-NFL World Championship Game") was played in the Los Angeles Coliseum, which was only two-thirds filled. Green Bay vs. Kansas City didn't have much appeal for the Californians. Special trips to the game were still off in the future.

3. The third game, Jets vs. Colts, was the American Football League's first victory. And in good time, too. There was a considerable faction in the newer league afraid of the one-sided aspects of the first two Green Bay victories, and they were suggesting that the game be eliminated.

4. Dallas beat Miami in Super Bowl VI, in New Orleans, and this marked the first clash of "expansion" teams in the post-season championship.

5. Marv Fleming, a tight end who began with Green Bay and finished playing for Miami, picked up two rings with each of these clubs in Super Bowls. He posed with all four, with only his thumb uncovered. It was real funny-looking.

6. Each man on the winning team gets $18,000, losers, $9,000. Officials get $1,500, no matter what position they work, and are picked on the basis of the quality of their performance during the season just past. It costs in the vicinity of a million dollars to put on the game, but if you multiply 100,000 seats times $30 and tack on another four or five million for TV, there's a comfortable margin for profit.

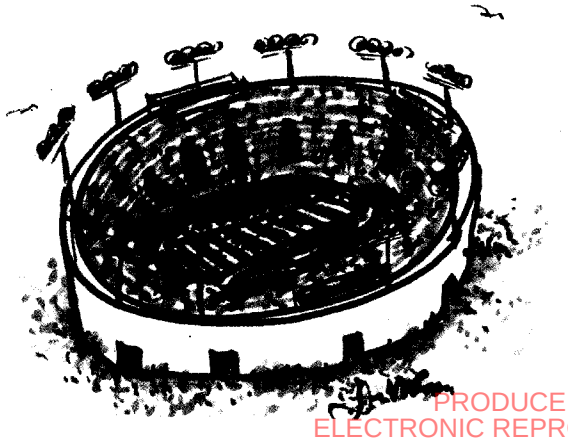
7. Norm Schachter and Jim Tunney, both Californians, have been selected as referees for three Super Bowls.

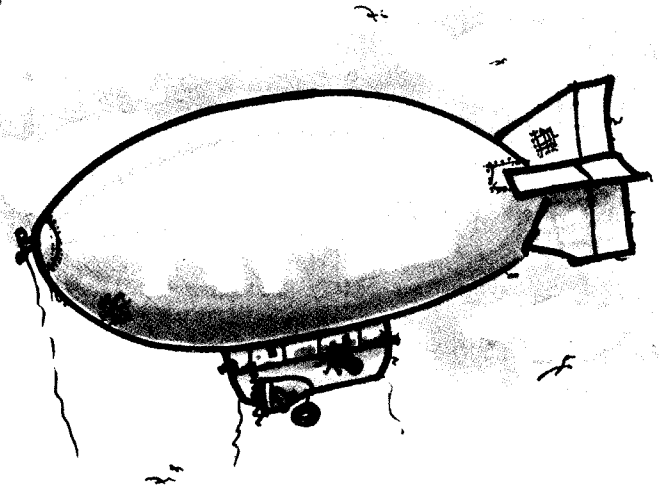
8. MVP honors in the Super Bowl have gone twice to Bart Starr of Green Bay, who enjoyed the honor first, and to Pittsburgh's Terry Bradshaw.

9. Franco Harris's Super Bowl rushing record of 158 yards broke a record of 145 yards set by Miami's Larry Csonka in Super Bowl VIII.

10. When Oakland won Super Bowl XII, Ken Stabler, a left-hander, was at the helm. He enjoyed a comparatively easy triumph over Minnesota.

11. The NFL voted to hold the 1982 Super Bowl game (after the 1981 season) in the Pontiac (Michigan) Silverdome, a covered job that houses 80,000. Political considerations played a part here.





12. Chuck Howley, Dallas linebacker, was voted the MVP award in Super Bowl V, when the Cowboys lost to Baltimore.

13. In Super Bowl IV, the Kansas City Chiefs worked Minnesota's Joe Kapp over rather thoroughly, forcing him out of the game in the fourth quarter. His place was taken by Gary Cuozzo, once a backup quarterback behind Johnny Unitas at Baltimore.

14. In Super Bowl I, played in Los Angeles, the game was a tough sell and the radio and newspapers carried day-of-the-game ads telling of the availability of good seats. The two television networks carried the game simultaneously, which didn't help the gate, either. But after that, the games became a scalper's dream.

15. Garo Yepremian, one of the great kickers the game has known, found himself in an unusual and unwanted role in Super Bowl VIII. He was attempting a field goal to add to Miami's comfortable 14-0 lead and it was blocked. Yepremian picked it up and—horrors—tried to pass it. It wobbled into the hands of Washington defensive back Mike Bass, who went half the field with it for a touchdown, which suddenly made a game of it. Miami managed to win, and Yepremian never tried another pass.

16. Super Bowl V, Baltimore over Dallas, was decided in the last nine seconds on Jim O'Brien's successful field goal from in close. Baltimore killed the clock until there was little chance of Dallas coming back after the three-pointer—standard procedure.

17. Miami fans came up with the waving-handkerchiefs idea.

18. Later, Pittsburgh was waved on by the "Terrible Towels," a more colorful display—they were all yellow.

19. The Jets, led by the sagacious little Weeb Ewbank, spotted plenty on the Colts' films they examined (a perfectly legal thing to do) before Super Bowl III. Joe Namath is supposed to have made the crack about not becoming overconfident, but let's give it to Ewbank, where it belongs. What the Jets spotted was a weakness in the Colts' defensive line. Two of their starting front four never played another game.

20. Max McGee was coming to the end of a career as a receiver with the Packers in the first Super Bowl. That season he had caught only two passes. Then Boyd Dowler, the starter, was hurt and McGee had a big afternoon in which he caught seven passes, two for touchdowns.

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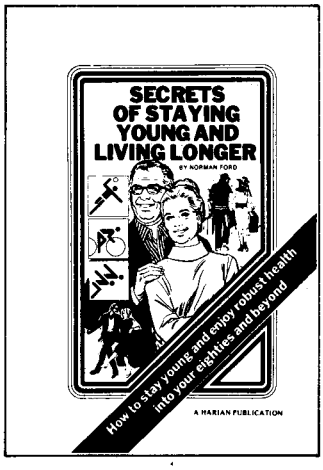
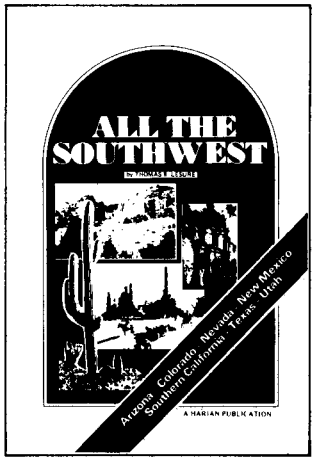
Live The Good Life!


SECRETS OF STAYING YOUNG AND LIVING LONGER
BY NORMAN FORD
How to stay young and enjoy robust health into your eighties and beyond
A HARIAN PUBLICATION

• **SECRETS** *By Norman Ford*

Here are the natural techniques that will give you restful, unbroken sleep night after night . . . boundless energy and stamina for the rest of your life . . . and a vigorous sex life till well into your 80s. You learn to cope with stress and achieve deep and lasting relaxation. How to help prevent killer diseases like cancer and immunization against all forms of cardiovascular disease.



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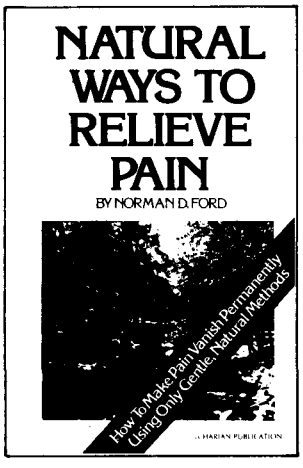

• **NATURAL WAYS TO RELIEVE PAIN**
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A complete guide to finding what you seek in Florida hotels, transportation, and other travel bargains
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• **FLORIDA** *By Norman Ford*

A guide to everything you want to know about Florida, whether you want to vacation here, get a job, open a business, buy or rent a home, retire, or buy real estate for profit. Norman Ford actually makes retirement in Florida possible now for many who otherwise would wonder how they ever could afford to take life easy. You're given all the facts to choose just the spot where Florida offers exactly what you seek.

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POST SCRIPTS

Teller No

A man walked into a bank and handed the teller this note: "I'm a desperate man. Give me all your money and I promise there'll be no funny business."

The homely teller quickly scribbled back this note: "I'm a desperate woman. What kind of funny business are you offering?"

—Terry Gatesh

Contact Sport

The two salesmen were discussing the day's work. "I made some very important contacts today," said the first.

"I didn't sell anything today, either," replied the second.

—Ray Tillmann

Lifetime Warranty

A young housewife whose husband was in the foreign service accompanied him to his post in Africa. After she'd suffered through two severe bouts with malaria, her doctor decided she should return to the States—the sooner the better.

There was no time to write her parents, so after her husband saw her off on the first available flight, he cabled them:

"SENDING PRODUCT BACK TO MANUFACTURER FOR ROUTINE REPAIRS AND MAINTENANCE STOP LOVE FRED"

—Leigh Tucker

Watcheth Thy Step

The foot, that wond'rous terminus,
(To leap without? Non Possumus!)
Doth daily doff the leather sheath
To find itself betwixt the teeth.

—Mark Walston

Historic Inflation

The worst thing about history is that it repeats itself—and every time it does, the price goes up.

—Lucille J. Goodyear

Efficiency Expert

On a street corner a panhandler approached a prosperous-looking gentleman.

"Please, sir, will you give me $20?" implored the beggar.

"Twenty dollars!" exclaimed the gentleman. "That's a lot of money."

"Well," explained the panhandler, "I find it saves time to put all my begs in one ask-it."

Lucille Boyce

Sleeper Hit

Local anesthetic: Your neighbor's color slides.

—Richard O. Loffler

Split the Nab

The small town's one-man police force received a three-part photo of a criminal wanted by the Boston police. In the center was a full-face photo, with the criminal's left profile on one side and his right profile on the other.

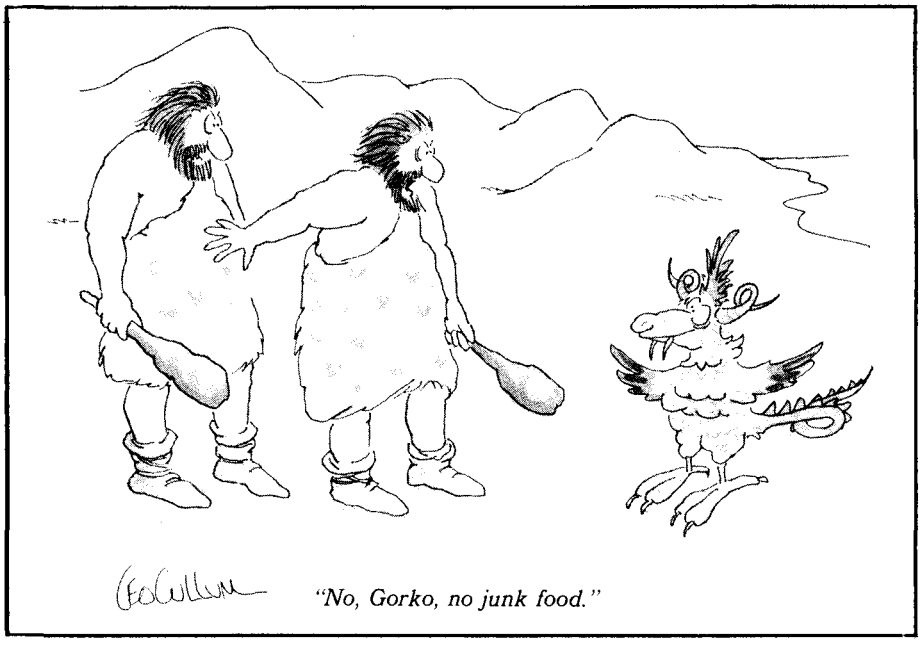
About a week later, the Boston police received a telegram from the village policeman. It said: "We collared the rascal in the middle all right, but we're still looking for them other two bums."

—Kenneth E. Hall

Suspicious Itch

If allergies
sometimes result in hives,
then tell me, please,
will those of us
who suffer hives
someday erupt in bees?

—Lynette Combs



"No, Gorko, no junk food."

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Movie Exper-Tease

How's your cinema savvy? Test it by identifying the following titles:

1. Timepiece on a glass of white wine.
2. Scopes trial of the '20s.
3. Petite scorekeeper.
4. Former tennis champ plays against wife.
5. Feature of a pony burlesque show.
6. New parents are constantly doing this in conversation.
7. Moroccan "white house."
8. The full-value dollar.
9. Julius as a toddler.
10. Carrie's mother's claim to fame.

Answers

a. *Horsefeathers*
b. *Casablanca*
c. *Birth of a Nation*
d. *Watch on the Rhine*
e. *Gone With the Wind*
f. *Little Miss Marker*
g. *Bringing Up Baby*
h. *Little Caesar*
i. *Monkey Business*
j. *Kramer vs. Kramer*

Answer key: (1)d; (2)i; (3)f; (4)j; (5)a; (6)g; (7)b; (8)e; (9)h; (10)c.

—Rosemarie Williamson

Hot Item

A recent study indicates as many as 10,000 TV sets catch fire each year—but that's not enough to do any real good.

—Lane Olinghouse

Catchy Comeback

The safari party returned from a three-week hunting trip and was asked: "Did you have any luck on your hunt?"

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"What did you get?"

"Back," was the triumphant answer.

—Rose Sands

Well, I'll Be a Monkey's...

A clergyman at a dinner had listened to a talkative young man who had much to say on Darwin and his *The Origin of the Species.*

"I can't see," concluded the young man, "what difference it would make to me if my grandfather were an ape."

"No, I can't see that it would," the clergyman agreed, "but it would have made a great difference to your grandmother."

—John A. Johnston

Twice-Told Tale

"It goes without saying,"
Someone will say,
And promptly say it
Anyway!

—Bert Murray

Pilgrims' Progress

Two inexperienced yachtsmen, hoping they were headed for New York Harbor, found themselves storm-tossed on the Atlantic. One turned from his chart table to the other and said, "I think you ought to take off your hat!"

"Why?" asked his surprised companion.

"Because," replied the amateur navigator, "according to my calculations, we just entered St. Patrick's Cathedral."

—T.J. McInerney

Con Job

The prospective employer finished reading the resume and turned to the job applicant.

"I see that you were at your last place 16 years. Why did you leave?"

"Had to. My parole came through."

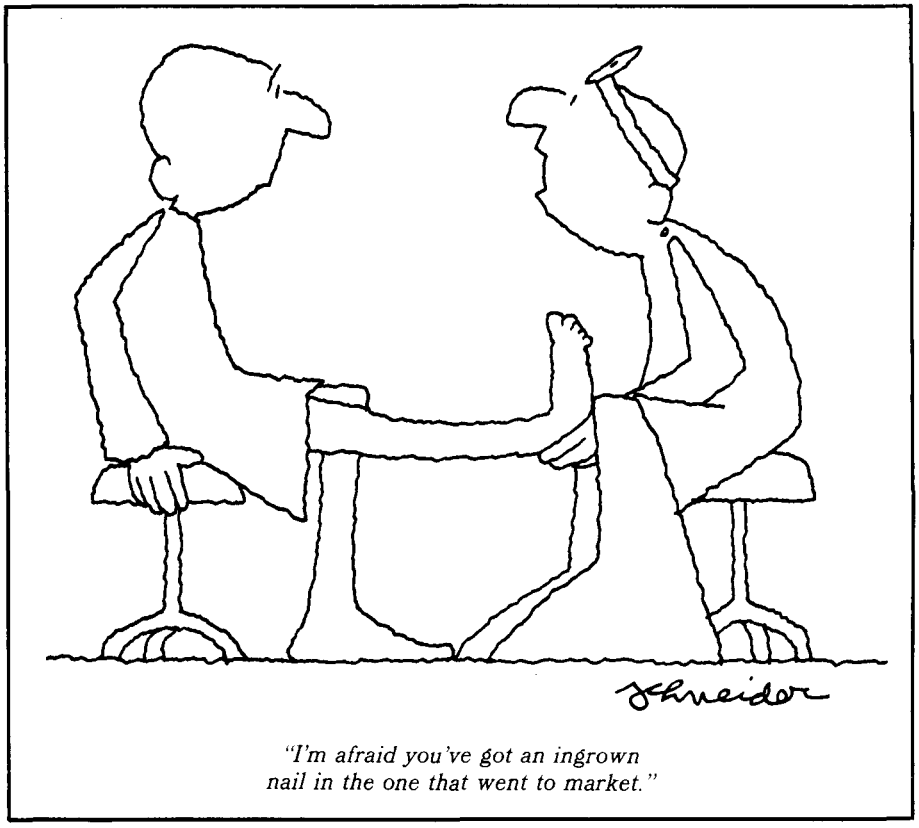
—A.H. Berzen

Vas Ist Upmaken Der Boys?

Vas ist upmaken der boys?
Croakers und snailers
und poochenpup tailers;
Das ben upmaken der boys.

Vas ist upmaken der Frauleins?
Flirten mit tricken
und reddisch lipsticken;
Das ben upmaken der Frauleins.

—Dave Morrah



"I'm afraid you've got an ingrown nail in the one that went to market."

Educated Circles

My parents acknowledge
They sent me to college
To earn enough money to go on
To send mine, in turn,
Who also must earn
Enough to send theirs—and so on.

—Laurence Eisenlohr

Dead Sure

My doctor said, "Well, it looks like you have a little bronchitis."

"Doctor," I said, "I've heard about a doctor who diagnosed bronchitis and the patient later died of pneumonia."

"When I diagnose bronchitis," he said, "the patient dies of bronchitis."

—Fred Ebel

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Can you name this photo?

. . . contest: $100 to the author of the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. $100 will also be awarded to the photographer, amateur or professional, whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. (Black-and-white photos are preferred. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.) Send entries to Photo Contest, SatEvePost Editorial Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by January 30, 1981.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Robert Paesano of Claridge, Pennsylvania, for the winning entry in our November photo caption contest.

He was aviation's top ace
But his final curtain he's faced;
He heard engines stall
So he tried a free fall
And now he's a real basket case.

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EASTER PARADE
CHEEK TO CHEEK
BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE
HEART OF MY HEART
I WANT A GIRL
TALES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS
THIRD MAN THEME
WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP THAT OLD GANG OF MINE
GOOD NIGHT SWEETHEART
VAYA CON DIOS
PEG O MY HEART
BYE BYE BABY
THE BAND PLAYED ON
WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM
HARBOR LIGHTS
CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO
BLUE SKIRT WALTZ
AND THAT FAMOUS LOMBARDO MEDLEY
FAR AWAY PLACES
MOONLIGHT & ROSES
AULD LANG SYNE

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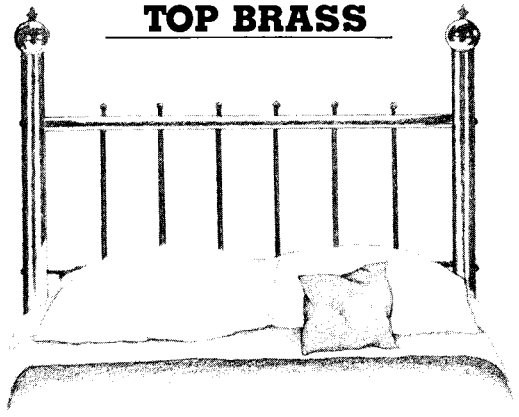
Tools for Living cuts through the proliferation of products to bring you unusually worthy items that make your life easier and better in a changing world. The way we select items is decidedly subjective. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for innovative well-designed items that are honestly useful and do what they say they do—at a reasonable cost. The items we sell do what *we* say they do. They have to; they're guaranteed. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it is easier to shop this way.

PASS THE CHEESE PLEASE

Given the price of select cheese (more per pound than steak), it is a shame to get shortchanged on flavor. Yet most of us do, because we serve cheese right out of the refrigerator. But the true delicacy of a cheese's taste and texture only emerge at room temperature. So the best environment for keeping cheese is not the icebox (except for long-term storage) but the old-fashioned cheese bell, the heavy glass dome that protects a cheese without requiring that you put it away somewhere. Most cheeses will keep at least a week stored in a bell, out of the sun in the coolest part of the kitchen. Best of all, the cheese is always at room temperature, ready to eat. As a combined storage and serving system for cheese, we are pleased to offer this heavy glass bell (6″ diameter) on an 8″ square hardwood base for **$17.00** ($2.95) #EVA249. With its help, you won't have to worry about your cheese passing muster with the most dedicated turophile (cheese gourmet).

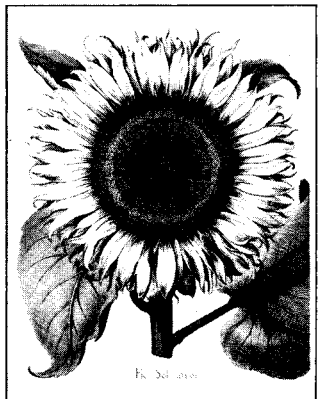
TOP BRASS



A brass headboard is much coveted these days by lovers of antiquity, but the price of a solid brass headboard keeps it, for many, just that—coveted. But thanks to an innovative manufacturer there is now a way to satisfy that craving without ransoming your future. This company produces a *brass-plated* headboard that looks remarkably like the real thing. The uprights are a full 2″ in diameter, just like the old-style brass beauties. The plating job is well done and should stand up to years of normal use. While this all-metal headboard is obviously not as heavy as one of solid brass, it is still plenty sturdy. The overall effect is the feel of an authentic brass bed at a fraction of the price. The twin size headboard (39″ wide) costs just **$54.95** ($5.00) #EVA201, full size (54″) **$67.95** ($7.00) #EVA202, Queen (60″) **$77.95** ($12.00) #EVA203, King (78″) **$87.95** ($12.00) #EVA204. The headboard comes unassembled, but a screwdriver and 10-15 minutes is all you need to have it fully mounted. The assembly instructions showed us how easy it was to line up the holes in the headboard with those in the bed frame. And we discovered you can adjust the headboard height anywhere from 39″ to 45″, depending on which attachment holes you use. The price is so spectacular—and the effect so stunning—that you may want to order two, one for each end, to turn your bed into a fourposter showpiece. This is truly a brass bed to enjoy; you won't lie awake nights worrying over how much it cost.

POSTER GARDEN

The sunflower represents the beauty and bounty of nature. Its shape and color nearly mirror its maker, the sun, and its seed is the manna of health-food lovers. If nature has moods, the sunflower is a happy plant. Art certainly has moods, and if ever a graphic could brighten the wall of a home, it is this sunflower reproduction of a 17th century artist from the Rare Book Collection of the New York Botanical Garden, our nation's foremost horticultural institution. When brought back to Europe after its discovery in America circa 1569, the sunflower inspired this exclamation, "Joyfull newes out of the new

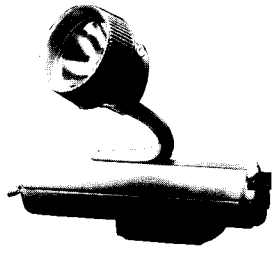


Hortus Eystettensis, Eichstatt, 1613

founde worlde." This impeccably printed color reproduction in vivid shades of green, yellow, and brown measures 24″ x 36″ and can be purchased unframed for **$7.50** ($1.45). #EVA250.

LIGHT WHERE YOU NEED IT

If your goal is just looking—rather than fixing—then the average flashlight is probably good enough for you. The trouble with the standard flashlight is that it takes two to tangle: one to aim the light and another to make the repair. It has been over a quarter of a century since major *patented*



changes have been created for a multipurpose flashlight. Enter The Light, which earned four patents. The Light features a flexible head, made of krayton, a space age petrochemical that allows the light to be aimed precisely where you need it. You can twist, turn or bend it so the beam goes where you need it. With The Light there is no need for an assistant when making auto repairs, plumbing repairs, boat repairs or any of the 1001 other fixit chores that characterize modern living. It comes with a patented magnetic mount—the only (brighter) 3-battery flashlight to do so—for extra gripping strength. It has an easy-load no-spring battery compartment for three D-sized batteries (not included). The elimination of the spring means leaking batteries cannot ruin this inspired tool. The 10¼″ flashlight is made of high-impact plastic, and the lens is an unbreakable polycarbonate. The flex head has been designed to withstand thousands of bends. We sell The Light, the first significant improvement to the modern flashlight in 25 years, for **$17.00** ($2.95) #EVA 225.

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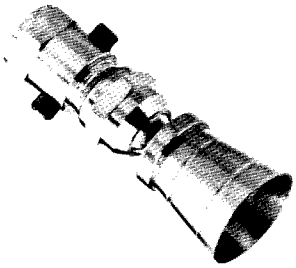
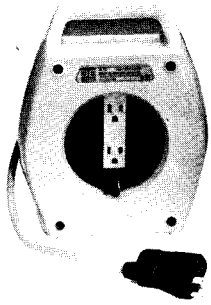
MONEY DOWN THE DRAIN



America got to its place of world prominence by the energy and inventiveness of its people and the energy in the ground. Running short of the latter, the best and brightest scientists and technologists have been hard at work insuring the energy we burn is used sensibly and efficiently. The ShowerSaver is one such device; it cuts the use of hot water in the shower from 8 to 10 gallons a minute to 2.2 gallons. Studies show heating water in a house is second only to the cost of heating that house. With the normal shower head—designed when energy was plentiful and cheap—the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gallons of water—most of it heated—every day. With the ShowerSaver that same family uses 70% less water or, according to figures from the U.S. Department of Energy, a savings of up to $350 a year for electrically heated water or $195 for gas-heated water. Hamilton Township, N.J. was so impressed with ShowerSaver, they passed them out free to 30,000 residents in the interest of saving water and saving an already over-taxed sewage system. The result was a dramatic 25% reduction in residential water use. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated—the Venturi principle—for an invigorating shower. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, it is guaranteed for one year. It installs easily over the standard ½" pipe with pliers or a wrench, and no plumber is needed. We offer the ShowerSaver for **$17.00**($2.95) #EVA 76. At that price, it will pay for itself in a matter of months.

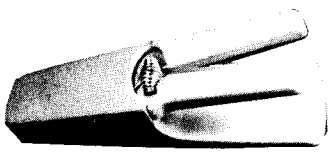
CORD CADDY

Bring the electrical outlets to the job, rather than the job to the outlets with the Cord Caddy. This clever product extends an electrical helping hand with a reel-type extension cord that has two built-in grounded outlets. The ability to plug in two cords at once is a welcome advantage, especially when you are working where you need a light and a power tool. The 25′ heavy-duty cord comes on a self-storing wind-up reel that eliminates mess and protects both you (from tripping) and the cord (from damage) when in use or when



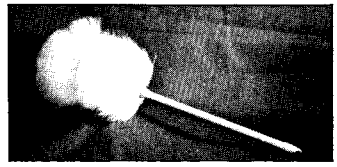
stored. This better extension cord is fully UL approved. It even has a push-button circuit breaker in the plug to keep you from blowing household fuses due to overloads. **$31.00** ($3.95) #EVA229.

SHEAR DELIGHT



These unique kitchen shears come from Germany. They have heavy-duty, rust-resistant blades (2" bite) operated by comfortable molded plastic handles. Spring loaded, they are perfect for trimming meats, cleaning fish, preparing poultry or vegetables. (They are also quite sturdy enough for other around-the-house tasks—they cut easily through cardboard, for example, or heavy cloth.) The handiest feature of these shears, though, is the sheath that can be mounted on the wall and then removed or put back whenever necessary. No more fumbling around in overstuffed drawers. Just reach up to slide the shears into or out of their matching plastic holder. We can supply these kitchen shears for **$12.00** ($1.95) #EVA205.

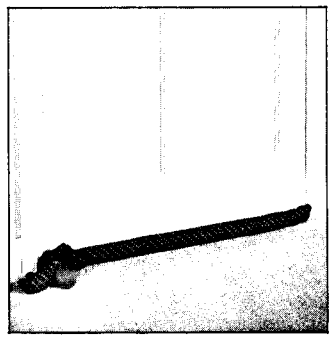
DUST MAGNET



If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways*, we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. It evokes memories of all those movie scenes of starched maids humming happily to themselves as they dust endless feet of library shelves. On its own it actually *attracts* and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Its magnetic qualities also are perfect for gathering cobwebs from the tops of windows or from ceiling corners. When the duster is soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water, let it dry and fluff it out. We are happy to offer a 20" authentic lambswool duster imported from England for only **$8.00** ($1.95) #EVA163.

DRAFT DODGER

Beating drafts is a constant wintertime challenge. A ¼" leak under a door or window lets in about the same amount of cold air as an open hole in your wall the size of a $50 bill. But of course the hole is easier



to find and fix—drafts are sneaky things, hard to locate, harder to stop. But now help is available in the form of this cute calico canine who will loyally stretch out against any leaky doors or windows and hold back the draft. The 40"-long insulation-filled draft-hound can also save heat by sealing off doors to unused rooms, closets and stairwells. At only **$8.00** ($1.95) #EVA207, these Draft-Doggies may be one of the best energy investments around. They make super gifts too.

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Sally Field

continued from page 69

gant in a most unpretentious way. She is very sophisticated in areas where I feel inferior, like clothes and behavior. You know, when you're 34 years old and have had no real social life, being busy making a living or rearing children, you become frightened. You're afraid to make a move—terrified that you're going to look foolish, wear the wrong clothes, say the improper thing because, emotionally, you're still 18 years old.

"Judy has helped me get past all this. Without being aggressive, she has been very supportive of me as a human. Now she is just 'kind of there,' very close, and I'm grateful for that and prize her friendship like a rare jewel. A friend, I know now, fills up something in your life that no one else, not a husband or a lover, can fill."

Sally's friend is the wife of comedy star David Steinberg. And, besides being a leading nightclub performer and screenwriter, David Steinberg is, interestingly, both the close friend and business partner of Burt Reynolds. Recently, forming Reynolds-Steinberg Productions, they entered into an exclusive, two-year agreement with ABC-TV to do network specials in which each will star, develop series pilots and make a motion picture for television, all of which they will co-produce.

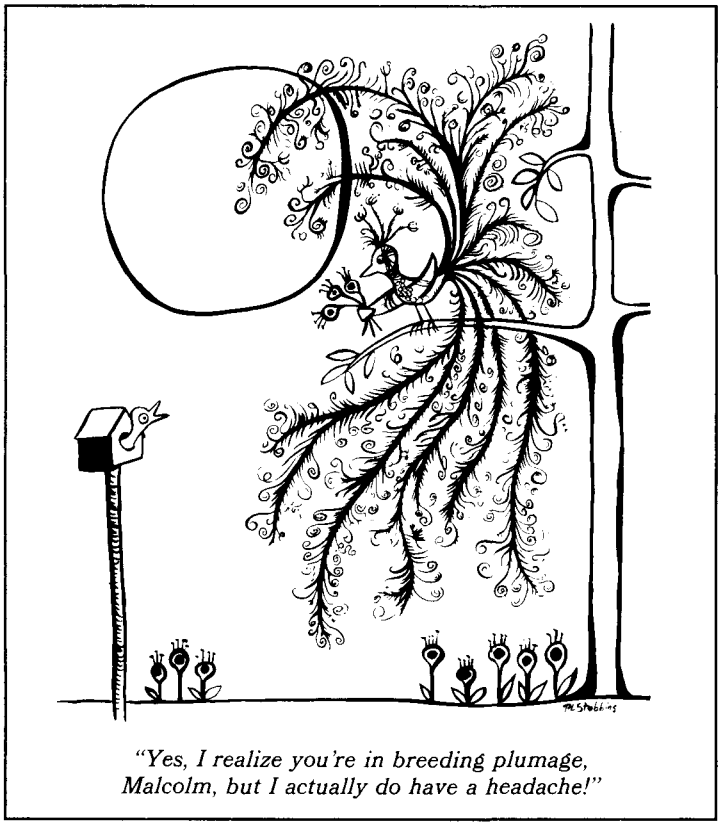
And, after four years of being together, Sally and Burt Reynolds have lately decided to go their separate ways. Burt, as gossip columnists put it, is "seeing others." She isn't.

The Reynolds-Field romance was reported *ad nauseum* in the tabloids, women's journals and fan magazines. The exhaustive coverage given it may well have hastened its demise. And while it was ongoing, Sally admits, she became thoroughly fed up with snooping reporters.

"Sometimes," she says, "I was asked questions I found so offensive that I'd want to pop the person in the nose, and I usually said that—'I'd like to pop you right in the face!' It was kind of a challenge, really—a challenge as to how well I could handle it, how I could remain honest and not go against my own integrity, not do or say what I didn't want to and not get angry. Most of the time I feel I managed it well."

It was Burt Reynolds who, after seeing her on TV in "Sybil" and without having even met her, phoned and insisted she costar with him in *Smokey and the Bandit,* the hilarious, 120-minute automotive chase that became a monster hit at the box office in 1977. That success gave Sally Field's resurgent movie career the impetus it needed and led eventually to *Norma Rae.*

She still gets misty-eyed at the mention of Reynolds' name and gives him full credit for paving the way for all the screen opportunities still coming to her. After *Back Roads,* there will be *Absence of Malice,* which Sydney Pollack will produce and direct. That will be followed by two more for producer-director Martin Ritt, *Mixed Feelings* and *No Small Affair,* in which she'll portray a Greenwich Village blues singer involved with a 15-year-old boy.



"Yes, I realize you're in breeding plumage, Malcolm, but I actually do have a headache!"

In all, she and Burt Reynolds costarred in four comedies: *Smokey and the Bandit, Hooper, The End* and the recent *Smokey and the Bandit II.*

"I will always feel indebted to Burt," Sally says. "The movies I did with him helped me in many ways. They literally changed producers' ideas about me. Before, the motion-picture industry didn't see me as being any kind of presence on the screen at all. The pictures also helped to show that I don't look or act like Sybil, that I'm not all down, depressing and disturbed-looking. And, more important than anything else, they helped feed my children while I was getting my foot in the door."

You do not have to be around Sally Field long to discover that her children, Peter and Eli, are the true center of her existence.

"I share my life with them," she told me, "because I ask them to share their lives with me. I don't treat them as 'little adults,' nor do I expect them to act like that, but we do have a very open, honest relationship. They know what goes on in my life and I know what goes on in theirs. We feed into one another. I think I get my strength from them. When I'm away on location and they aren't with me, I call my children every night. Not just for them—for me. Because I need to be plugged in. I need my intravenous feeding. Talking with them has a calming effect on me. If I were just 'in the business' all the time, I think I would go bananas. Their very existence takes me out of the business and puts everything else in perspective. So you make a mistake and do the wrong movie. Who cares—what does it really matter?"

Sally laughs and adds: "Talk about reality, kids have a genius for putting you right in the middle of it. At least mine do. Recently, after twice seeing *Xanadu,* which many critics didn't like and he simply loved, Peter argued that people should be more willing to accept the good things in a film and less eager to tear it apart. 'There's something wrong with every single movie,' he said. 'There were things wrong with *Norma Rae.*' When I demanded to know what, he answered, 'It was *boring*!' "

Sometimes now, she says, she overhears her boys talking about awards, boasting that they're going to win this one or that when they grow up. "When I hear these conversations," Sally adds, "I try to impress on them that even though it's nice to win, that's not the real issue. The important thing to go after is the thrill, the work thrill, because you don't get that from anyone else—you get that from yourself."

Now that she has won both an Oscar and an Emmy, Sally admits she would eventually like to go for a Broadway

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Tony.

"I've done several things on stage in different places (including *The Rainmaker* with Burt Reynolds at his theater in Florida), but I would love to do experimental work like Meryl Streep does," she says. "I have the greatest admiration for her. Unfortunately, you have to live in New York, and I feel I can't take my children to live there now. But someday I will do it. I'll write Joseph Papp a letter saying, 'If you ever run across a part for a small person with puffy cheeks, I'll send you my résumé.'"

In the immediate future, Sally is initiating screen projects to be produced by her own company in which she will star.

First off the launching pad will be *Revelations*, for which Waldo Salt is now writing a screenplay. Based on the novel by Phyllis Naylor, it focuses on people in a small Maryland town during a fundamental religious revival meeting. The actress describes it as a "story of relationships (her favorite kind of film)—no message, no political overtones—about a spinster and a jazzy con-man evangelist who comes to town and changes her life."

Meanwhile the changes continue in Sally Field's own life.

"I've taken a couple of good steps," Sally says, "but success or having a good career isn't taking a couple of good steps. It's having run 25 miles and looking back and saying, 'Ah, I stumbled a couple of times, but all in all, I'm pretty proud of my work.' I'm proud of *Smokey and the Bandit*. I'm proud of 'Sybil.' I'm proud of *Norma Rae*. The others—it was like treading water.

"Right now," she continues, "I am in a state of transition, in the process of becoming, of finding out who I am. It's a luxury I never had before. And it touches all parts of my being. Now I have the opportunity to choose the sort of work I want to do, to work with the kind of people I want to work with, to present myself as I see myself to the press, to the movie industry, to the world, with my children, as a single parent, as a single woman in the world. To live and grow, that's the most exciting thing of all."

Then, with an impish twinkle in shining brown eyes, Sally adds: "Next time you talk to me, I may be a whole other person." ✖

Fred Robbins is the celebrity interviewer for Mutual Radio's "Assignment Hollywood" program.

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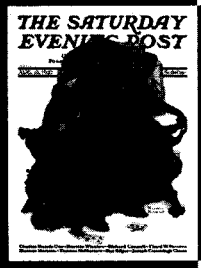

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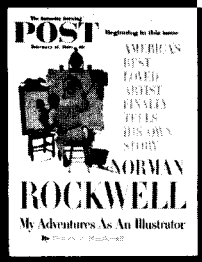

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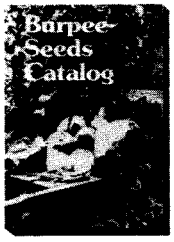

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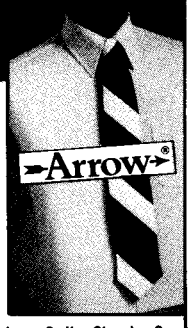

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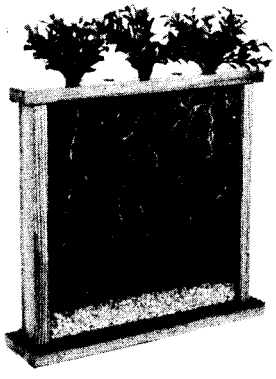

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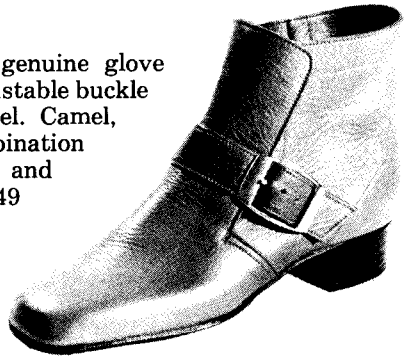

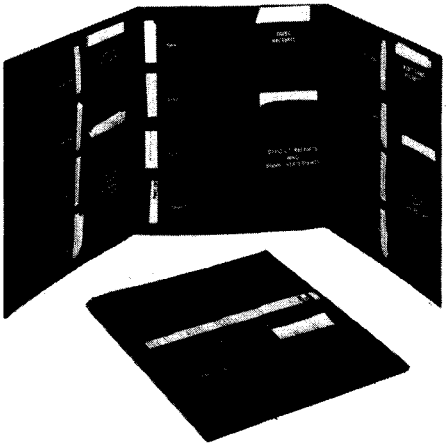

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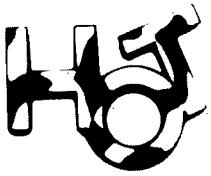

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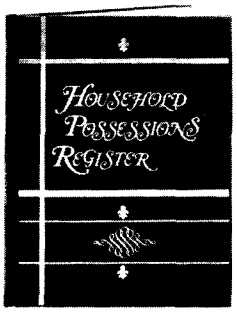

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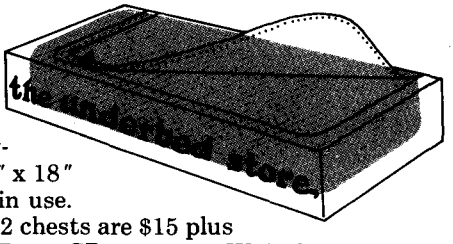

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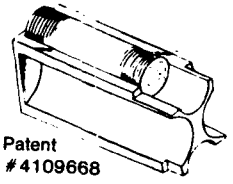

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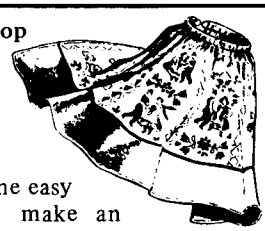

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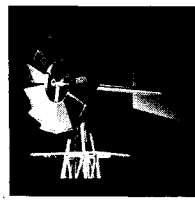

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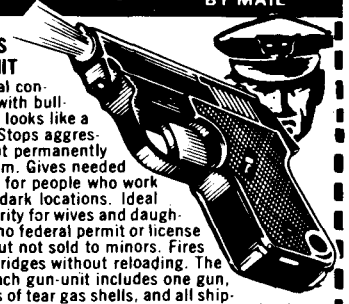

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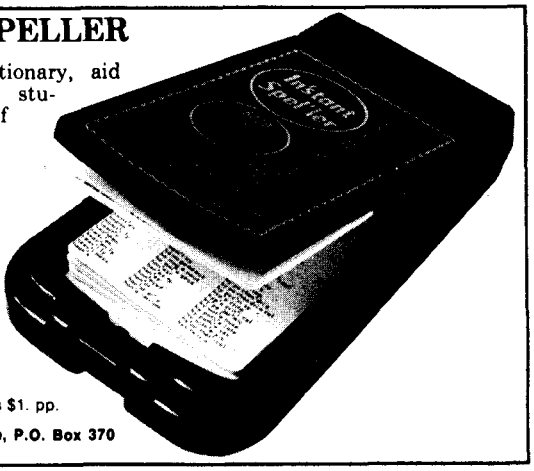

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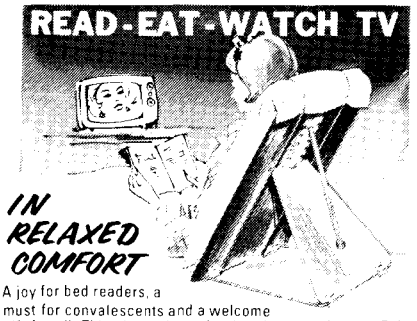

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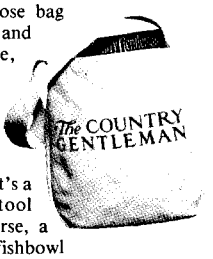

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Romance

continued from page 78

sylvania, on a map and break out. Even at the age of 19, I still avoided chocolate. Since Miss Bergen was also that age, I decided that she, too, might be in that dermatological twilight zone between blemishes and character lines. It seemed inappropriate for me to give a cover girl pimples.

Several days after I spoke to my friend, I was working in the darkroom, mulling over what to send Candice Bergen for a valentine. In a flash of inspiration not unlike that which must have happened periodically to Thomas Alva Edison, the idea came to me. Send her a valentine, all right, but one filled with peanuts. Peanuts still in the shell, just like the ones that she ate during our art lectures.

There was only one problem. Have you ever tried to buy an empty Valentine heart *before* Valentine's Day? Unless you manufacture them, it's almost impossible to get your hands on one. Notice that I did not say that it was impossible, just "almost." I visited at least ten candy stores in Philadelphia trying to find an empty heart-shaped box. Everyone wanted to sell me a box filled with chocolates. The salesperson at Barracini's told me that I could buy a box and then dump out the chocolates. The particular item that she was showing me at the time cost $20. The date was February 11. I was so desperate, I was almost prepared to give that suggestion serious consideration. However, I was still capable of rational thought. So I continued my search.

I pored over the yellow pages and looked for a listing of what might be a "Mom and Pop" type candy store. I figured that sort of operation would probably have some boxes that would still be empty. I found one in the extreme west section of Philadelphia. A phone call confirmed that I could get an empty Valentine heart from them. I was overjoyed. My mission was half over.

I fidgeted as I waited for the bus that would take me to the neighborhood in which the candy store was located. The trip took forever. Finally, the bus got to my destination, and I alighted.

The candy store was just what I expected. The elderly couple that ran it fairly twinkled with good cheer. Of course, they tried to sell me a valentine filled with candy to go with the one that I was buying empty. They did not press the issue and sold me the empty box without much ado.

Clutching the empty Valentine heart over my own, I took another bus downtown to a Philadelphia landmark known as Morrows Nut House on Market Street. As you may have guessed, they sold nuts.

The clerk obligingly filled the heart with peanuts still in the shell and, for a small fee, wrapped it for mailing. Included was an unsigned card that said, "For your pleasure during Art 140."

In retrospect, it seems patently absurd that I would have sent the package anonymously. I had done practically everything I could think of to try and make some headway with the woman, including founding the Photographic Society of the University of Pennsylvania. I guess that I had tried all of the obvious moves, so now I was trying to be subtle. And there's nothing more subtle than anonymity.

Two days after the valentine was mailed, we had an art lecture. Candice Bergen came in a few seconds before it began and, for a reason that I hesitated to speculate about, sat down on the row that I was in, one seat away from me. She put her books on the empty seat between us. My only clearly articulated thought at the moment was "Yikes!"

My secondary reflexive reaction would have been normal for any paranoid. I reasoned that she had figured out who sent the peanuts. I was unnerved. I felt caught. (It was a feeling that I am certain that women are unaware of on the part of men.)

Soon after Candice took her seat, the lights in the hall went down. My heartbeat returned to normal. I leveled out. I began to concentrate on the lecture.

Then suddenly—Wham! Crash!

All of her books slid off the seat that separated us. I must be, inherently, an egomaniac because my first thought at the time was, "She has dropped her books to get my attention. She probably is too bashful to confront me." That made nominal sense at the time. Certainly, if she had tried dropping them on campus, that wouldn't have worked.

The girls at Penn were not unattractive; however, Candice Bergen was definitely something special. Had she ever dropped her books during the course of a normal day, there would have been a scrimmage of tweedy-looking guys lunging at the books, creating a melee that would have returned the books to pulp before returning them to her.

At the end of the lecture, I did the only gallant thing I could. I picked up the books and resisted the urge to look

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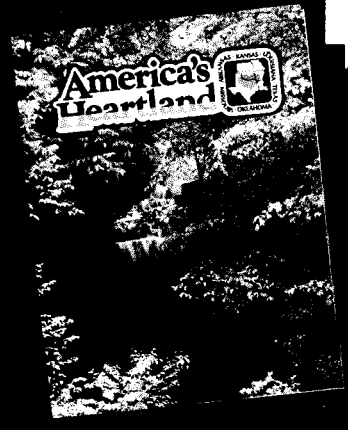

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at her ankles, which had always struck me as good features.

Also, when the lights came on, I could see there were plenty of peanut shells on the floor. I had heard her eating them during the lecture, and I had noted that I could not hear the rustling of a paper bag. She was getting them from her pocketbook. They were the peanuts I had sent.

I knew my heart had made it through the mails.

As I remember, I picked up the books, then I suavely asked, "What kind of a light meter do you use?" (I was a true romantic.)

The reply was, "A Gossen Luna Six."

"Gee," I said, "that's really interesting."

Then we each went our merry ways.

A few weeks passed and there was no overt acknowledgement of the peanut valentine. Actually, I could not have realistically expected any. Since Candice Bergen hardly knew me except to say "hello" and I had not included a signed card, her hobbies would have had to have been dusting anonymous valentines for fingerprints and mind-reading for her to unwrap the mystery—if she even gave it a second thought. As the days passed, I began to get a different perspective on things and realized that she must have carloads of anonymous and identifiable admirers who sent her all sorts of things, some of which must have been much more elaborate than a valentine filled with peanuts still in the shell.

I was trying to rationalize my disappointment. Of course, that only works when there is no alternative. Candice and I had a mutual friend, a girl who lived near her in the dorms. Coy as ever, I took our mutual friend out one night for coffee. We chatted about things in general. I was purposely keeping things dull. During a lull in the conversation, I leaned toward my companion and asked, "Can you keep a secret?"

Her eyes widened with an anticipation that betrayed her answer. "Certainly," she said.

With that delightfully hollow assurance, I then confided the whole story about the valentine. Our friend scampered back to the dorms with her lips sealed. The Associated Press couldn't have moved the story any faster.

The next day, Candice came into the art lecture and sat down right in front of me. She turned around and said, "Thank you."

Now it was my turn to be the coquette. I asked, "For what?"

"For the peanuts, of course."

Then I laid a line on her that I had been practicing for weeks and said, "Oh, my God, I must have sent the elephant the chocolates."

Nothing would please me more than to let the story end here as I tell you of how Candice was so captivated by my wit that we left the lecture arm-in-arm and became the light of each other's lives.

This did not happen.

Even if she had invited me for coffee after the lecture, I would have had to turn her down because I had one of the worst colds in the world at that time. Complete with a runny nose. A head clogger. It was the result of the walk that I had taken after I deposited my "confidante" back at the girls' dorms. I had wandered around in the March night air of Philadelphia with little more than an open sports jacket and my fantasies to keep me warm. I was now paying the price.

It would still be okay if the story ended here. It doesn't.

About a week or so after being thanked for the valentine, I took a date to see a Tennessee Williams play, *Summer and Smoke,* starring Candice Bergen.

There she was up on the stage. The male lead turned to her and said, in a tone that I didn't care for—I don't remember the exact words, but I remember the gist—"I bet you don't go out very much. Do you?"

And she said, "No, nothing ever seems to work out. I try my best, but nothing ever works out."

TV Games

continued from page 18

"Six! Six!" I screamed, pressing an imaginary buzzer.

"Good, good. Now, is a bivalve a plumber's tool or a shellfish?"

"Plumber, plumber," I bubbled.

The coordinator looked down her long nose and said, "Wrong."

Next: "Was it Prince Charming, Prince Phillip or Prince Rupert who lived happily. . ."

"Prince Charming," Patti buzzed in.

I could see the production coordinator taking notes, grading us for enthusiasm and ability. Then we were dismissed with the old Hollywood axiom, "Don't call us—we'll call you." Nobody laughed.

I was called the next day. "Be here tomorrow at 1:20 p.m.—sharp! Wear a coat and tie. Interview with the producer." Click!

Continued on page 116

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FOOD

WHAT'S COOKING FOR THE HYPERTENSIVE?

What's fare for the hypertensive is fare for the family—when an M.D. and a nutritionist collaborate on a cookbook.

If you are one of those people who eats as if your life depended on it, it very well could. Especially if you happen to be one of the 23 million Americans with hypertension.

High blood pressure is probably the single most common chronic disease in the United States today, and one of the most important factors contributing to the development of strokes that each year kill almost 200,000 persons and disable more than a quarter of a million more below the age of 65. High blood pressure, by accelerating the development of atherosclerosis in the vessels of the heart, is a very significant factor in the 1.25 million heart attacks and the 650,000 heart-attack deaths that occur each year.

Now for the good news.

Thanks to effective treatment regimens, today there is much hope for the patient with high blood pressure—and without a drastic change in the quality of life. In fact, dietary change is the cornerstone of safe, effective, long-term blood pressure control. By losing weight and restricting salt intake, blood pressure in many cases will return to normal. In addition, should drugs be required, attention to diet will reduce the amount and strength (and thus the side effects) of the medication.

With proper diet and medical treatment, high blood pressure can be controlled, its complications prevented and *it may be cured.* The medical treatment we leave to your doctor. But for the diet, we turn to the life-saving, years-adding pages of Chilton Publishing Company's new *Living With High Blood Pressure: The Hypertension Diet Cookbook,* by Joyce Daly Margie, M.S., and James C. Hunt, M.D.

Ordinarily, changing eating habits is not easy. But here you will find as wide a selection of food as possible with fully-tested recipes developed so that you should notice little difference from the foods you are accustomed to. Now, for the first time, the person with hypertension doesn't have to watch the others enjoy good-tasting food while he is stuck with a carrot stick or a watercress sandwich.

Best of all, these recipes are intended to appeal to the entire family. Although hypertension is found primarily in older persons, no one is immune—the middle-aged, young adults, even children. Thus a family need not wait for a member to have high blood pressure or a kidney kick up before taking advantage of this program.

Because large amounts of salt can aggravate blood pressure, herbs and spices are used to replace the salt other cookbooks call for. The manner in which the restriction of salt frequently lowers blood pressure, often to normal limits, is not entirely clear, and some persons may have greater benefits than others. However, this *is* known: After the intake of salt has been reduced for a few months, the taste for it will gradually disappear.

So, what's for dinner? Plenty. A balanced diet will contain poultry, fish and meat, vegetables and fruits, breads and cereals and some dairy products. The diet does not mean giving up good foods and good cheer. It *does* involve a commitment to yourself and to your family to live a longer, more enjoyable life.

Salmon with Dill Sauce
(4 servings)

1 pound salmon fillets or steaks
½ lemon
Freshly ground pepper
¼ cup unsalted margarine
2 tablespoons snipped dill
Dill Sauce (below)

Set oven control at broil and/or 550° F. Oil broiler pans and place in oven to heat. If fillets are large, cut into serving pieces. Squeeze lemon juice on fillets and season with pepper. Arrange fillets in broiler pans and dot with 2 tablespoons of the margarine. Broil 2 to 3 inches from heat 5 minutes. Spread remaining margarine on fish and sprinkle with dill. Broil 5 minutes longer. Remove fish to heated platter and top with Dill Sauce.

Dill Sauce

Heat ¼ cup low-fat dairy sour cream and 2 tablespoons snipped dill over low heat, stirring occasionally.

Pepper Steak
(8 servings)

2-pound flank steak, scored
Freshly ground pepper
1 tablespoon vegetable oil
2 medium onions, chopped (about 1 cup)
1 can (10½ ounces) unsalted beef broth
3 tablespoons flour
½ pound mushrooms, trimmed and sliced
3 medium green peppers, cut into strips (¼ inch wide)
3 tomatoes
1 teaspoon snipped parsley

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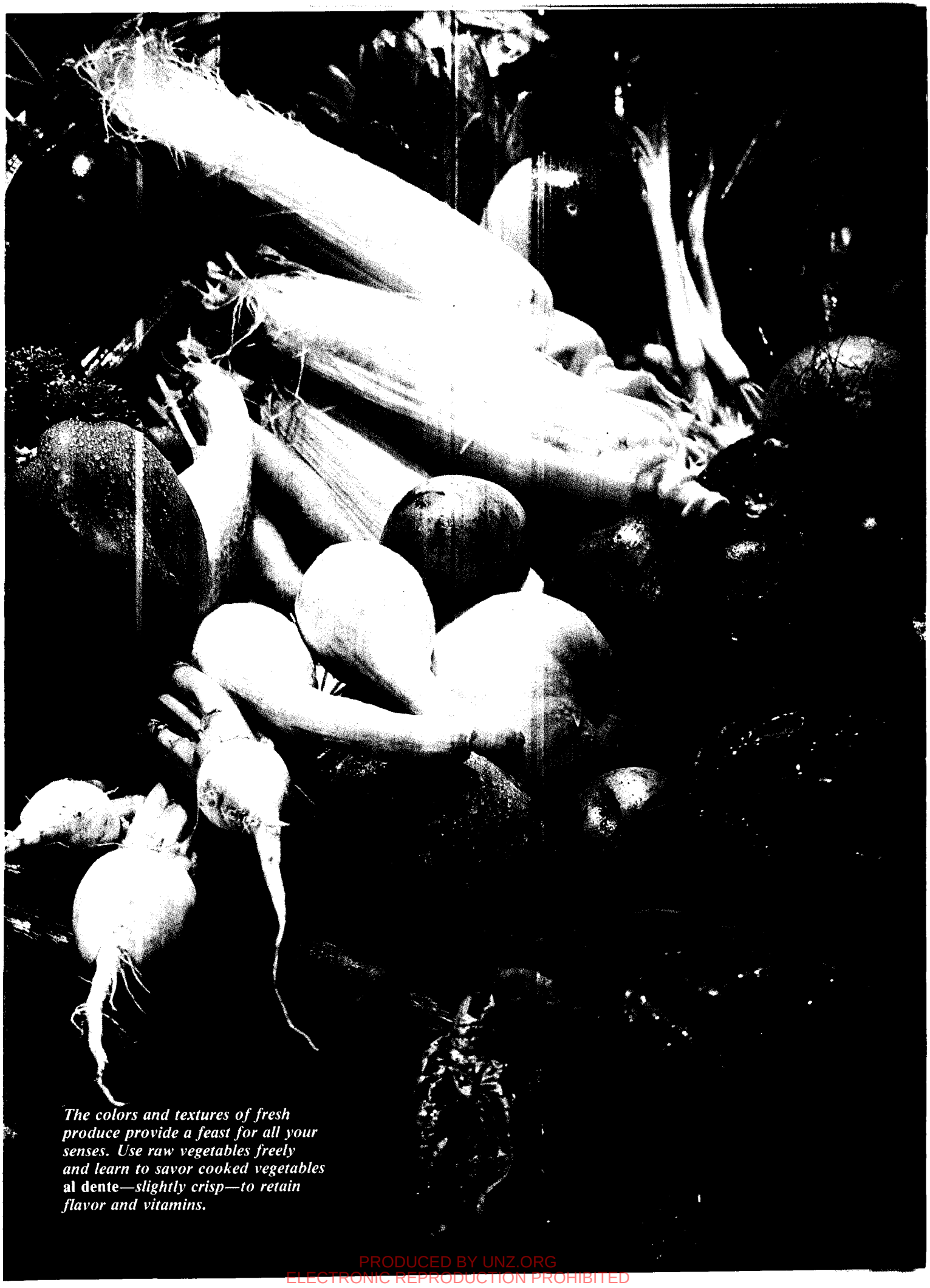

The colors and textures of fresh produce provide a feast for all your senses. Use raw vegetables freely and learn to savor cooked vegetables **al dente**—*slightly crisp—to retain flavor and vitamins.*

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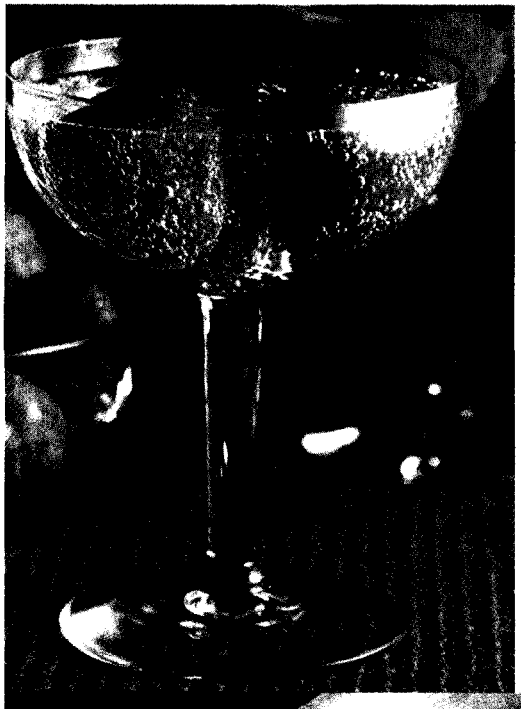
Fresh champagne-drenched berries served in crystal are a dessert for the eye as well as the appetite.



Cut meat crosswise into ½-inch strips. Season with pepper. Heat oil in large skillet; brown meat in oil over medium heat. Push meat to one section; add onion. Cook and stir until onion is tender, about 3 minutes. Unsalted beef broth can be made by dissolving 2 unsalted beef bouillon cubes in 1½ cups boiling water. Mix broth and flour until smooth; stir into meat mixture. Heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Boil and stir 1 minute. Reduce heat; cover tightly and simmer 30 minutes. Stir in mushrooms and green pepper. Cover and simmer 5 minutes. Cut each tomato into eighths and place on meat mixture. Cover and cook over low heat just until tomatoes are heated through, about 2 minutes. Sprinkle with parsley.

Spinach Salad
(6 servings)

3 tablespoons wine vinegar
¼ cup plus 2 tablespoons vegetable oil
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons snipped parsley
1 large clove garlic, peeled and halved
1 bag (10 ounces) spinach
½ cauliflower, separated into flowerets
½ red onion, sliced and separated into rings
½ cup sliced radish

Mix vinegar, oil, pepper, mustard, parsley in salad bowl; add garlic and let stand ½ to 1 hour. Wash spinach; remove stems and dry leaves. Remove garlic from bowl and discard. Tear spinach leaves into bite-sized pieces into bowl. Add cauliflowerets and onion rings and toss until vegetables are well coated.

Herbed Asparagus with Lemon
(4 servings)

Break off tough ends of 1½ pounds asparagus spears as far down as stalks snap easily. Remove scales if sandy or tough. Tie stalks in bundles with string. Heat 1 inch water in deep narrow pan or coffeepot to boiling. Place asparagus upright in pan. Heat to boiling; cook uncovered 5 minutes. Cover and cook until stalk ends are crisp-tender, 7 to 10 minutes. Drain. Drizzle with ¼ cup melted unsalted margarine and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Season with freshly ground pepper or mace, allspice, dillweed, marjoram or savory.

Baked Pineapple
(4 servings)

4 medium baking apples
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ cup chopped fresh pineapple
3 tablespoons honey

Heat oven to 400° F. Core apples (do not cut through blossom ends); pare upper third of each to prevent skin from splitting. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Fill centers with pineapple and drizzle with honey. Place apples upright in baking dish. Pour water (¼ inch deep) into dish. Bake, basting occasionally, until apples are tender, about 35 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Try sprinkling with cinnamon, nutmeg or allspice before baking or substitute ½ cup chopped fresh berries for the pineapple.

Using herbs and spices is an art, not a science. Rely on your palate to tell you how much is just right—but beware the heavy hand. Excess seasoning can cover the delicate flavors of fish and fowl.

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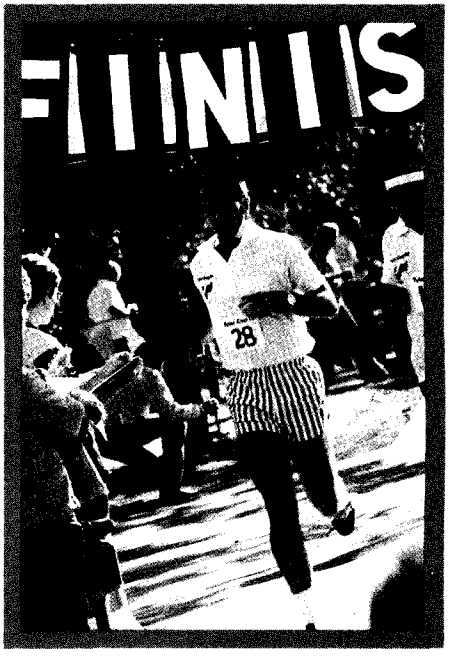
POST PEOPLE

Goldie Hawn, 35, admitting to some bright as well as some lackluster films in her career, is now aglow over her own $40 million production of *Private Benjamin*. Not that her 1969 Oscar for *Cactus Flower* has lost its sheen, but she demanded to be made executive producer as well as star of this joyful movie of military life because she has only just begun to "take control of her life." "I'm learning that life sort of unfolds," says this lively little pixie, "and certain things, which you can't plan, reveal themselves at the right time."

When Marcel Marceau temporarily left his new international mime school for a mini-tour of America, he was quite willing to forsake for a moment his theatrical silence. This master of pantomime, who learned as a child to imitate idols Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton, freely explained his final choice of mime over dramatic acting, which he also studied. "I had such a need to communicate without words," he says. "Mime is like a dance, a complete interpretive art, creating a world of emotions. With it," he adds, with pride and delight, "I have influenced a whole new generation."

Dr. Kenneth H. Cooper, founder and director of the Dallas Aerobics Center, gets his kicks opening the 1980 Tyler Cup Invitational Run with a clockless heat exhibition. Organized by the Tyler Corporation, Dallas, Texas, this annual two-mile run, restricted to top business leaders at least 40 years of age, is aimed at promoting physical-fitness programs. The 190 executives from 26 states and Europe who participated this year not only stay in shape but set an excellent example for the two million employees which their 100 companies represent.



Grave concern for world peace is bringing the Dalai Lama down from his mountaintop on a trip to Rome to meet with Pope John Paul II. It is the belief of this influential religious and political leader of Tibet that hope for turning the world's swords into plowshares lies in the different religions working together.

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Con Games

continued from page 42

ment building and, together, jumped to their deaths.

Dr. Leonard Hippchen, a forensic psychologist and veteran of more than 40 years of prison rehabilitation work, now on the faculty of Virginia Commonwealth University, says, "These people are the most devious, the most harmful, the most disruptive for society, because they are breaking down the major values of social order—honesty and trust."

Hippchen characterizes con artists as "charming, beautiful, debonair, very gracious—but underneath, completely shallow and immature.

"If you get them off their stage act, they are useless and worthless. They represent the worst of humans; that is, humans who prey on other humans, and that's the lowest link in the evolutionary chain."

Con artists, generally, are not violent people. Even hardened professional cops, like Newark's Lt. Manghisi, say, "They are the nicest people going."

Manghisi says he once "testified for the defense of a con who was charged with armed robbery. What he pulled had all the earmarks of a con, and I told the judge he never used a gun. The judge reduced the charge to larceny and threw out the armed robbery charge."

With nonviolence an almost universal characteristic of cons, police were shocked when they heard of a pigeon drop in New York City that "went sour" and the two girls playing the game bludgeoned an elderly widow to death.

Police say it appears that as many as 15 major confidence-game rings operate in the United States, each based in a different major city. Each ring is autonomous, but the ringleaders maintain communications, forming a loose-knit confederation. The rings operate to a degree within their own cities, but make the most of their take by sending teams out to work the streets of other cities all over the nation.

Kashiwabara says, "Most of the major groups are set up by a pimp (a police term ringleaders object to) in a large city. He has a stable of girls, and when a new one is recruited, if she proves trustworthy and is able to act, she will be 'hipped' to the tricks of the street, including how to dress."

Most girls working scam are former prostitutes, but some are girls sent to jail on other charges and recruited by fellow inmates. About half the girls in the racket are white.

Usually, an experienced player is sent out with a new girl. They refer to

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themselves as a "drag team," because they are dragging for victims. After a score, the team turns over the take to their "man," the ringleader.

If something goes wrong and players are arrested in another city, they have names and addresses to contact for help. Since they would be unknown in that city and using false names, police are unable to establish prior arrest records. That means their bond is usually set very low. Their contact puts up bond, they split and never work that city again.

Birmingham, Alabama, has a national reputation of being the home base of a major confidence-game ring. Police Sergeant Richard Hutchcraft says he has tied the Birmingham group to games in "Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Detroit, Miami. . .you name it, they're there!

"We think we can prove the Birmingham group has been operating in at least 50 major cities, and one of the girls in the operation here has stung for upwards of a million dollars in 11 or 12 stings."

Though incredible, it appears from what police say that the confidence-game racket may be the best-organized crime syndicate in the United States outside of the Mafia. Incidentally, there are no known connections with that other side of organized crime. G. Robert Blakey, director of Cornell University's Institute on Organized Crime, says they leave the mob alone and the mob leaves them alone.

"The mob tends to like something that is low-risk, high return with low visibility. Confidence games have very high visibility, because the person who is fleecing you is face-to-face with you. Also, the mob tends to like something that stays in one place."

While the confidence-game racket is organized in the United States, the police trying to combat it are not. Detectives in several major cities swap information back and forth by telephone, but say there is a need for some national clearinghouse of information so con teams can be tracked as they move from city to city, and so when a con is arrested, prior arrest records from other cities and states can be made instantly available. A clearinghouse of information also would aid the scores of smaller cities which do not have full-time bunco squads but are hit several times a year by teams "on the drag."

While most of the con games (cons call them the "tales") are centuries old, occasionally a new scheme will be dreamed up. Detective Sergeant Jon Grow of Baltimore says one plaguing his city is called the "double take," or the "phony-cop comeback."

"The first two of a team play the game and establish the potential for a second hit and call in the rest of the team to pose as police," Grow explains. "For instance, if the Cleveland bunch comes in here and pops somebody and sees the potential for the second biggie, they'll call back to Cleveland and two more will be sent out.

"When they come in as police, they generally hit with the tale they've caught one of the suspects and need more money to trap a second. They tell the mark the police department doesn't have the budget to operate like this, but if they had, say, $7,000, they could lay it out and nail him.

"They'll actually bring the victim down here to police headquarters. One of them will need to make a phone call as they get near the police station, or he'll come in the lobby by himself. He'll talk to the desk sergeant, maybe ask travel information, then come back to the car and say the sergeant's very happy you're cooperating with us and wants to thank you personally.

"They send the victim into the police station and drive off with his money."

Sgt. Hutchcraft in Birmingham says the same game is a problem there, and one retired schoolteacher got hit four times before she called the real police.

The games themselves are simplistic, almost infantile, but they work because a professional can win your complete confidence, talk just fast enough to keep you slightly confused and dangle enough bait to make you suppress any skepticism.

If you think you won't get caught in the web because you'd be able to spot a con artist, or if you think prostitutes are not the type of people with whom you associate, then you are on your way to becoming a prime mark.

Remember that nobody ever really offers something for nothing. Con games will only stop when there are no more "willing" victims.

At the turn of the century, Georgia's coast was the favorite haunt of powerful millionaires. 80 years later, people are still charmed by its special beauty.

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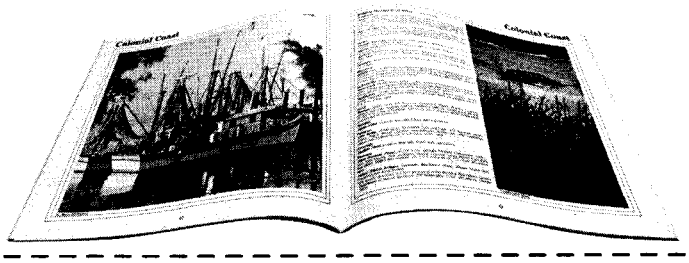

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Jekyll Island

In this millionaires' playground, pirates stored their booty while the rich found treasures in its climate, clean air and sandy beaches.

by Wes Ward

Blackbeard's ghost joins the spirits of J.P Morgan and William Rockefeller on Georgia's Jekyll Island.

Once the lair of pirates who preyed on the shipping of colonial America and later a winter playground for the world's wealthiest men, Jekyll Island today offers the vacationer some of the country's finest golf, tennis, fishing and swimming, plus 12 miles of beautiful beach. In the spring, loggerhead turtles crawl out of the ocean to the sand dunes to lay their eggs. The woods are full of deer, and the birds are nearly as multicolored as the wildflowers, which bloom all winter. Sand dollars and other shells can be found a few yards off the beach at low tide.

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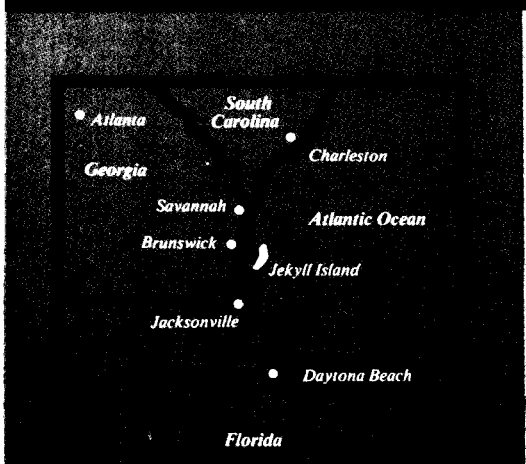
These natural attractions, plus the semitropical climate and excellent drinking water, convinced Morgan, Rockefeller, William K. Vanderbilt and others that Jekyll would be the ideal escape from New York winters and formal-dress dinners. Calling themselves the Jekyll Island Club, the men bought the island from John Eugene du Bignon, whose family had owned it for a century, for $125,000. They moved in February 1, 1888.

Club members quickly fell in love with the island. They built a rambling brick clubhouse and hotel in which to spend the vacation season, which begins just after Christmas and lasts until Easter. Many members came each year in their private yachts. Whenever J.P. Morgan arrived on one of his four *Corsair* yachts, white-gloved attendants in blue-and-gold uniforms would line the wharf, standing at attention as the great man stepped ashore.

In the club's early days, social life centered on the clubhouse. Being invited to a dinner party meant eating at a different table in the dining room: dinner, the highlight of the day, was a three-hour affair, prepared and served by the best chefs and waiters from Delmonico's in New York.

Before long, however, a few members built their own "cottages" around the club. The first to go up was Indian Mound, built by industrial-



No longer a refuge of the rich, Georgia's Jekyll Island has become an ideal vacation playground for the entire family. The grandiose Millionaires' Village still reflects the golden era of the most exclusive club ever assembled, its members representing 1/6 of the world's wealth.

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ist Gordon McKay in 1892 and later purchased by William Rockefeller, president of Standard Oil of New Jersey. It has 25 rooms, with a Tiffany stained glass window in the main hall. Another early residence is Moss Cottage, which has 17 rooms—eight of which are servants' bedrooms.

Religion, too, was important on Jekyll. In 1904, the club completed Faith Chapel, of simple English Gothic design. The stained glass window in the west wall was designed and installed by Louis Comfort Tiffany, whose signature can be discerned in the lower left corner.

It is said that during the club's 60 years of existence, no uninvited foot ever stepped ashore on Jekyll Island. It was also the club's only slightly exaggerated claim that when all 100 members sat down for dinner at the clubhouse, one-sixth of the world's wealth was represented in a single room.

The club's demise, during the early part of World War II, was dramatically swift. A German submarine torpedoed a ship within sight of the beach, and the government feared that such a concentration of wealthy and important people in such an exposed position might make a tempting target. So General George S. Patton, pearl-handled pistols on his hips, hastened down to oversee the island's evacuation. It happened so quickly that clothes were left in some closets.

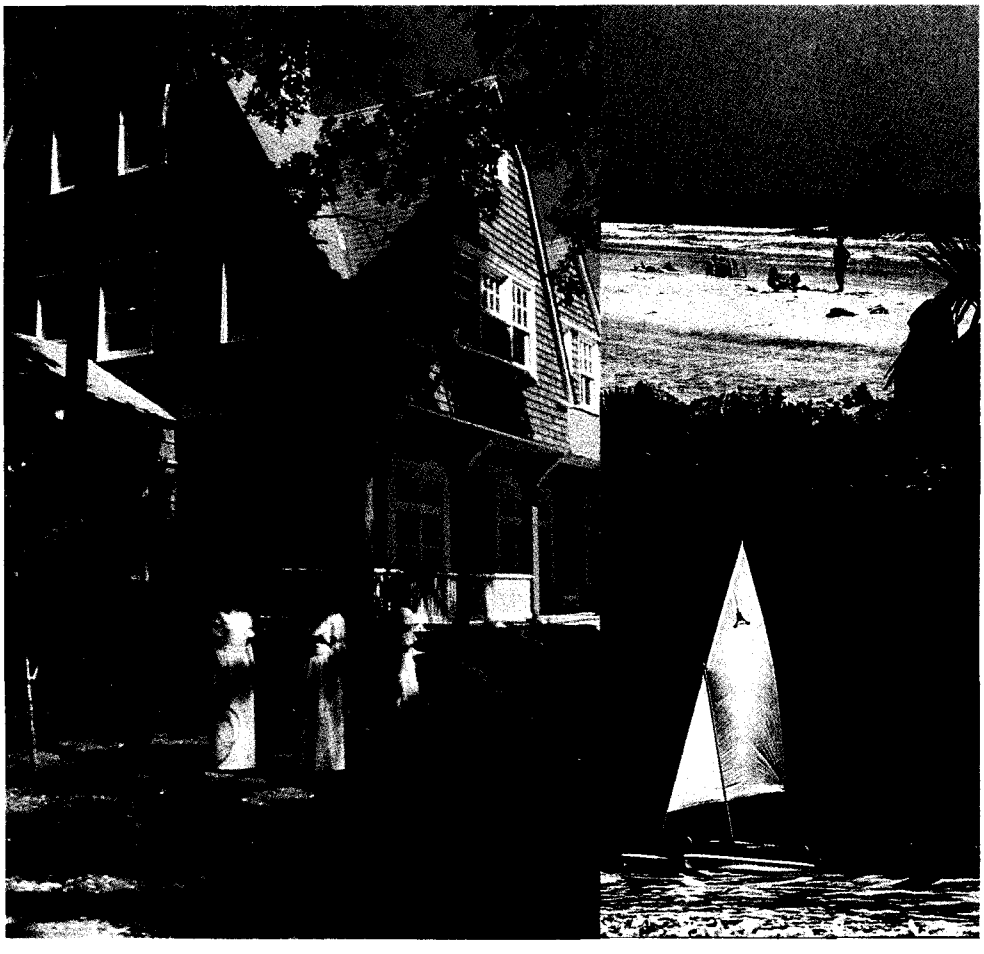
The names of General and Mrs. Patton are the last in the Jekyll Island Club's guestbook. Faith Chapel and the seven cottages, collectively known as Millionaires' Village, are now open to the public.

Long before it became the playground of privileged Americans, Jekyll was a battleground, hotly contested by Spain, France and England—and each country encouraged pirates to attack the others. England's Sir James Oglethorpe finally defeated the Spanish in the Battle of Bloody Marsh on adjacent St. Simon's Island in 1742; Georgia had then been the 13th colony for nine years. But the pirates continued to flourish. The best-known buccaneer was Blackbeard, who claimed to be the devil's brother and that only he and his satanic brother knew where his treasure chests were hidden. Local lore has it that in the heart of an ancient live oak on one of the golf courses a copper hook still points to the spot where Blackbeard's loot is buried.

Ghosts are also part of the Jekyll landscape, according to island residents accustomed to walking the beaches after dark. One stormy night in 1858, the yacht *Wanderer* unloaded 300 slaves here—the last brought to this country—and their voices (and the clanking of chains) can still be heard in certain oak groves on windy nights. Another apparition is that of a white stallion, pursued to its death after the Civil War, who still races along the water's edge. Consequently, many people choose to comb the beaches for shells, sand dollars and sea turtles by day rather than after sundown.

Today, the state of Georgia owns Jekyll Island and has turned it into a public resort, complete with seven hotels and four golf courses. Alligators swim quietly in the ponds and lakes, minding their own business and not taking enough of the bass and bream to spoil the fishing. (One gator, nicknamed Wally, supplements his diet with marshmallows thrown into his pond off Horton Road, north of the Hilton Inn.) No license is required for salt-water fishing in the surf and in the island's creeks. Offshore, there is a wide variety of sport fishing, and charter captains will take the sportsman out to where they're biting. For a unique fishing experience, put together a party and charter a shrimp boat for a day.

There's plenty here for landlubbers, too. In addition to beachcombing, you can indulge in hiking and tennis or just get back to nature. Wildlife is abundant, with scores of species of birds. Sea turtles generally come ashore only on



"Cottages" of the Millionaires' Club on Jekyll Island ran to 25 rooms, the tenants arriving by yacht to escape New York winters and sport in the warm climate and on the sunny beaches of this Georgia paradise.

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the more remote beaches, but once in a great while one will come up right in front of a hotel. The Audubon Society's beach patrol watches over the 250-pound turtles, both to study them and to protect their eggs, and will take a few visitors along on their rounds one or two nights a week.

But today, as when the island was the private resort of the fantastically wealthy, golf is king on Jekyll. The Oceanside 9, a dunes course built by the millionaires, is patterned after the finest holes in Scotland. Today's visitor can play the same shot John D. Rockefeller supposedly tried when he lost his ball. It is said he looked for it most of the day, then gave up in disgust, giving a dime tip to the caddy who had spent the whole day helping him.

Indian Mounds is the newest course, its name inspired by the artifacts discovered during construction of the 14th fairway. It features wide fairways, but there's plenty of sand around the greens. Pine Lakes' fairways are narrow, its holes designed for the golfer who likes to play pitch and run around the green. The toughest course on the island, Oleander, is the most beautiful. Its combination of sand and water traps will penalize an errant shot, but the hundreds of red, white and pink oleander shrubs planted along its fairways give it a beauty similar to that of Augusta National, home of the Masters.

You'll enjoy a round on any of these courses. Take a minute between shots to savor the sight of an alligator in a water hazard or a deer passing through the palmettoes along the fairway. Study the trees, too. You might spot a copper hook. And if you hook your shot, you can always blame it on Blackbeard's ghost.

The Barrier Islands

Jekyll Island is the smallest of Georgia's eight major barrier islands, the state's string of pearls. Shaped by wind and tide, the islands are shifting, constantly changing things. Their beautiful beaches and the miles of water and salt marsh which separate them from the mainland made them the

Continued on page 128

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War Party

continued from page 53

"What about the Sioux?" Mr. Buchanan asked dryly.

"We'd not be encroaching on their land. They live to the north," Ma said. She gestured toward the mountains. "There is land to be had just a few days further on, and that is where our wagon will stop."

A few days! Everybody looked at everybody else. Not months, but days only. Those who stopped then would have enough of their supplies left to help them through the winter, and with what game they could kill—and time for cutting wood and even building cabins before the cold set in.

Oh, there was argument, such argument as you've never heard, and the upshot of it was that all agreed it was fool talk and the thing to do was keep going. And there was talk I overheard about Ma being no better than she should be, and why was that guide always hanging around her? And all those men? No decent woman—I hurried away.

At break of day our wagons rolled down a long valley with a small stream alongside the trail, and the Indians came over the ridge to the south of us and started our way—tall, fine-looking men with feathers in their hair.

There was barely time for a circle, but I was riding off in front with Tryon Burt, and he said, "A man can always try to talk first, and Injuns like a palaver. You get back to the wagons."

Only I rode along beside him, my rifle over my saddle and ready to hand. My mouth was dry and my heart was beating so's I thought Try could hear it, I was that scared. But behind us the wagons were making their circle, and every second was important.

Their chief was a big man with splendid muscles, and there was a scalp not many days old hanging from his lance. It looked like Ryerson's hair, but Ryerson's wagons should have been miles away to the east by now.

Burt tried them in Shoshoni, but it was the language of their enemies, and they merely stared at him, understanding well enough but of no mind to talk. One young buck kept staring at Burt with a taunt in his eye, daring Burt to make a move; then suddenly the chief spoke, and they all turned their eyes toward the wagons.

There was a rider coming, and it was a woman. It was Ma.

She rode right up beside us, and when she drew up she started to talk, and she was speaking their language. She was talking Sioux. We both knew what it was because those Indians sat up and paid attention. Suddenly she directed a question at the chief.

"Red Horse," he said, in English.

Ma shifted to English. "My husband was blood brother to Gall, the greatest warrior of the Sioux nation. It was my husband who found Gall dying in the brush with a bayonet wound in his chest, who took Gall to his home and treated the wound until it was well."

"Your husband was a medicine man?" Red Horse asked.

"My husband was a warrior," Ma replied proudly, "but he made war only against strong men, not women or children or the wounded."

She put her hand on my shoulder. "As my husband was blood brother to Gall, his son is by blood brotherhood the son of Gall also."

Red Horse stared at Ma for a long time, and I was getting even more scared. I could feel a drop of sweat start at my collar and crawl slowly down my spine. Red Horse looked at me. "Is this one a fit son for Gall?"

"He is a fit son. He has killed his first buffalo."

Red Horse turned and spoke to the others. One of the young braves shouted angrily at him, and Red Horse replied sharply. Reluctantly, the warriors trailed off after their chief.

"Ma'am," Burt said, "you just about saved our bacon. They were just spoilin' for a fight."

Mr. Buchanan was waiting for us. "What happened out there? I tried to keep her back, but she's a difficult woman."

"She's worth any three men in the outfit," Burt replied.

That day we made 18 miles, and by the time the wagons circled, there was talk. The fact that Ma had saved them was less important now than other things. It didn't seem right that a decent woman could talk Sioux or mix in the affairs of men.

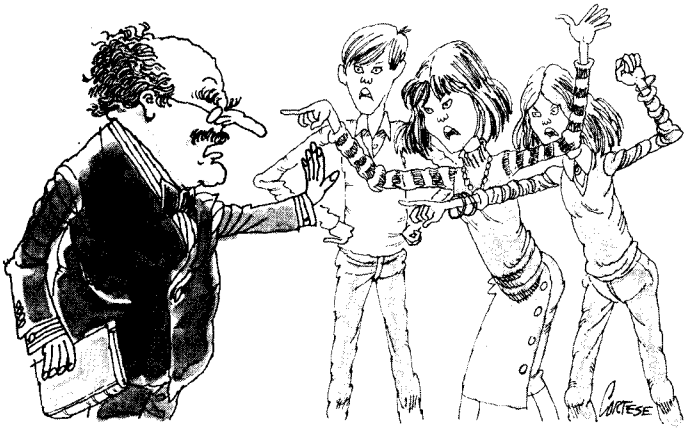
Nobody came to our fire, but while picketing the saddle horses, I heard someone say, "Must be part Injun. Why would they pay attention to a woman?"

"Maybe she's leadin' us into a trap."

"Hadn't been for her," Burt said, "you'd all be dead now."

"How do you know what she said to 'em?

Cont. on following page



You be the Judge

by John A. Ritter

When a new school board took office, sweeping changes were made in the curriculum. The board voted to remove several controversial books from the school library and eliminated seven courses from the high school curriculum.

"The old fogies have banned feminist literature," said Sheila, a high school senior. "They're imposing their political views and infringing upon our First Amendment rights."

The students filed a lawsuit in federal court seeking to reinstate the courses and get back their books.

"It's our job to run the schools, and we'll do it the way we see fit," said the school board chairman.

If you were the judge, would you overrule the school board?

The case was dismissed, the court ruling that the students' constitutional rights were not infringed upon. "It is permissible and appropriate for local boards to make educational decisions based upon their personal social, political and moral views," the judge said.

(Based on a 1980 federal appeal in Missouri)

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Who savvies that lingo?"

"I never did trust that woman," Mrs. White said. "Too high and mighty. Nor that husband of hers, either, comes to that. Kept to himself too much."

"Why are they mad at us?" I asked Burt.

"Folks hate something they don't understand, or anything seems different. Your ma goes her own way, speaks her mind, and of an evening she doesn't set by and gossip."

He topped out on a rise and drew up to study the country and me beside him. "You got to figure most of these folks come from small towns where they never knew much aside from their families, their gossip and their church. It doesn't seem right to them that a decent woman would find time to learn Sioux."

Burt studied the country. "Time was, any stranger was an enemy, and if anybody came around who wasn't one of yours, you killed him. I've seen wolves jump on a wolf that was white or different somehow—seems like folks and animals fear anything that's unusual."

We circled, and I staked out my horses and took the oxen to the herd. By the time Ma had her grub-box lid down, I was fixing at a fire when here come Mr. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. White and some other folks, including that Webb.

"Ma'am"—Mr. Buchanan was mighty abrupt—"we figured we ought to know what you said to those Sioux. We want to know why they turned off just because you went out there."

"Does it matter?"

Mr. Buchanan's face stiffened up. "We think it does. There's some think you might be an Indian your own self."

"And if I am?" Ma was amused. "Just what is it you have in mind, Mr. Buchanan?"

"We don't want no Injuns in this outfit!" Mr. White shouted.

"How does it come you can talk that language?" Mrs. White demanded. "Even Tryon Burt can't talk it."

"I figure maybe you want us to keep goin' because there's a trap up ahead!" White declared.

I never realized folks could be so mean, but there they were facing Ma like they hated her, like those witch hunters Ma told me about back in Salem. It didn't seem right that Ma, who they didn't like, had saved them from an Indian attack, and the fact that she talked Sioux like any Indian bothered them.

"As it happens," Ma said, "I am not an Indian, although I should not be ashamed of it if I were. They have many admirable qualities. However, you need worry yourselves no longer, as we part company in the morning. I have no desire to travel further with you—*gentlemen*."

Mr. Buchanan's face got all angry, and he started up to say something mean. Nobody was about to speak rough to Ma with me standing by, so I just picked up that ol' rifle and jacked a shell into the chamber. "Mr. Buchanan, this here's my ma, and she's a lady, so you just be careful what words you use."

"Put down that rifle, you young fool!" he shouted at me.

"Mr. Buchanan, I may be little and may be a fool, but this here rifle doesn't care who pulls its trigger."

He looked like he was going to have a stroke, but he just turned sharp around and walked away, all stiff in the back.

"Ma'am," Webb said, "you've no cause to like me much, but you've shown more brains than that passel o' fools. If you'll be so kind, me and my boy would like to trail along with you."

"I like a man who speaks his mind, Mr. Webb. I would consider it an honor to have your company."

Tryon Burt looked quizzically at Ma. "Why, now, seems to me this is a time for a man to make up his mind, and I'd like to be included along with Webb."

"Mr. Burt," Ma said, "for your own information, I grew up among Sioux children back in Minnesota. They were my first playmates."

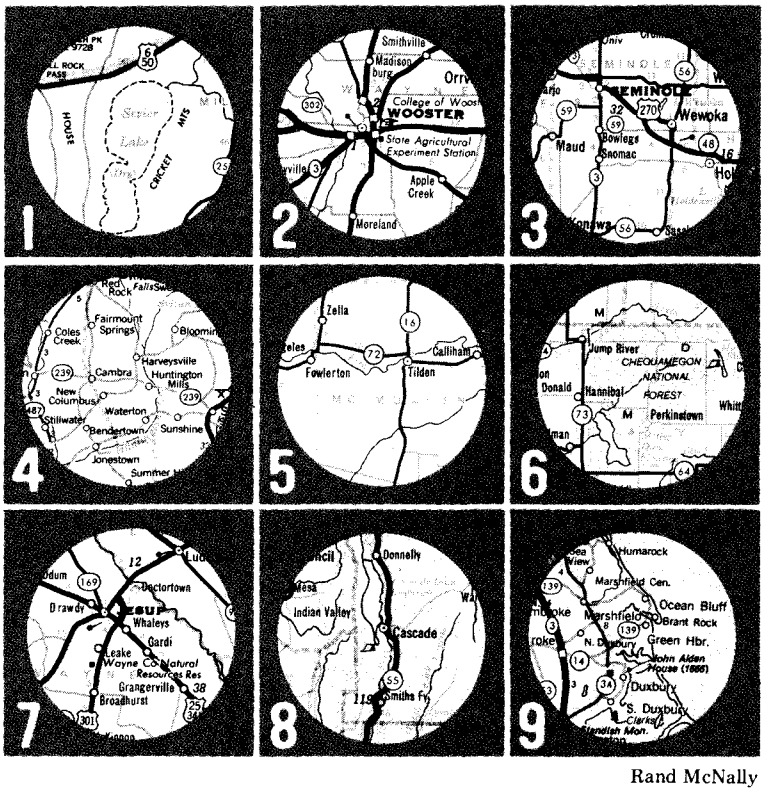
Come daylight our wagon pulled off to one side, pointing northwest at the mountains, and Mr. Buchanan led off to the west. Webb followed Ma's wagon, and I sat watching Mr. Buchanan's eyes get angrier as John Sampson, Neely Stuart, the two Shafter wagons and Tom Croft all fell in behind us.

Two days and nearly 40 miles further and we topped out on a rise and paused to let the oxen take a blow. A long valley lay across our route, with mountains beyond it and tall grass wet with rain and a flat bench on the mountainside seen through a gray veil of a light shower falling. There was the bench, with the white trunks of aspen on the mountainside beyond it looking like ranks of slim soldiers guarding the bench against storms.

"Ma," I said.

"All right, Bud," she said quietly, "we've come home."

And I started up the oxen and drove into the valley where I was to become a man.



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 125)

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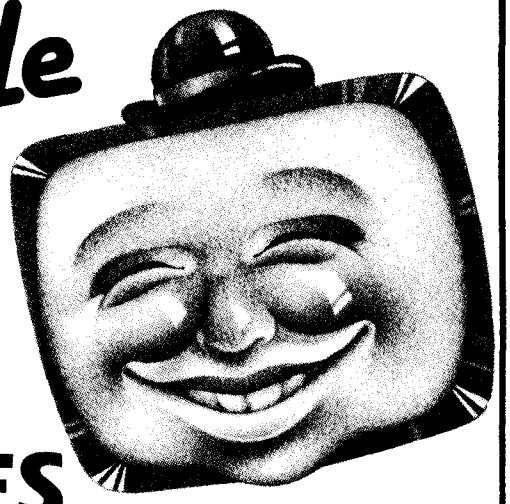

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MERCURY STAR TIME. Super all-star cast: Eddie Cantor, George Burns, Bobby Darin, Kingston Trio, George Jessel, Jack Benny! 51 minutes.
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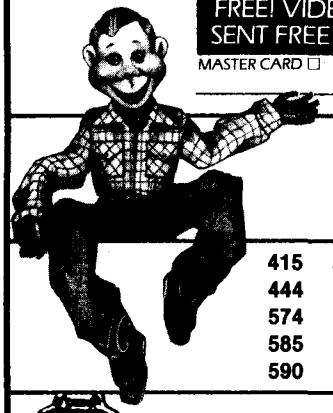

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Tammy Bakker

continued from page 22

basic-black routine" to her teen years in Minnesota, when the household budget could barely underwrite a plain, dark skirt and a no-frills blouse.

"I've never forgotten where I come from," she says. "I'm tremendously blessed. If somebody had told me 15 years ago that someday I'd be on nationwide television, I'd say, 'You're crazy. I don't have any talent!' But the Bible says that little is much when God's in it. If I were to sum my life up, I'd say He's taken the little bit I had and multiplied it. I'm so grateful. Every time I get into a bathtub with hot water and bubbles I say, 'Thank you, Jesus!' "

More criticism. Thanking Jesus for a warm bubble bath may not be some people's idea of reverence, but Tammy preaches a practical salvation and chats with Jesus as if He were her best friend. Which He is, she claims.

"I've gotten mad at God. I've said, 'Hey God, this isn't fair. It's not right. This is too hard. What are we going to do about it? You've got to help me 'cause I can't take it.' I talk to God like that. He's a friend. Our other friends might not have time to chat with us, be with us when we need them. But He's always there. He pulls us through every situation. I've seen God deliver us."

Deliverance came most recently when the Federal Communications Commission investigated PTL after a Charlotte newspaper charged that the ministry had misused viewers' contributions. A detailed study of church records, books, contracts and tapes, plus interviews with PTL personnel, uncovered no wrongdoing. Although apparently unfounded, the allegations stung the Bakkers, brought them closer together and left them a little wiser and tougher for the experience.

"I've grown up a lot," says Tammy. "Because of all that PTL has been through, I've gotten a bit more serious about life." Still, she realizes the danger of building up resentment toward persons who challenge the ministry, and she guards against becoming too strong or too hard. "It's important to remain tender. Resentment only hurts you. Women don't stay pretty if they don't stay soft. I say cry it out, but always stay tender."

Most of her current activities revolve around her family—she no longer accepts solo commitments out of town—and all projects include Jim. The couple discovered long ago that separate interests only drive a wedge in their relationship.

"We used to be more alike than we are now," she says almost wistfully. "Jim's more laid-back and quiet than I am. Sometimes I wish he'd talk more. . .sometimes I wish he were more nutty. But I guess if there were two nuts in the family, the world couldn't take it. It's good he's like he is. He calms me and keeps me in perspective. We complement each other." ★

The Perfect Squelch

The two cars banged bumpers thunderously in a crowded California parking lot. As no damage was done, the spectators were surprised when the big, paunchy driver of one car climbed out and began bellowing at the mild little fellow whose car he had hit.

While the bystanders listened to as much as they could catch, the big man angrily criticized the smaller driver's eyesight, driving ability and the operating condition of his car. Then, growing more red-faced and belligerent, he started in on the smaller man's background and ancestry in a way calculated to pick a fight.

When he finally paused, the little man smiled and replied in a polite tone that carried to the farthest corners of the parking lot:

"And what did *you* say to *him*?"

—*Craven Griffith*

TV Games

continued from page 99

I had expected a producer out of pure Hollywood, someone in a leather leisure suit with the shirt open to the navel and gold necklaces. What I got was a friendly father image in a tweed sports jacket. "Be bubbly," I had quickly been briefed by a production coordinator, so I bubbled and babbled semi-silly answers to the producer's "tell-me-about-yourself" questions. He seemed happy with the answers. I got a call the next day.

"Report to the studio Saturday at 1:00 p.m. Plan on staying until 10:00 p.m. We will tape six shows with a live audience. Bring three coat-and-tie changes in case you win and appear on more than one show. Oh—don't forget to smile!" Click!

I made it! One of the chosen few!

Saturday, 2:00 p.m. Black electrical cables twisted across the floor like sleeping pythons, and blasts from the massive air conditioner swirled through the immense studio where the show was being taped. I shivered and leaned against the make-up booth door.

Then Betty White walked up and peeked at me with that aging elfin look of hers and perked, "Hi! Gee, I hate to bust in, but do you mind?"

I was blocking the door to the make-up booth. I grinned ridiculously and stumbled aside.

"Contestant?" Betty asked, as she slipped inside the tiny, mirrored room and plopped into a high wooden chair.

"Uh—yes," I said, poking my head through the doorway. "'High Rollers.'" That seemed obvious. A big orange tag stuck to my suit lapel proclaimed in block letters: "Cork Millner, High Rollers."

"I do guest spots for 'Match Game'," Betty said, as a make-up girl tied a pink plastic bib around the celebrity's neck.

"Really?"

Betty paused, then glanced at my orange

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tag. "Okay, Cork, lots of luck."

"Thanks, I'll need it," I said nervously. Butterflies were holding a bacchanalia in my stomach.

Brett Sommers, the perennial "Match Game" celebrity, stepped into the make-up booth. She checked my name tag on the way by and said, "Hi, Cork." Folks are friendly at game shows.

Brett, her hair in a halo of pink curlers, no make-up and her shape draped inside a shabby purple terry-cloth robe, looked more like a Hollywood caricature of a Monday-morning housewife than a guest celebrity.

I hovered near enough to hear Brett brief Betty on all the one-word cutesy little clichés that are common to "Match Game": "Tinkle, boobs and bottom."

Alex Trebek, the host of "High Rollers," suddenly stopped by the make-up room. I shrank back. (Studio rule number one for contestants: "You will be disqualified if you talk to any network stars before appearing on their program.") I slipped into the make-up booth next door, feeling a little like a fugitive. A mute old man (rule number two: "Don't talk to the make-up man.") checked my orange tag, then applied a coat of pancake to my face. I looked at my flat reflection in the mirror and grinned back at myself. "Bubble," I thought, "be bubbly."

Just then Patti poked her head in the doorway. "Hey, Cork! You made it!"

"You, too?"

"Sure, me and that little old X-rated reviewer," she laughed.

"You have marvelous eyes."

"Gets me on game shows."

A production assistant grabbed us both and, along with 14 other exciting, vivacious, energetic, outgoing, "smiley" contestants, herded us into the studio sound stage.

And there it was—the big dice table, the prize board and the huge letters that said—"High Rollers."

"God, what am I doing here?" I said. "I've always been afraid of getting up in front of groups."

"Yeah, just think," Patti answered. "Now millions of people will be watching you."

"Thanks a lot," I said, as the butterflies began to kick up their orgy.

We each got to take a practice turn at playing the game without the lights or game-show host, then we were taken to an isolation room behind stage. It looked a lot like Grant's Tomb.

Each contestant was given a stack of forms to fill out and releases to sign. "I think I just donated my first-born female child to NBC," Patti quipped.

The producer showed up in a new

Continued on page 120

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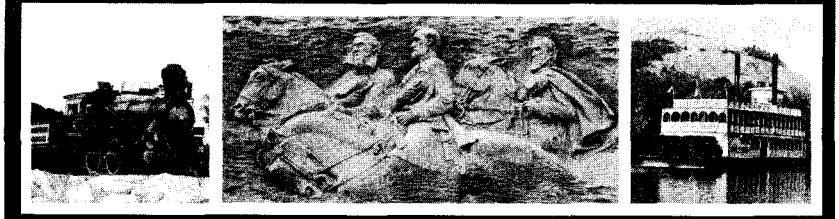

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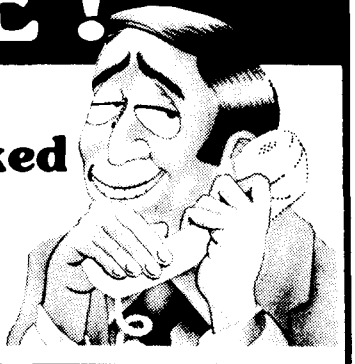

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WHERE IN THE WORLD?

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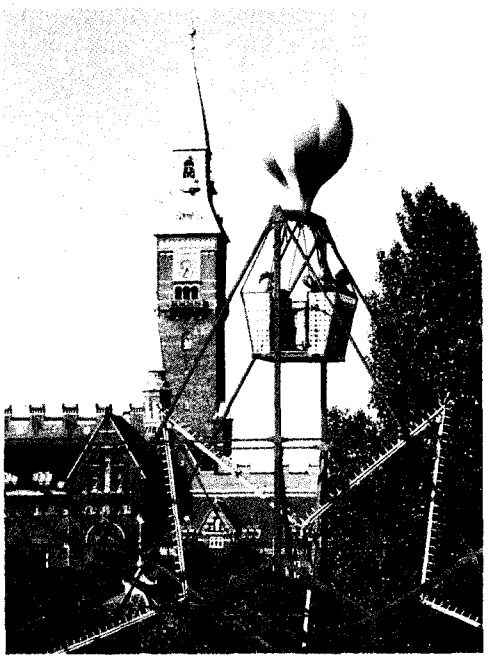
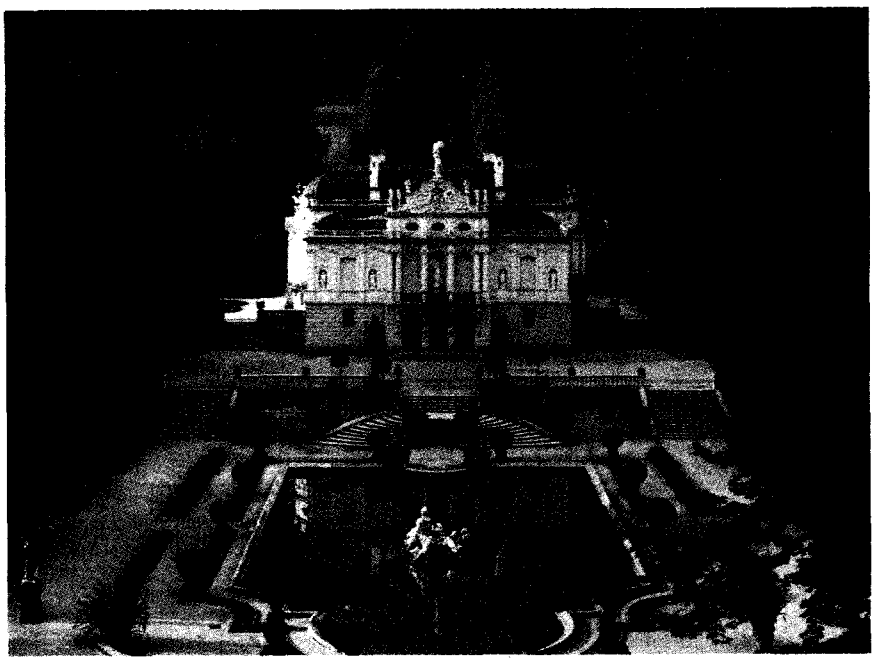
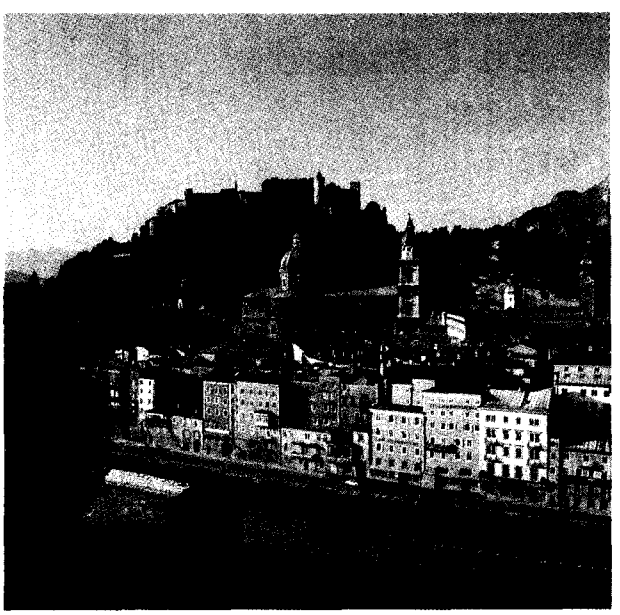


1 ☐ **Stockholm** ☐ **Copenhagen** ☐ **Oslo**
There's something light and airy about this seaside capital city that is epitomized in its famous amusement park, Tivoli, where the yearly visitor list is larger than the country's entire population.



2 ☐ **Lucerne** ☐ **Innsbruck** ☐ **Oberammergau**
Most dreamers build their castles in the clouds, but "mad" King Ludwig had the wherewithall to create his own fairy-tale palaces on earth. For his efforts, he was declared insane on June 10, 1886. Three days later he drowned himself. One of his castles, *Schloss Linderhof*, built between 1869-78, is patterned on Versailles' Trianon Palace and stands in the mountains near a town famous for its passion plays.



3 ☐ **Salzburg** ☐ **Vienna** ☐ **Florence**
Whoever founded this Baroque city must have had a postcard in mind. Archbishops here were considered princes of the Holy Roman Empire, but the city is perhaps best known as the birthplace of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

4 ☐ **Tokyo** ☐ **New York City** ☐ **Toronto**
Look up from here and you'll see more buildings than sky. The Promenade Café converts to an ice-skating rink in winter and is only a tiny part of the world's largest privately owned business and amusement center. It's almost a city within a city.

(Answers on page 125)

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TV Games

continued from page 117

sports jacket for a pep talk. "Okay, let's be loose, glib and smart. And smile—even if you lose. I want contestants that the audience can root for, identify with. Let's see a little enthusiasm. I want you to *get up and scream!*"

Silence. All I wanted to do was remember my name, get a few answers right for my own personal pride and say, "Look, Mom, I'm on television. Tell all your friends."

We waited: game-show gladiators waiting to be led to the lions.

Then it was time. We were taken into the studio past the howling audience and seated, as one by one we were called into the quiz-show arena.

Our co-contestants slaughtered one another. The previous week's champion was destroyed by a skinny, out-of-style, miniskirted schoolteacher who went on to humiliate the next two players.

"A computer," Patti said of the winning schoolteacher.

"A sausage grinder," Mrs. X-rated added.

The schoolteacher won $11,000 before succumbing to an amicable semi-professional quiz-show contestant (he had won a new car and $7,000 the previous year on a game show).

Then I was called. I went: a condemned prisoner being taken to the gas chamber.

I huddled just offstage with a lovely, tall model in a scarlet dress. She clipped a tiny mike to my coat and grabbed my sweaty palm. She looked at a card in her hand. "Cork Millner, freelance writer. . .right?"

"Successful freelance writer," I bubbled.

From somewhere a voice intoned, "And our next contestant. . ." and the model was dragging me across the carpet and into the lights.

"This is a *successful* writer," the model said, and I grinned wildly.

And Alex Trebek, the game-show host, said, "Okay, Cork, tell us a little about yourself."

In a blue, foggy haze, words came out of my mouth, and then we were playing the game.

Amazingly, I got the first answer correct, something about Lady Godiva. Then I missed one, answered another wrong and began to get behind in the game. My tiny, innocent-looking, college-coed opponent, sensing the kill, pressed on harder.

My smile became creased, the people around me a swirl. . .then the final question. . .win or lose, on this one: "What was the detective Colombo's first name?". . . what? I never watched "Colombo"! The coed buzzed in. . . (Doesn't she ever study? Stays up all night watching TV detective shows!) She answered—correctly!

The audience screamed. I was crushed. Then I heard the voice of Alex. "Sorry that you didn't win anything, but we have some nice consolation prizes."

So say hello to your consolation prizes and feel like a piece of crud. It was over. Here I was, one out of a hundred selected for the program, and it was over. I lost. I had forgotten one thing—only one out of 200 win.

But it wasn't all bad. Actually, it was fun, exciting and rewarding; and friends still come up to me in the supermarket and say, "Hey, I saw you on television."

And Patti? She won a bundle—more than $28,000 in cash and prizes. We celebrated her victory afterward with a candlelit dinner. She paid the tab.

Well, that's it, friends. That's what it's like in the inner sanctum of game shows. Still want to get off the old sofa and compete for fantastic prizes and a fleeting glimpse of fame?

If you really want to go from an at-home spectator to an on-TV contestant, here are some suggestions on how you can beat the 100 to 1 odds, pass the tests and beat the producers' interviews.

- Know how to play the game. I met one vivacious blond homecoming-queen type who had never taken time to watch the quiz show on television. She bombed out on the test games. That was that. She never had a chance at the big money.
- Have the aura the producer is looking for. He wants one of either two types: a bubbly, outgoing and positive "jumper," who will bound up and down and bounce around in front of the camera, or the quiet, vulnerable type with whom the audience can empathize when she's desperately trying to answer a question or guess the price of a refrigerator.
- Be someone interesting. Let's face it, a housewife with two kids should have something else going for her to get on. Now, if she's eight months pregnant or has 12 children or, better yet, has just lost 150 pounds in the last six months or, even better, was the first woman to play pro football for the Los Angeles Rams, then she's a producer's dream.

Can you win? Sure. Remember, either you or the other person is going to win. If you pass the tests, that means the producer figures you can win. He wants a close game to create some semblance of suspense on his show. You have a 50-50 chance to beat the other contestant, and he is just as nervous and worried as you are. And if you get by him, you have another 50 percent chance of winning the big money. Everybody—audience, producer, director and announcer—wants you to win.

Just remember, even though the selection process is rough, the producer wants you! He is in a ratings war with other programs and quiz shows. He knows that the better, livelier, bubblier (that word again), best-smiling contestant keeps him in the money. That could be you! Let's see now, if my wife can get on "Match Game '80," I can try for "Hollywood Squares" in '81, and of course, the kids will be old enough for "Family Feud" in '82. Then. . .

Can You Name This Star?

This green-eyed girl with the brown curls, shown as she started school at the age of six, got into the movies when talent scouts saw a photo of her taken by her brother-in-law while she was visiting in New York City. First, she had to overcome a pronounced accent. Starred in more than 30 films including *One Touch of Venus*, *The Killers*, *Show Boat* and *Snows of Kilimanjaro*, she has married three times. Her first husband was Mickey Rooney. What's her name?

—Raymond R. Stuart

Answer: Ava Gardner

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If you own a woodstove, you know that old ways were sometimes best—a wood fire just smells *right.* And other ways are right for you, too . . . like sitting down to dinner at the table *you* made, spread with the good things *you* harvested. . . like believing that *natural* is often better . . . and reading *The Country Gentleman.* You care about the country things in life. And the *Gent* cares about you. Read about what folks like you are doing to keep the countryside country, plus helpful tips on everything from veterinary care to antique shopping. Subscribe to *The Country Gentleman,* and you'll receive the brand-new *Better Health Family Cookbook,* filled with over 140 recipes to keep you fit the natural way—a $2.95 value *free.* Take *The Country Gentleman.* It's a better way of life.

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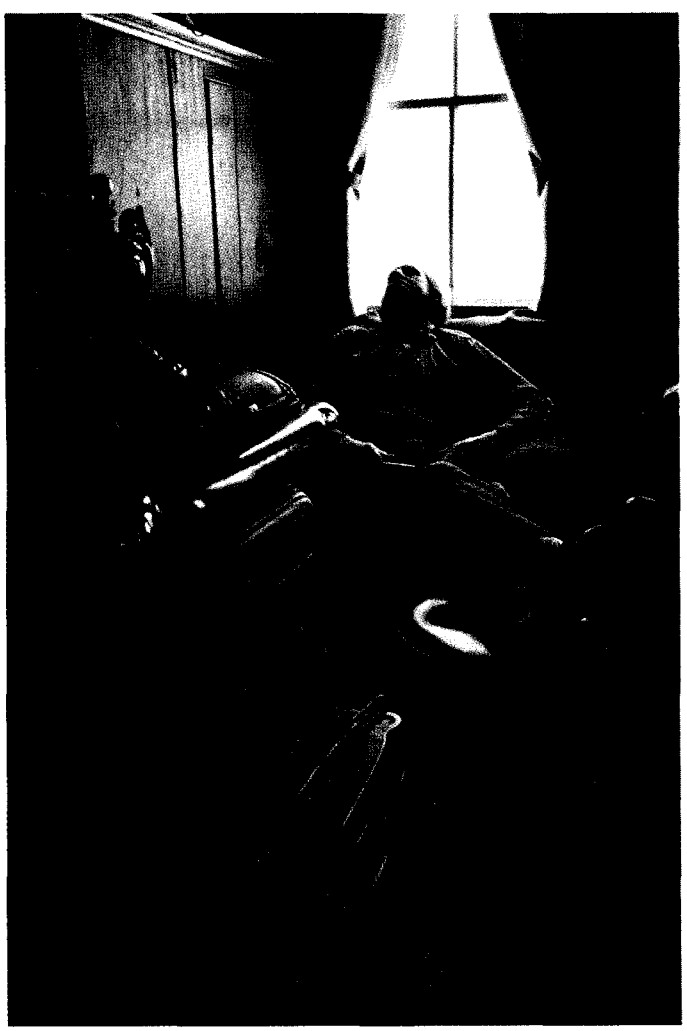

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Get Back to the Basics with *The Country Gentleman*

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Iron rusts from disuse; stagnant water loses its purity. . .even so does inaction sap the vigor of the mind."
—Leonardo da Vinci

Stroke Ahead

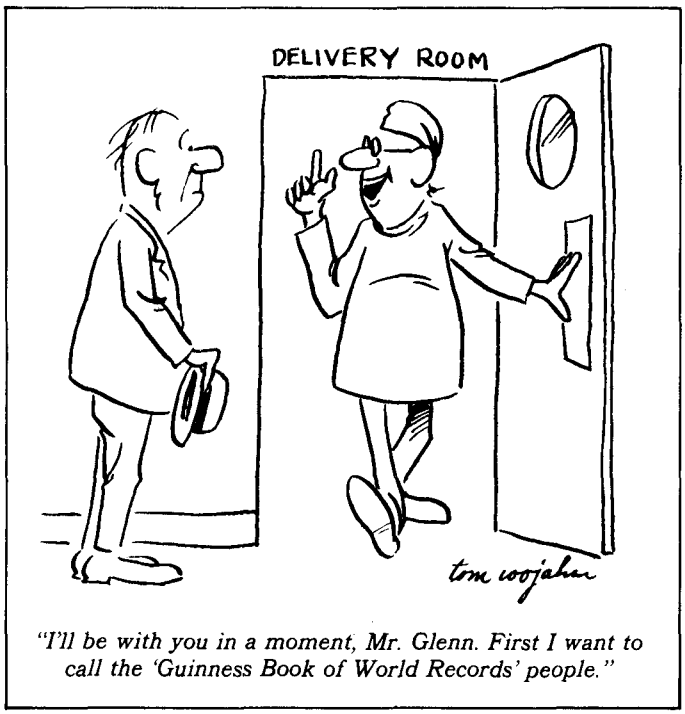
Q My husband had a transient ischemic attack (TIA). He began listing toward one side and was very dizzy. Immediately following the TIA, his blood pressure was 180/134. My question is: Was the ischemic attack caused by the high blood pressure or was the high blood pressure caused by the ischemic attack?

A It is possible that your husband's high blood pressure was caused by the excitement and worry resulting from the TIA, but was not actually a part of the attack itself. A cooperative study among TIA patients at a number of hospitals showed that there is sometimes a transient rise in blood pressure following a TIA, but there is no evidence that high blood pressure is causally related to the attack.

Transient ischemic attacks and high blood pressure are both important "risk factors" which warn that a person is possibly in danger of a stroke. About one-third of all TIA patients will have a stroke within five years of the first attack, 20 percent in the first month and 50 percent within the first year. The incidence of TIAs increases with age, so that attacks occur at a rate of 2/1,000 among people aged 65 to 74 but only 31/100,000 among the general public.

A TIA is like a mild stroke which does not leave any permanent disability. It may last only a few seconds. Most last 10 to 20 minutes, and they can linger up to 24 hours. Physicians have divided them into two types, carotid and vertebrobasilar, which have slightly different symptoms. The symptoms of a carotid attack are weakness, numbness or heaviness of the arm and leg on one side of the body and slowness or clumsiness of movement. Facial paresis may occur and pass unnoticed. Vertebrobasilar TIAs are marked by severe dizziness and sometimes vomiting and a distortion of vision and headache. TIAs are most likely to occur within two hours of rising. Sometimes they are brought on by sudden standing, exertion, coughing, laughing, smoking or anger, but usually they appear unprovoked.

Anticoagulant and antiplatelet drugs such as warfarin and aspirin have been used with some success to decrease the recurrence of attacks in TIA subjects. There are two schools of thought as to whether or not aspirin, taken daily, lessens the likelihood of a subsequent stroke following the TIA. Warfarin also may not affect long-range stroke survival, but it does reduce the risk of a stroke in the first few months following a TIA. Doctors can also perform a carotid endarterectomy on some TIA subjects to cut out thickened clots from arterial walls. The surgery not only reduces TIA symptoms, it also lowers the risk of stroke for some patients.



"I'll be with you in a moment, Mr. Glenn. First I want to call the 'Guinness Book of World Records' people."

Stalking Hidden Salt

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration is preparing to make war on the American high-salt diet, according to Dr. Fred Shank, FDA deputy associate director for nutrition and food sciences. FDA studies show adults and children are eating 150 to 200 percent more salt than their bodies require, says Dr. Shank. This high salt intake may be responsible for sending many people's blood pressure into the danger zone.

The U.S. Senate Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs put salt on its enemy list back in 1977, recommending that sodium consumption be reduced to a maximum of three grams a day. Some physicians believe that if intake were even lower—two grams a day—essential hypertension would almost be eradicated as a major health problem. If lower salt consumption reduces blood pressure even slightly, it may make a big difference in lowering the overall population's risk of coronaries and strokes.

Other countries are already taking salt to task. Belgium has mandated a reduction in the salt content of bread, canned foods and infant food. Canada has banned the addition of salt to baby foods, and Finland has salt restrictions in the planning. South Africa has conducted research in which babies are given low-salt/low-sugar/low-fat diets from birth.

Dr. Shanks said the FDA wants the authority to mandate labeling of salt and potassium contents of food products in the U.S. and would like to impose standards for manufacturers' claims of "salt-free" and "low-" or "reduced-" salt-content products.

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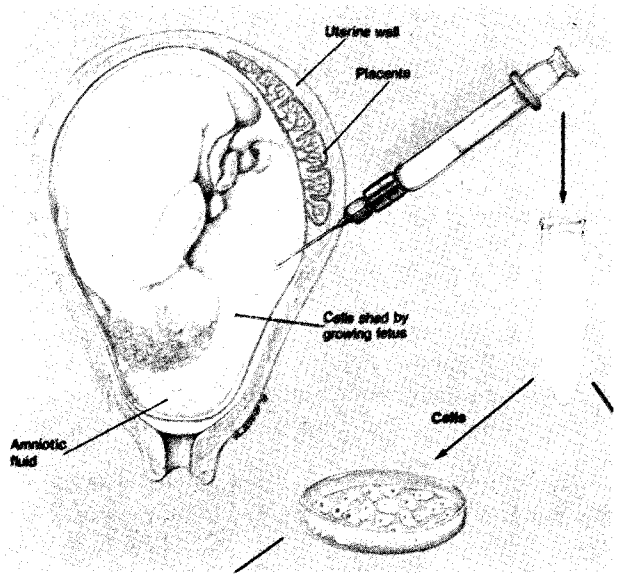
Catching Criminal Chromosomes

If you are pregnant and 35 or older, or if you—or any member of your family—are a possible carrier of an inherited disease, your doctor will probably recommend that you have amniocentesis.

Amniocentesis is the relatively painless procedure in which amniotic fluid is extracted from the uterus for testing. It takes about one hour and is usually performed about the 16th week of pregnancy.

By delving into the chromosome structure of extracted fetal cells and matching the chromosomes on a karyotype, physicians can detect many errors which indicate retardation or possible birth defects. They can also identify nearly 100 different errors of metabolism, such as phenylketonuria, and many severe vitamin-related abnormalities which can be treated with corrective diets starting at birth. In addition, study of the amniotic fluid allows doctors to detect 90 percent of all neural-tube defects.



Amniotic fluid contains clues to genetic defects and biochemical abnormalities in the fetus. A sample of 30-40 ml. is needed for laboratory tests.

Amniocentesis is routinely performed if:

a. The mother is 35 or older.

b. She had a previous child with a chromosomal abnormality.

c. Either parent is a carrier of chromosomal anomaly.

d. A previous child had a neural-tube defect.

e. The mother is a known or presumed carrier of an X-linked recessive disorder, such as hemophilia or muscular dystrophy.

f. Both parents carry a diagnosable, autosomal recessive disorder, such as Tay-Sachs disease or cystic fibrosis.

Breast Lumps

Vitamin E may relieve the pain and symptoms of cystic breast disease in the majority of women sufferers, says Dr. Robert S. London of Sinai Hospital in

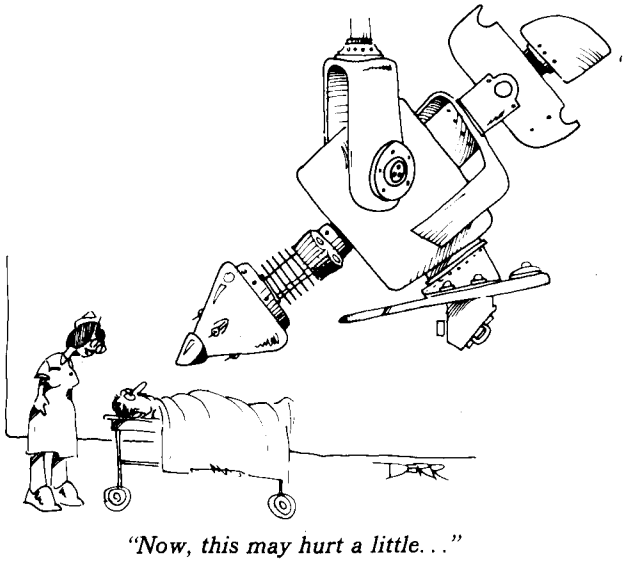
Continued on following page

A paralyzing stroke and a subsequent diagnosis of multiple sclerosis might have ended the practice of most physicians, but not so that of Dr. William Hale of Oklahoma City. While still in the hospital, unable to walk or to grasp objects, he began plans for a free clinic for poor Oklahoma City residents. He met resistance at first, even hostility, in soliciting volunteers. Eight years later, despite partial debility from MS, he devotes several nights a week to the clinic, which is now staffed by volunteer doctors, dentists, nurses, pharmacists and lab technicians.

Dr. Hale has difficulty walking at times and suffers a partial facial paralysis, but he brushes off his symptoms as "just aggravating." "Even if I'm in a wheelchair, I can still see patients," he says. His high motivation comes, he adds, from his religious faith.

We are happy to present Dr. Hale with this month's Benjamin Franklin Award, and we also wish to commend the free-clinic volunteers.

Our thanks to Mrs. Dorothy Whitten of Shreveport, Louisiana, for bringing Dr. Hale's story to our attention. Readers are invited to nominate candidates for the Benjamin Franklin Award. Nominations should include a description of self-help medical feats performed by the person or group. Recipients receive a certificate and a $100 grant from the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Foundation. The person nominating the winner will also receive $100.



"Now, this may hurt a little..."

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Baltimore. Dr. London and his associates have been using vitamin E on fibrocystic patients for several years. Some of the patients even fly long distances for treatment, seeking relief from the painful benign lumps which afflict about 20 percent of American women, says Dr. London.

In their most recent study, funded by the American Cancer Society, the vitamin-E researchers treated 26 women between ages 23 and 40 who were diagnosed with middle-stage mammary dysplasia. The women received 600 IU of vitamin E a day for eight weeks. The lumps completely disappeared in 10 of the patients, and 12 others showed improvement.

Meanwhile, Dr. John Peter Minton at Ohio State University College of Medicine has been successfully treating "more advanced" cases by putting patients on a no-caffeine regimen. He advises women to stop consuming colas, tea, coffee and chocolate, and to stop using drugs which contain methylxanthines (which include caffeine, theophylline and theobromine). He also recommends they stop smoking. Out of 20 women patients who stopped methylxanthine intake and quit smoking, 16 showed complete withdrawal of symptoms and four reported improvement.

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Keeping Sex In Marriage

For every couple saying "I do" who don't, there's another still "doing" in their 70s and 80s. What secret does this second couple have for keeping sex alive?

A 77-year-old businessman, bored with life, business, politics and, yes, sex, suffered a heart attack and arrived at the emergency room clinically dead. Brought back to life by adrenaline and electric shock to his heart, he later left the hospital with a rekindled sex drive that sent him chasing his pleasantly surprised wife around the kitchen table. Before breakfast.

Happily, it isn't necessary to go to all the trouble of a heart attack to awaken a passion which familiarity and routine have made dormant and which even the basics of cleanliness, physical fitness, come-hither cologne and frothy nightgown have failed to ignite.

In a letter to Ann Landers, one man wrote of his wife losing 20 pounds, "mostly around the thighs," and added that since then, their sex life has been like a second honeymoon. Ann's reply was that sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander, that men might gain a more agreeable bedmate by losing their potbellies. A man breathing hard from the effort of climbing into bed has less chance of breathing hard from passion once he gets there.

The Old English word for sexual intercourse means "to know." You may not know how your husband operates a crane or computer or how your wife makes an apple pie or darns a sock, but making an effort to understand your spouse's likes and dislikes in bed could very well change the old 10:00-lights-out ritual into a whole new ball game.

Getting out of the rut is important. A wise woman once said, "A man can stand anything except boredom." That could mean making waves in a water bed, taking you back to those adventuresome courting days in the sailboat or the even more risky canoe. It could mean coming home from that party or movie and, instead of running into the house right away (unless the house was on fire), climbing into the back seat and starting a little fire of your own.

One man who thought his sex life had come to a dead end arrived home from work one day to find his wife's dress lying inside the front door. On it lay a cryptic note with pointing arrow, saying, "This way." In the family room he came upon her slip and bra with further directions. Her undies he found decorating the bedroom doorway, the arrow pointing to the closet—where he found her coyly crouching in the buff. Needless to say, there were clothes other than hers to be picked up later.

It has been written that one man's meat is another man's poison. Some men, and perhaps women, are turned on by watching the carnality of animals in the fields, dogs reveling in the backyard, lovebirds living up to their name on their precarious perch. However, should modesty or a prudish upbringing compel you to steel your glands against such goings-on, surely you can't turn your back on the Bible.

Yes, the Bible can be an inspiration to the body as well as the soul. Although it runs the gamut of sex, from the pure affections of Adam and Eve in the Garden to the perversions of Sodom and Gomorrah, from Jacob's goats to the incest of Lot and his daughters, in the beautiful Song of Solomon we find several of the secrets of success to a long and happy marriage.

Although Solomon, with his 700 wives and 300 concubines, ran little risk of boredom, he nevertheless took no chances. Within his honeyed words, taken here from *The Living Bible*, we find suggestions of a change in scenery, an altered routine, flattery and the whispered sweet nothings that can put new life into an aging relationship.

Change of scenery?

The Girl: "Tell me, O one I love, where are you leading your flock today? Where will you be at noon? For I will come and join you there. . ."

King Solomon: "What a lovely, pleasant thing you are, lying here upon the grass, shaded by the cedar trees and firs."

New Technique?

The Girl: "His left hand is under my head and with his right hand he embraces me."

Flattery will get you everywhere?

The Girl: "My beloved one is tanned and handsome. . . . His arms are round bars of gold set with topaz; his body is bright ivory encrusted with jewels. His legs are as pillars of marble set in sockets of finest gold, like cedars of Lebanon; none can rival him."

King Solomon: "How beautiful you are, my love. . . . Your breasts are like twin fawns of a gazelle, feeding among the lilies. . . .Your rounded thighs are like jewels, the work of the most skilled of craftsmen. Your navel is lovely as a goblet filled with wine."

Change of schedule?

The Girl: "Come, my beloved. . . let us get up early and go out to the vineyards and see whether the vines have budded and whether the blossoms have opened. . . .And there I will give you my love."

And for all the 1,000 women at his beck and call, we have a feeling that King Solomon wasn't long in setting his pillars of marble in motion and legging it for the grape arbor.

At least it's worth a try.

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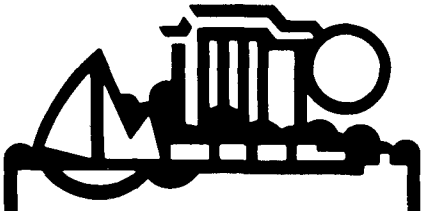

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Manager

continued from page 48

of other women, especially of rivals. This makes a female manager's job more difficult sometimes in managing other women.

Formerly, few women deliberately chose management as a career. Not anymore. Now business colleges graduate numbers of women with B.B.A. and M.B.A. degrees. Talented women managers are being recruited avidly for positions in marketing, accounting, research, engineering and operations. Talented women may look forward to a rewarding future in management.

In summary, it should be emphasized that no one can become a great manager without taking great pride in the development and advancement of subordinates. Nor is there any greater monument to be left behind at the end of a career than those individuals you have helped to grow to greater performance and advancement.

And since the human resource is the most important one in almost any enterprise, developing people is not just important—it's all there is! It raises productivity, performance and, ultimately, personal pride and satisfaction. It offers the greatest contribution and the greatest overall reward.

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WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 118)

1 Tivoli was established in 1843 by George Carstensen on an old fortification mound in central Copenhagen. The park hosts five million visitors a year—more than Denmark's population.

2 Royal taste went slightly berserk in decorating the extensive formal gardens of Linderhof, which stands in the Bavarian Alps seven miles from Oberammergau. The rococo setting includes a Venus Temple, several fountains, a pretentious cascade and a tawdry Moorish kiosk.

3 Now a museum, the home of Mozart still stands in Salzburg, capital of the Austrian *bundesland* also called Salzburg. The present city grew up from a monastery founded by St. Rupert about 700 A.D.

4 Only New York City could comfortably house such a complex as Rockefeller Center: 24 acres of buildings and skyscrapers, 1,200 tenant companies, 25 restaurants and 200 shops—not to mention Radio City Music Hall and Channel Gardens.

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Answers from page 114)

1. Utah
2. Ohio
3. Oklahoma
4. Pennsylvania
5. Texas
6. Wisconsin
7. Georgia
8. Idaho
9. Massachusetts

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Best Bean Recipe

The Saturday Evening Post has cooked up a great "Best Bean Recipe Contest" to promote the nutritional value of high-protein legumes. By using the old bean and entering your favorite original recipe, the $1,000 cash prize the *Post* will be dishing out could very well be served up to you.

The winning recipe will be one that offers the most delicious nutrition through a combination of legumes: lima, great northern, red kidney, garbanzo, pink or pinto beans, black-eyed peas, peanuts, lentils or whatever.

The added embellishments and seasonings are up to you and your taste buds: chopped onion, garlic, tomatoes, chili powder, Tabasco, jalapeño peppers, curry, dill weed. If your cuisine calls for the special additions of liquid smoke, sour cream, cheese, chicken bouillon, cinnamon stick, peach slices, zucchini or bourbon, more power to you.

The end result is entirely in your hands. Bean burger, harvest pie, sandwich, salad, gumbo, chowder, dip, omelet, pizza, aspic, soup, casserole—you name it.

However, just between us, you can curry favor with the judges by heeding these inside tips:

Recipes should have no sugar added, neither brown nor white. Go easy on the molasses. Omit the salt, and hold salt pork or other fatty meat to a minimum.

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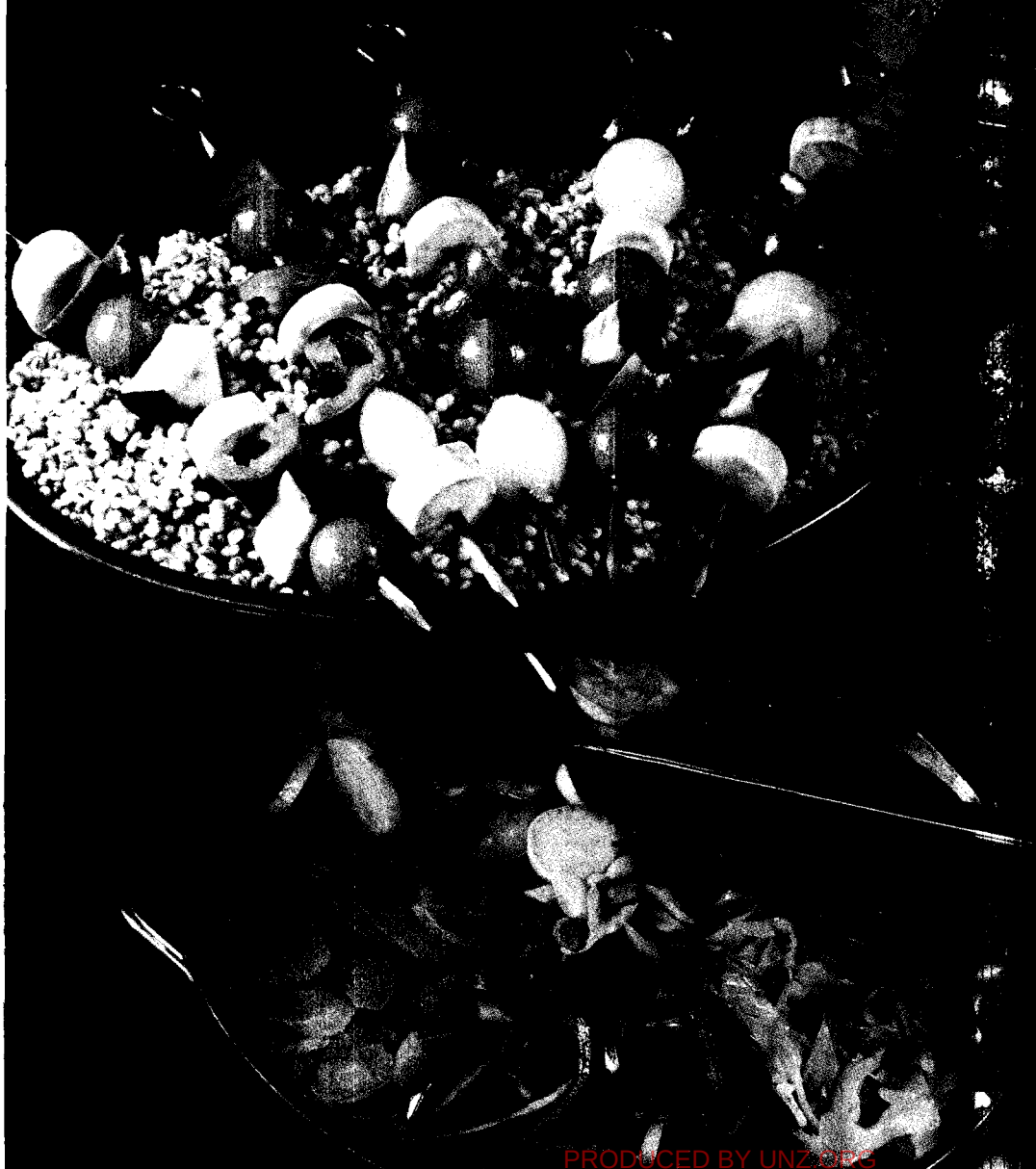
$1,000 Contest

Send your recipe to *The Saturday Evening Post*'s Best Bean Recipe Contest, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46202. All entries must be received by April 1, 1981. *Post* employees are not eligible to win, and only the $1,000 winner will be acknowledged. All recipes entered become the property of *The Saturday Evening Post* and may be used in our publications. No recipes which are copied from cookbooks may be entered in the contest. They should be your original recipes.

So break out your bean pots! That $1,000 winner could be you!



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Jekyll Island

continued from page 111

ideal hideaway for those who wanted privacy, beauty and a mild climate.

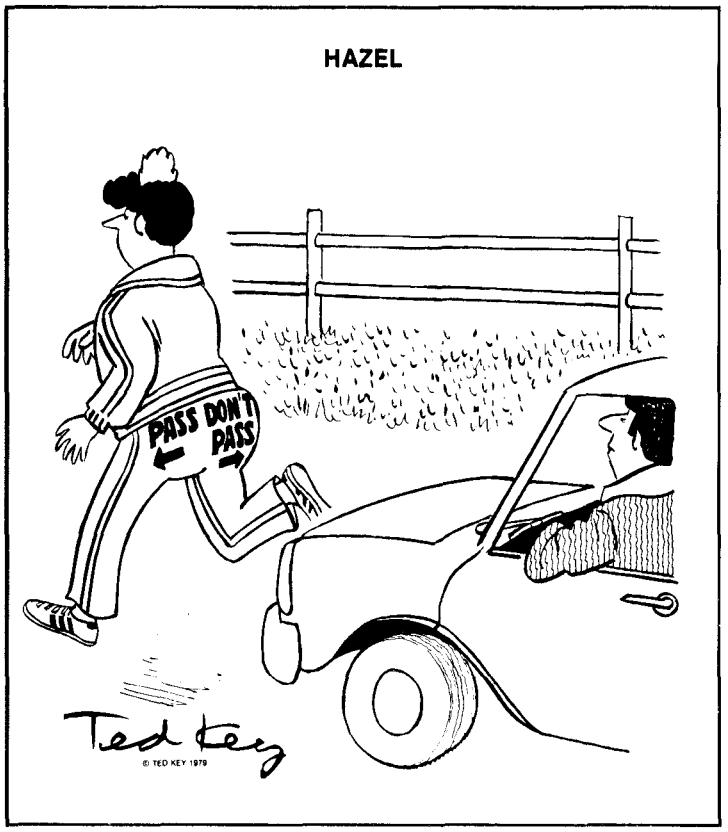
Even today, most of the scores of islands, some disappearing and reappearing with the storms, are privately owned. Only three are easily accessible to the public: Jekyll; St. Simons just north of it, which has a wide variety of hotels and resorts but lacks the wild areas which have survived on Jekyll; and Tybee at the South Carolina line, an oceanfront suburb of the city of Savannah.

Long, narrow Cumberland, just south of Jekyll, is a national seashore with 20 miles of magnificent beach. It is accessible only by the twice-daily ferry, which carries 75 visitors. Day trips and camping are allowed, but the visitor must bring his own survival gear (except water, which is available) and carry every scrap of it back to the mainland.

Washington also owns Wassau Island, another of the eight major islands, and two smaller ones, Wolf and Blackbeard.

Georgia owns Sapelo, once the exclusive hideout of tobacco magnate R.J. Reynolds and more recently a hideaway for President Jimmy Carter, and Ossabaw, both of which can only be reached by ferry.

Although there are a few residents on the government-owned islands, the areas are basically wild. The only visitors are researchers trying to learn more about the unique habitat of Georgia's barrier islands.



Journalism

continued from page 36

and swore and flourished their weapons about my head till the air shimmered with glancing flashes of steel. I was in the act of resigning my berth on the paper when the chief arrived, and with him a rabble of charmed and enthusiastic friends. Then ensued a scene of riot and carnage such as no human pen, or steel one either, could describe. People were shot, probed, dismembered, blown up, thrown out of the window. There was a brief tornado of murky blasphemy, with a confused and frantic war dance glimmering through it, and then all was over. In five minutes there was silence, and the gory chief and I sat alone and surveyed the sanguinary ruin that strewed the floor around us.

He said, "You'll like this place when you get used to it."

I said, "I'll have to get you to excuse me; I think maybe I might write to suit you after a while; as soon as I have had some practice and learned the language I am confident I could. But to speak the plain truth, that sort of energy of expression has its inconveniences, and a man is liable to interruptions. You see that yourself. Vigorous writing is calculated to elevate the public, no doubt, but then, I do not like to attract so much attention as it calls forth. I can't write with comfort when I am interrupted so much as I have been today. I like this berth well enough, but I don't like to be left here to wait on the customers. The experiences are novel, I grant you, and entertaining, too, after a fashion, but they are not judiciously distributed. A gentleman shoots at you through the window and cripples *me*; a bombshell comes down the stovepipe for your gratification and sends the stove door down *my* throat; a friend drops in to swap compliments with you and freckles *me* with bullet holes till my skin won't hold my principles; you go to dinner, and Jones comes with his cowhide, Gillespie throws me out of the window, Thompson tears all my clothes off, and an entire stranger takes my scalp with the easy freedom of an old acquaintance; and in less than five minutes all the blackguards in the country arrive in their warpaint and proceed to scare the rest of me to death with their tomahawks. Take it altogether, I never had such a spirited time in all my life as I have had today. No; I like you, and I like your calm, unruffled way of explaining things to the customers; but you see, I am not used to it. The Southern heart is too impulsive; Southern hospitality is too lavish with the stranger. The paragraphs which I have written today, and into whose cold sentence your masterly hand has infused the fervent spirit of Tennessean journalism, will wake up another nest of hornets. All that mob of editors will come—and they will come hungry, too, and want somebody for breakfast. I shall have to bid you adieu. I decline to be present at these festivities. I came south for my health; I will go back on the same errand; and suddenly. Tennessean journalism is too stirring for me."

After which we parted with mutual regret, and I took apartments at the hospital.

[*Few subjects were left untouched when Twain took up his pen, as these further examples show:*

On Clergymen: I always travel with clergymen when I can. It is better for them; it is better for me. And any preacher who goes out with me in stormy weather and without a lightning rod is a good one.

On Communism: Communism is idiocy. They want to divide up the property. Suppose they did it. It requires brains to keep money as well as to make it. In a precious little while, the money would be back in the former owner's hands and the communist would be poor again. The division would have to be remade every three years.

On Enemies: It takes your enemy and your friend, working together, to hurt you to the heart: the one to slander you and the other to get the news to you.

On Rivers: A river without islands is like a woman without hair. She may be good and pure, but one doesn't fall in love with her very often.

On Telephones: This is a time-saving, profanity-breeding, useful invention, and in America is to be found in all houses except parsonages.]

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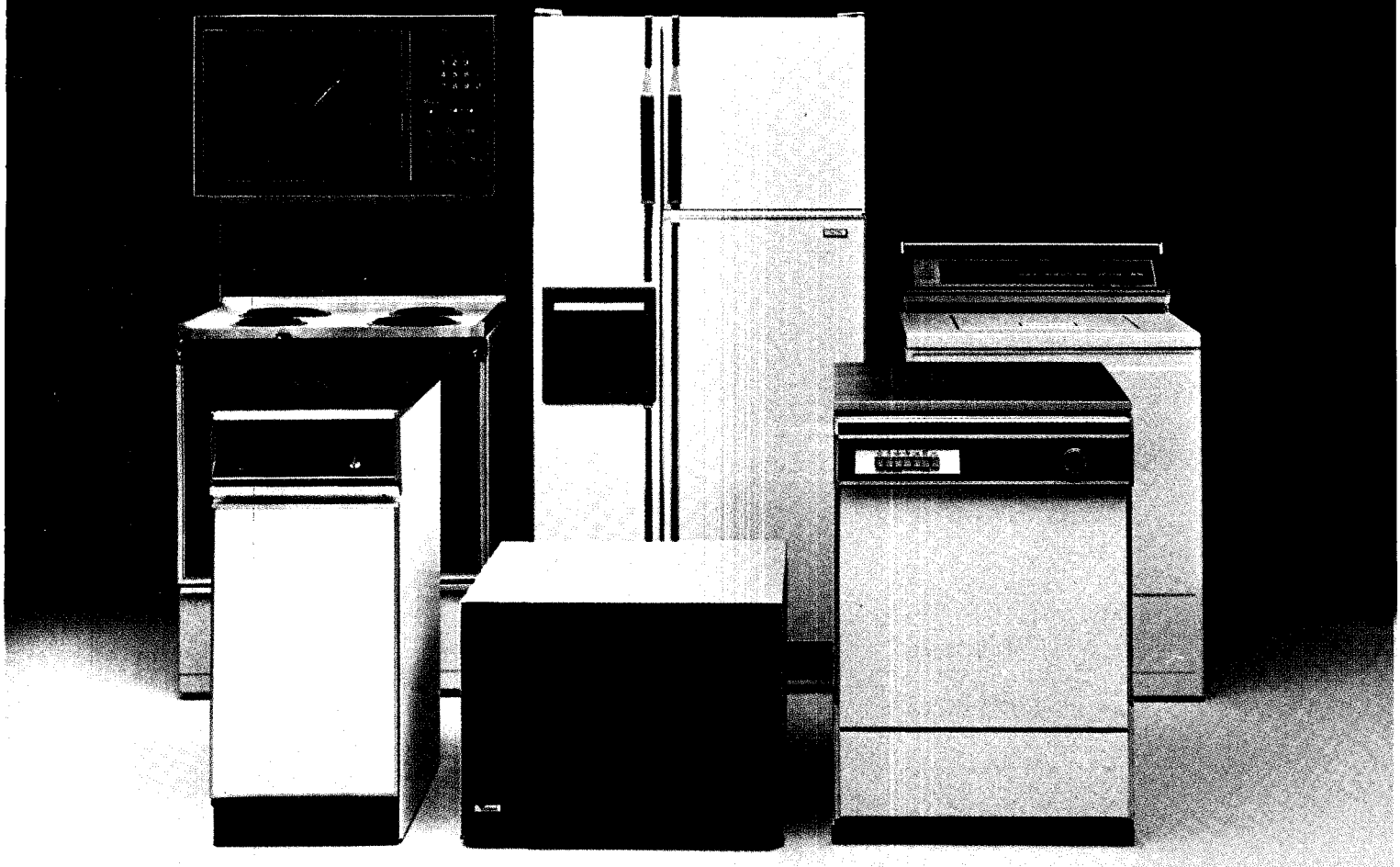

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